Jan. 27, 1973

THE NEW YORKER

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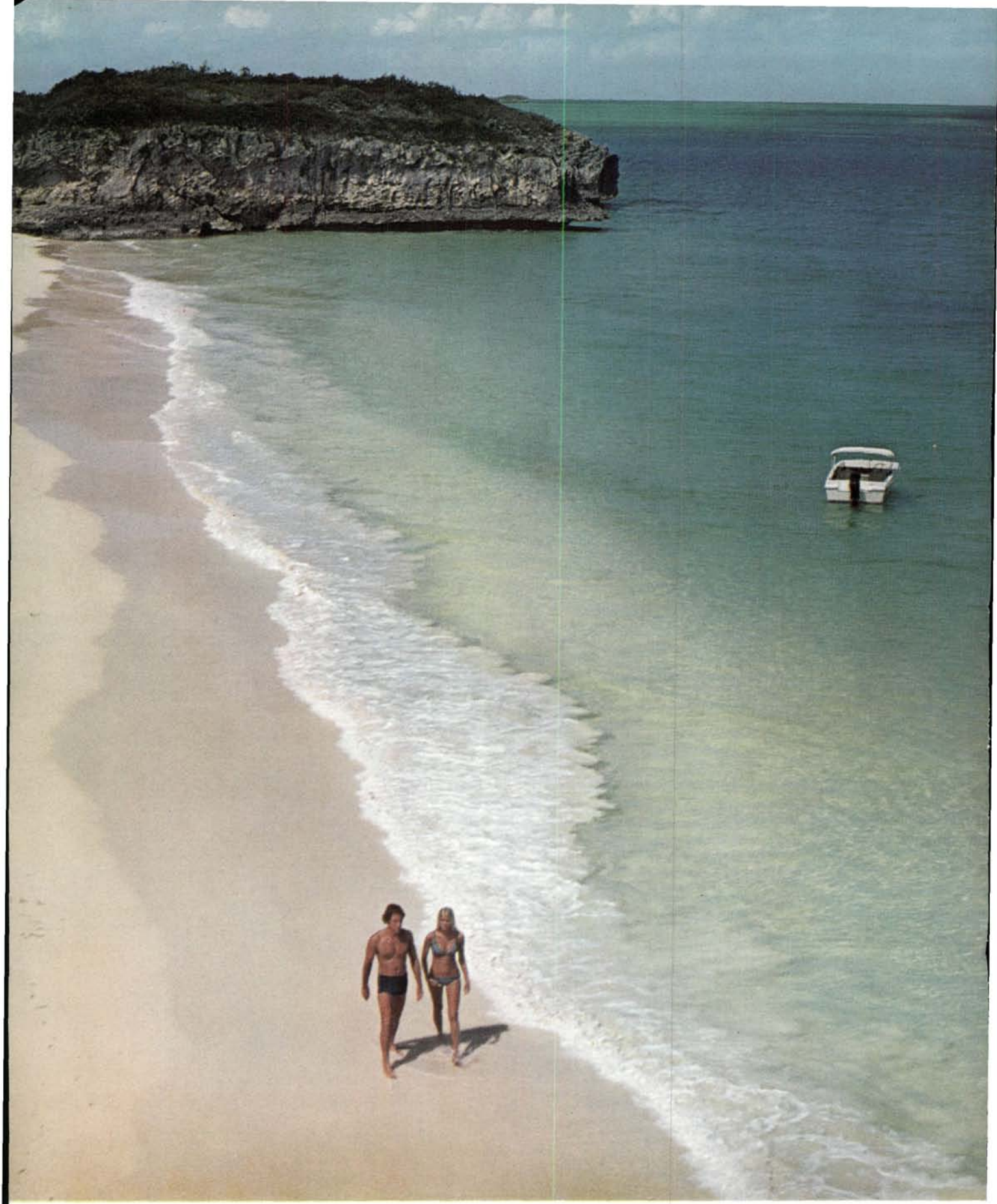

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BERLIN TO BROADWAY WITH KURT WEILL—This chronological arrangement of Weill's glorious songs, as sung and semi-performed by two young men and two young women, is a bit tame for the writing of the Master, but it has its exciting moments all the same. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BUTLEY—Simon Gray's study of a brilliant professor in a state of intellectual and emotional disarray. An extraordinary performance by Alan Bates. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

THE CHERRY ORCHARD—An extremely interesting production under Michael Schultz's direction. The all-black cast includes Gloria Foster, James Earl Jones, Ellen Holly, and Earle Hyman, among others. Josephine Premice gives a wonderful performance as Charlotta, the governess and amateur sleight-of-hand artist. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

DOCTOR SELAVY'S MAGIC THEATRE—A very entertaining, wild, and way-out musical set in a madhouse. The show was conceived, directed, and designed by Richard Foreman. Stanley Silverman wrote the music, and Tom Hendry wrote the lyrics. The performances by all hands are highly satisfactory. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DON JUAN IN HELL—Shaw's extended lucubrations on Heaven, Hell, men, women, and a hundred other topics, ably read by Paul Henreid, Ricardo Montalban, Edward Mulhare, and Agnes Moorehead. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SHAY DUFFIN AS BRENDAN BEHAN—A one-man show of selections from the lively and altogether extraordinary writings of the late Irish dramatist. Mr. Duffin's performance, while hardly extraordinary, is quite lively, too. (Abbey, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY, a musical by Joe Manchester, Earl Shuman, and Leon Carr, suggested by the James Thurber story. The fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 28. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FREEMAN—A play by Phillip Hayes Dean, directed by Lloyd Richards. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR—Gogol's play, the fourth in the New Phoenix Repertory Company's "Sideshow" programs. (Bijou at the Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. Sunday and Monday, Jan. 28-29, at 8. For tickets, call 765-1620.)

GREEN JULIA—A rather silly but nimble comedy by a gifted young English dramatist named Paul Ableman about a pair of college roommates who never stop playing games. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE JOCKEY CLUB STAKES—A play by William

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Douglas Home, imported from London, with Wilfrid Hyde-White, Robert Coote, and Geoffrey Sumner. Directed by Cyril Ritchard. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 24, for a six-week engagement that will run through Saturday, March 3. (Cort, 48th St., E. 489-6302. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE LAST OF MRS. LINCOLN—Julie Harris gives a first-rate performance in a rather slick play about the constant troubles of the Widow Lincoln. With David Rounds and Leora Dana. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 4.)

MEDEA—Minos Volanakis has adapted and directed this electrifying version of the great, blood-drenched old play, and Irene Papas is irresistibly fierce and lovely in the title role. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—A musical version of the staunch old comedy, teased into freshness by the director, A.J. Antoon, and a marvellous cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S LEMMINGS—A rock revue, with sketches by Tony Hendra and others, a score by Christopher Guest and Paul Jacobs, lyrics by Mr. Hendra and Sean Kelly, and a cast headed by Alice Playten and Mr. Guest. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 24. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 25, at 7. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OH COWARD!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

PIPPIN—A great big gorgeous show, built by prestidigitation upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Leland Palmer. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

RAINBOW—A dreadful, fatuous musical (but with a rather pleasant score) by James Rado. The hero is an American soldier dead in Viet-

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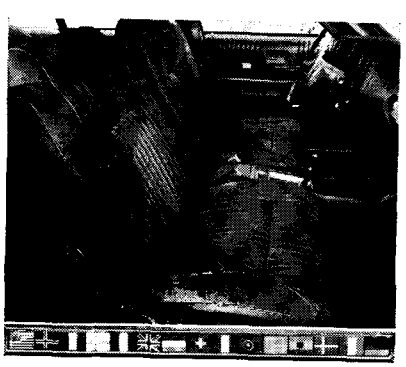

OLDS CUTLASS SALON. IN THE GRAND TOURING TRADITION.

It's a new kind of 4-door sedan for the driving enthusiast.

The front seats (upholstered in corduroy-like velour) are more like easy chairs than buckets. Turn a dial, and they recline. Just as they do in some imported touring sedans.

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Salon handles much like classic European touring sedans. With front and rear anti-sway bars and high-rate rear arm bushings—a sophisticated suspension system built to take command of dips, bumps, and back-road curves.

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And it's built in the U.S.A.

Oldsmobile. Always a step ahead.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nam, and he is supported by, among others, a sissy, mincing Jesus who drifts around the stage in a diaper. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 674-2010. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE REBBITZEN FROM ISRAEL—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

A RECENT KILLING—A play by Imamu Amiri Baraka. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. OR 4-1414. Fridays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 11.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—Sean O'Casey's **THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS**, with Jack MacGowran and Roberta Maxwell. The second in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 10.)

REPERTORY WORKSHOP—Thirteen plays presented as the second in this season's series of four offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. Through Friday, Jan. 26: "Laundry," by Gertrude Greenidge; "Wild Flower," by Robbie McCauley; and "Indiana Avenue," by Debbie Wood. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 27-28, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 30-31: "Galavantin' Husband," by Milburn Davis, and "The Death of Little Marcus," by Herman Johnson. . . . ¶ Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 1-4: "Johnnas," by Bill Gunn, and "Playstreet," by Ted Harris. (St. Marks Playhouse Studio, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

THE RIVER NIGER—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30.)

SHELTER—Marcia Rodd and Terry Kiser in a musical with a book and lyrics by Gretchen Cryer and music by Nancy Ford. Austin Pendleton directed. Previews through Wednesday, Jan. 31. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 1. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SIAMESE CONNECTIONS—A play by Dennis J. Reardon. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 24. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 25. (Public Theatre Annex, 442 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

6 RMS RIV VU—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander bring to life a thin little comedy by Bob Randall about contemporary urban marriage. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Moves on Tuesday, Jan. 30, to the Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W., 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE SUNSHINE BOYS—Neil Simon's latest comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WEDDING BAND—The setting for this love story by Alice Childress is the black section of a city in South Carolina in 1918, and the middle-aged lovers are a black seamstress and a white baker. The first act is fine; after that, for one reason or another, things fall slightly apart, but Ruby Dee, in the leading role, and

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the actors who support her are so good that they save the evening. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE**: A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 5,302 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR**: A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **NO, NO, NANETTE**: A revival of the Youmans musical of 1025, with Martha Raye, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST**: Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE**: Hector Elizondo and Phyllis Newman are now in Neil Simon's comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. Starting Monday, Jan. 29, Barbara Barrie will return to the show, replacing Miss Newman. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE PROPOSITION**: An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND** and **AFTER MAGRITTE**: Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **SLEUTH**: A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **SUGAR**: Not even a patch on the great movie ("Some Like It Hot") from which it was borrowed, but Robert Morse deserves your attention, in and out of drag. A musical. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA**: A musical by John Guare, Galt MacDermot, and Mel Shapiro, directed by Mr. Shapiro, in which the Bard receives an amusing roughing-up at the hands of some remarkably attractive actors. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—"Don Quixote": Thursday and Friday, Jan. 25-26, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 27, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 28, at 1 and 7. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Serenade in A," "The Cage," and "The Song of the Nightingale." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2: "Violin Concerto," "Scherzo Fantastique," "Piano-Rag-Music," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Serenade," "Dim Lustre," and "The Song of the Nightingale." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8: "The River," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Unfinished Symphony," and "Monument for a Dead Boy." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Paquita," "The Maids," "The Flames of Paris," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 26, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 27, at 2: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Intermezzo," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Sea-Change." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 28, at 2: "Les Patineurs," "Intermezzo," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 28, at 7:30: "Scherzo for Massah Jack," "Grand Pas Classique," "Monument for a Dead Boy," and "Graduation Ball." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

MAZOWSZE—Over a hundred Polish folk dancers, singers, and musicians, plus a symphony orchestra, in a two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Jan. 30, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 11. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8080. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

LADO, YUGOSLAV NATIONAL DANCE AND FOLK ENSEMBLE—A company of fifty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

MOSCOW CIRCUS—Russia's celebrated one-ring circus, with Popov the clown, cycling bears, Cossack riders, strong men, jugglers, aerialists, and acrobats. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-0100. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 24-25, at 7:30; Friday, Jan. 26, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 27, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 28, at 1:30 and 6.)

AMERICAN MIME THEATRE—A company of eight in a new work entitled "Evolution," directed by Paul J. Curtis. (Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8:15.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel God-

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Right to her new Lustrous Nail Lacquer shades.
They're more than dark. They're deeply iced.
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The Late Late Colors give you a sleek lustrous look that is formulated to last a long long time. These new Lustrous Nail Lacquer shades are: Iced Rio Red, Iced Tawny Copper, Iced Sierra Rose, Iced Champagne Gold, Iced Plum Punch and Iced Rum Cola.

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win plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Lily Tomlin, who recently—in the presence of the Queen of England—got laughs at the expense of the occupant of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, is entertainingly here. She will be doing her stiletto-sharp thing through Monday, Jan. 29. Seats may be hard to find. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. Pianist Bobby Timmons will direct a trio Thursdays through Sundays, Jan. 25-28 and Feb. 1-4. Guitarist Roland Prince will lead a trio Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 30-31. Music from nine to two. A soul-music session is held each Monday from eight until two.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. Bobby Leeman will be on piano, working with a bassist, through Saturday, Jan. 27. Pianist Duke Jordan will arrive with a bass player Monday, Jan. 29. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—There is really no getting around it: Marian McPartland is some sort of wonder. She will be displaying her versatile, refined, and often inspired jazz piano in this gilded refuge for a few more weeks (until the end of February, when the room's regular occupant, Bobby Short, returns). With her capable sidemen, bassist Rusty Gilder and drummer Joe Corsello, Mrs. McPartland performs between nine-forty-five and one-forty-five every night but Sunday and Monday. Dinner and supper.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Teddy Wilson is at the Steinway, showing his time-tested mettle in company with bassist Al Bruno from eight to one six nights a week. Saturdays and Sundays, blues-and-gospel singer Brother John Sellers, backed by piano and guitar, performs between three and seven. Sunday evenings, from eight until one, Dick Hyman brings his ripple-jazz approach to the keyboard. Dining in pleasant surroundings.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances (some of the acts here are topflight, some not). Sandy Bull, who plays guitar, oud, sitar, percussion instruments, and a few other things, will be here through Saturday, Jan. 27. A group called Bill Chinnock and Friends will also appear. The mikes are switched on at about nine. Closed Mondays.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (473-9093)—Rock groups play Wednesdays through Sundays from nine until closing in this Village coffeehouse, formerly a sit-and-listen establishment, which now invites people to dance. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A felicitous combination of music, ambience, and circumstance has turned this little corner into a solid winner. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of tried-and-true sensibilities, plays with flawless taste, accompanied by bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Jan. 28, between five and eight, Larkins and Hall will present an all-Irving Berlin program. On Mondays, another jazz duo plays. Snacks.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Home (and a sweet one) for the six-stringed instrument. Through Saturday, Jan. 27, the Jack Wilkins duo will alternate with acoustic-guitarist David Qualey. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 30, guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Tommy Bryant will play opposite Qualey. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. A limited soul-food menu.

HALF NOTE, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, sleek, slick midtown home, this club is offering two jazz groups each night. Trumpet master Dizzy Gillespie is leading a quintet that includes Mike Longo on piano, Bob Cranshaw on bass, and Mickey Roker on drums. Trading sets with the Gillespie band will be—through Sunday, Jan. 28—the Hank Jones-Remo Palmieri quartet, and—Monday through Saturday, Jan. 29-Feb. 3—a trio led by pianist Monty Alexander.

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JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Tuesday, when Jimmy Young takes over. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty to three.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-0505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland. Roy Eldridge, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, Eddie Locke, Major Holley, and Bobby Pratt are the musicians. Closed Sundays.

JIMMY'S, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A new midtown restaurant that looks like a new midtown restaurant. In the bar—which is as round as a faucet washer—pianist Barry Harris and bassist Larry Davis turn out some intelligently swinging jazz Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one. A fairly full dinner menu. Closed Sundays. No music Mondays.

KENNY'S CASTAWAYS, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—The bar is a museum piece, and the musical emphasis is on vocalists. Merry Clayton, who comes from New Orleans, is young and vital and has a fine, soul-powered voice. She will sing through Friday, Jan. 26. Folk singer Michael Gately, who shares the bill with her, will remain through Sunday, Jan. 28. Mondays, various other entertainers drop in. Snacks.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Roughhewn furnishings and some rough-and-ready entertainment. Fanny, the best known of the all-girl rock groups, will perform Friday through Monday, Jan. 26-29. A guitarist and bassist known as Frankie & Johnny will also be around. Starting Wednesday, Jan. 31, the entertainers will be singer-pianist Biff Rose and singer-songwriter Bruce Springsteen. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Tuesdays, from nine to midnight, are showcases for new talent. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Dining downstairs.

MERCER ARTS CENTER, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3037)—In the **BLUE ROOM CABARET,** on the second floor of this theatre complex, some young, insistent, and variously talented performers play and sing at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ In the **OSCAR WILDE ROOM,** on the same floor, an assortment of bands will play with great amplification at ten and midnight through Tuesday, Jan. 30 (after which the room will become a theatre). When the music lends itself, people may dance.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—More than just a pub, this new spot offers Britannic décor and some entertaining music. Tuesday through Saturday, from nine until one, Dave McKenna is at the piano. Mondays, from nine until midnight, clarinettist Woody Allen (the same) leads six of his friends in some rousing New Orleans jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MUGGS, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—A bar, some tables, some food, some jazz. Patti Wicks plays a stimulating jazz piano and sings, in company with bassist Perry Lind, Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to twelve, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays and Mondays, from seven to midnight, singer-pianist Mel Dancy takes over.

ONLIEST PLACE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-0752)—The sometime home of the Half Note, which moved to midtown a while ago. The room is dark and the streets are deserted, but the interior sights and sounds are approximately what they always were. Drummer Roy Brooks will present his Artistic Crew through Sunday, Jan. 28. Pianist Cedar Walton will bring in a quartet on Tuesday, Jan. 30. Music from nine. Closed Mondays.

RAFIKI, 181 Bleecker St. (473-8220)—Formerly farther east, this bar-and-restaurant has moved to the West Village, where it looks entirely at home. Bassist Earl May will be leading a trio Thursdays through Saturdays, from eight until two. A comprehensive soul-food menu.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1368)—The lean years of night life seem to be behind us, for new clubs are opening faster than old ones are closing. (There was a time, a few years back, when it looked as though live entertainment might go the way of the hula hoop.) This new, spacious establishment is a case in point. Forty-five years ago, it was a speakeasy. Recently, it was acquired by a young Village restaurateur named Lewis Friedman, who—along with two young associates, Eliot Hubbard and Victor Whitehurst—has turned the place into a shipshape bar-and-restaurant with an entertainment policy that runs from the nineteen-twenties to the nineteen-seventies with no perceptible hitch. Permanent members of the cast, operating in a roofed, brick-walled courtyard at the back, are pianist Sammy Benskin and singer-host Jimmie Daniels, both of them veterans of the old Bon Soir, on West Eighth Street. At this point, Mr. Daniels is present Thursdays through Saturdays only. Melissa Manchester, a young singer and songwriter who has done a stint with Bette Midler's Harlettes, will be on hand through Saturday, Jan. 27. Teddi King, who sings from an older repertoire, will arrive Tuesday, Jan. 30. Mondays, a variety of budding performers are invited in. In addition to all this, Mr. Friedman himself sits down at the piano from time to time and plays a set. The kitchen is run by Ernesto Tenente, whose skills are cosmopolitan and considerable. Reno Sweeney, who never lived, is a character in the P. G. Wodehouse-Guy Bolton-Howard Lindsay-Russel Crouse-Cole Porter musical "Anything Goes." Closed Sundays.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms above a Greek-French restaurant, relaxed and redolent of faded elegance. In this *intime* setting, guitarist Gene Bertoncini is more or less heading the show, playing his own sets and then backing vocalist Jane Harvey, who used to sing with Benny Goodman. Singer-pianist Billy Roy, who keeps a smile in his appoggiatura, is also in evidence. Silent Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Small jazz groups perform on Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty in this attractive, restful club. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26-27, Mickey Tucker, who plays electric piano, will conduct a trio. Snacks.

TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Stained-glass lamps and ancient photographs transmit that old feeling, but the people and the music are, like, young. Zulema, a girl who sings, composes, and plays piano, is the current performer, doing two shows a night Tuesdays through Thursdays (as well as on Sundays), and three shows on Fridays and Saturdays. Between her sets, there is dancing to discs. All this stuff is downstairs. Light meals are served upstairs. Closed Mondays.

TWO SAINTS, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—This establishment, formerly known as the Five Spot, is back in operation as a jazz club. The Termini brothers, the once and present owners, have done little to alter the old place except to put more emphasis on its Italian menu. The jazz is all-electric at the moment, and it is provided by guitarist Sam Brown and pianist Dave Matthews, who are present between ten and two. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Bu Pleasant, a lady who plays keyboard instruments and sings, is entertaining six nights a week, starting around ten. On Wednesdays, she alternates with a classics-to-contemporary trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman. Fridays and Saturdays, Jan. 26-27, and Feb. 2-3, drummer Art Blakey will bring in his Jazz Messengers to alternate with Ms. Pleasant. Mondays, new talent is auditioned.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Pianist Thelonious Monk, who still includes plenty of his own music in his performances ("Blue Monk," "Ruby, My Dear," etc.), will head his smoothly coördinated quartet through Sunday, Jan. 28. Mondays, the big, dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

band has the stage to itself. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays, Joanne Brackeen and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

IMPROVISATION, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a revue, is up for inspection at nine and eleven, every night but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*Schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band). The two get along famously and cacophonously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The small yet furioso Spaniard named Marcelo and his troupe of dancers are performing at dinner and supper. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **FLAMENCO SUITE**, there is activity, well along in the evening, by vocal and physical athletes who are madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn. Closed Mondays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The Golddiggers, which is an all-girl chorus, and Rick Daniels, boy tenor, will check out on Wednesday, Jan. 31. Next evening, on come the Temptations, those whirling, chanting dervishes. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion. Closed Mondays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT**, a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, the Mark Monte band and the Teddy Diamond trio provide the dance music during the dinner hour, and predominantly English discothèque music is in effect after eleven: Tuesdays through Saturdays is the schedule. . . . ¶ Tuesdays through Saturdays, Phil Wayne is in the **CAFÉ** with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad is on duty Sundays and Mondays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM**, there are song recitals by Daniel & Dimitri at dinner and supper. Dick Lewis and Barry Levett are on the bandstand, heading up their dance crews. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Every night but Sunday, from five to ten, the **GREEN TULIP** is patrolled on foot by Sig and Gary, two characters both folksy and rocksy. In addition, there is discothèque dancing from ten to one. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand every day from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Mondays through Thursdays from eight to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The Stan Getz quartet and singer Yvonne Elliman are being displayed during dinner and supper on this splendid altiplano. The dance tunes, which begin at seven, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A contingent of Greek chefs, dancers, singers, and musicians has been installed here to celebrate a Fortnight of Greece. Shows at seven, ten, and midnight.

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ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE**, still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner and supper visitations by singer Freda Payne. Her last evening is Saturday, Jan. 27. On Thursday, Feb. 1, Oscar Peterson and his jazz trio will take over the premises. Dancing to Anthony Terini's orchestra and trio. Closed Sunday through Wednesday, Jan. 28-31.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. The interior design is elegantly ornate, and the cuisine is on the *haute* side. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by a hard-sell floor show (all your favorite jukebox hits, etc.). Dancing begins at five, but the live entertainers don't appear until about nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Bill Halsey, a near-complete pianist, goes from Handy to Ellington (and sometimes beyond) between eight-thirty and two Mondays through Saturdays. Leonard Gaskin is his bassist. A gaslight flickers. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right in this spot. Eat, dance (sometimes to rock), and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (240-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant*, what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, below-decks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Charlie La Torella plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian quartet. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. Dancing. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-0773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings during dinner and supper. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PAUL REVERE'S TAVERN**, in the Lexington Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 1-1776): This bit of Colonial Americana has gone Gaelic, with Arnold Elder and Brendan Sheridan singing ballads Mondays as well as Wednesdays through Saturdays, and Paddy Noonan and Martin Flynn joining the proceedings Tuesdays through Thursdays. The dinners are Hibernian, too. Silent Sundays. . . . **FRANK'S PLACE**, 41 E. 58th St. (838-0364): Norman Kubrin, who has a jazz-and-pop voice and deft fingers, sings and plays piano for cocktails and early dining from five-thirty to eight-thirty Mondays through Fridays. He is absent Saturdays, and the restaurant is closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-0720): In the well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Gino Toscano) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Underneath Iperbole, in an equally ornamented, compartmented grotto, dance music flows from the Three Romans, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano in this pleasurable and polite refectory is the work of Gene Bradley. His hours are seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (680-5444): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the instrument to other hands on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night, except Sunday and Monday, Robert Poitevin, whose piano once hung on Piaf's every word, adds to the sparkle. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7005): A recollection of the old supper clubs where the piano man set a mood that kept one ear alert for conversation and the other alert for the music. The practitioner in this extremely matter-of-fact Village grill is Murray Grand, who plays Wednesdays through Sundays, from eight to two. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from four-thirty to ten-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (355-8980): Marty Berns' piano is always urbane and frequently nostalgic in this candle-lit, red-carpeted little restaurant. Mondays through Fridays from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance*. George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics (they run from eight-thirty to one-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays) are in precisely the right place. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the roads that lead to Rome. On and around a wayside bandstand is a crew of musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **NIRVANA**, penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9007): A little bit of Bangladesh, with a view. Arooj Lazewal, on sitar, and Badal Roy, on drums and tabla, provide a subdued background for dining, every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **LAIR**, 1315 Second Ave., at 66th St. (472-0163): Behind the heavy wooden door, a sanctuary in which Larry Oleno sings (troubadours should have been so gifted) and plays piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until midnight. Dining, meanwhile, merges into supping. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5000): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, and in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be postprandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

RICHARD AHNTHOLZ—Landscape, still-life, and figure paintings; through Feb. 10. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

KAROO ASHEVAK—Carvings in whalebone, often humorous, of human figures and animals, by an Eskimo; through Feb. 15. (American Indian Arts Center, 1042 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ALICE BABER—Streaming circles and ovals in

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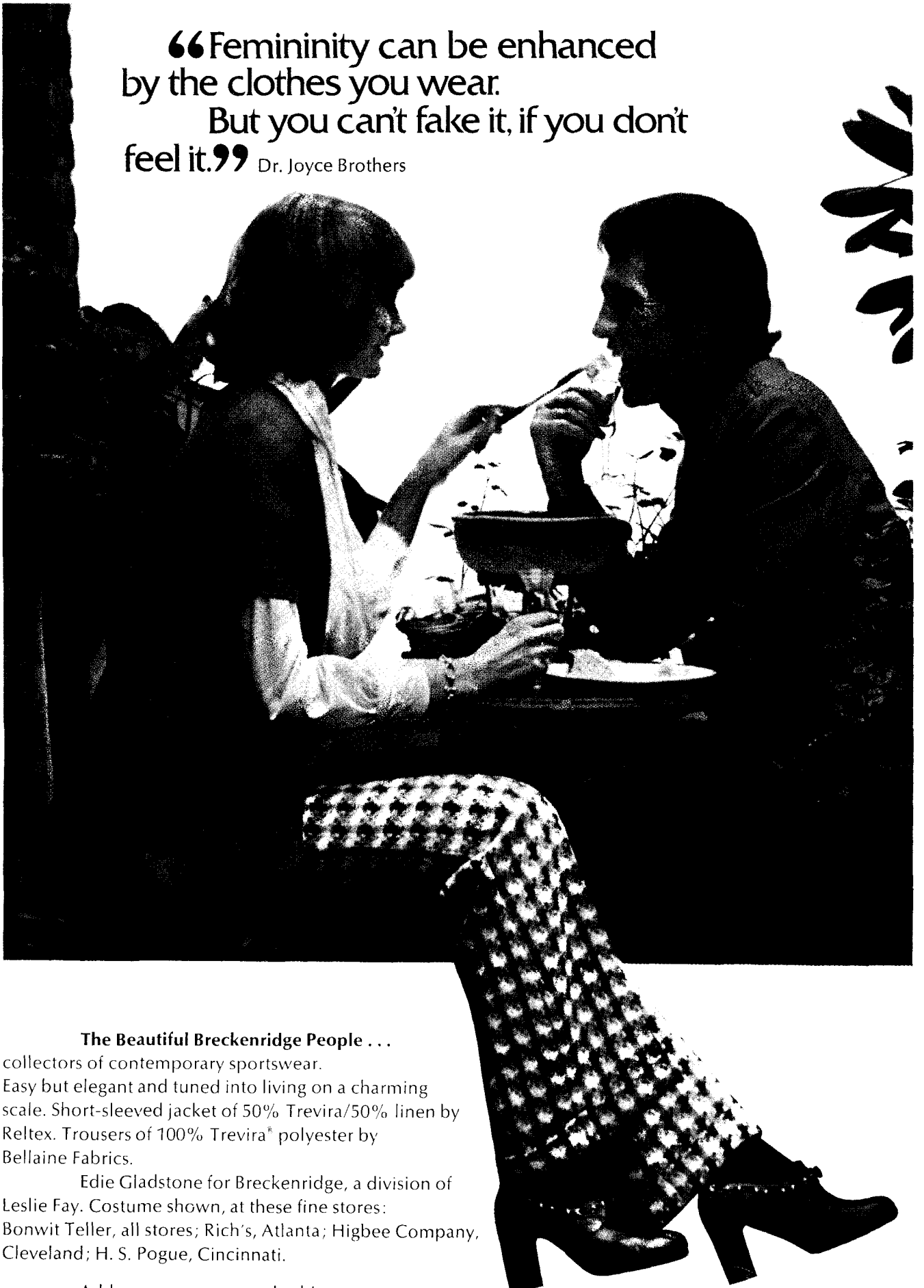

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d. **$2** *for a boat trip (including snorkeling gear), San Andrés.* e. **$17.50** *a day rents this private Cottage in Santa Marta.*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

high-keyed colors; through Thursday, Feb. 1. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. and 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

JIM BALLARD—Abstract oil paintings on canvas, which hang on rods; first one-man show here. Starts Saturday, Jan. 27. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

LARRY BELL—New sculptures by a West Coast artist known for his geometrical structures in transparent plastic; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH BEUYS—The first one-man show here of the work of this leading German conceptual artist and art-world performer; it consists of drawings since 1947, multiples, and information (video tape, photographs) about the artist and his ideas. Through Feb. 7. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

MEL BOCHNER—Two works, one of which consists of an arrangement of stones and masking tape on the floor, the other made of small pieces of wood on a tabletop; starting Saturday, Jan. 27. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

STANLEY BOXER—Abstract paintings that stress color and texture; through Thursday, Feb. 1. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

VICTOR BRAUNER (1903-66)—Paintings of fantastic creatures by a Surrealist; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

ERNEST BRIGGS—New paintings by a veteran Abstract Expressionist; starting Friday, Jan. 26. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

PHILIPPE CHOMIENNE—Paintings, all in blue, by a Frenchman; first one-man show here. Starts Saturday, Jan. 27. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

MIGUEL CONDÉ—Mexican-influenced paintings by an American; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

DOROTHY DEHNER—Abstract bronzes and related drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Willard, 20 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

RONALDO DE JUAN—Thickly painted Abstract Expressionist canvases by an Argentinian; starting Tuesday, Jan. 30. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

TIM DEVERELL—Biomorphic imagery in a monochromatic framework; starting Saturday, Jan. 27. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

AUGUSTIN FILIPOVIC—Highly polished abstract bronzes by a Yugoslav; starting Saturday, Jan. 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

SHERRON FRANCIS—Color-field paintings with brush strokes that form in the center; starting Saturday, Jan. 27. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ARSHILE GORKY (1904-48)—Paintings and drawings; through March 10. (Feigen, 27 E. 70th St.)

ILISE GREENSTEIN / ALICE LANDES—All-white abstract paintings. / Black female figures. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays. Through Feb. 6.)

JOHN GUNDELFINGER—Misty landscapes; through Thursday, Feb. 1. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HARMONY HAMMOND / HOWARDENA PINDELL—Wall pieces. / Paintings. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Through Wednesday, Jan. 31. Closed Mondays.)

RAY JOHNSON—Collages representing the history of the Parsons Gallery; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DONALD JUDD—Structures in various materials by a leading Minimalist; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Castelli, 420 W. Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ—A survey of the photographer's career, with over two hundred pictures; through Feb. 28. (Hallmark Gallery, 720 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Weekdays, 9 to 7.)

ROBERT KIPNISS—Landscapes and color lithographs; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

JOSEPH AND PRIMAROSA KURHAJEC—A husband-and-wife show: metal sculptures by the husband and box assemblages by the wife; starting Tuesday, Jan. 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

MORRIS LOUIS—More veil-like and stripe paintings; starting Saturday, Jan. 27. (Rubin, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

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LOUIS LOZOWICK—Oils and lithographs by an artist known for his social-realist prints; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Dain, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

AUGUST F. LUNDBERG (1878-1028)—Landscapes, figure paintings, and nudes; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

CLYDE LYNDS—Free-standing constructions with moving patterns of light and color, which the artist refers to as "spectral kinetics;" through Wednesday, Jan. 31. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

RODGER MACK—Abstract bronze and nickel-bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

ROBERT MANGOLD—Shaped canvases by a Minimalist; through Feb. 10. (Fischbach, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES MCGARRELL—Slightly surreal paintings; through Friday, Feb. 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

DONALD MUNSON—Drawings from nature in colored pencil; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ROBERT NATKIN—Abstract paintings in rich colors; starting Saturday, Jan. 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN OPPER—Paintings composed of vertical bands of color by a well-known New Yorker; through Thursday, Feb. 1. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

DOLLY PERUTZ—Bronzes and encaustics of animal forms; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

MATT PHILLIPS—Abstract figures and landscapes; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

CAROLYN PLOCHMANN—Romantic subjects done in oil, watercolor, and mixed mediums; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROGELIO POLESELLO—Walls with insets of lenses, which produce a play of light; through Feb. 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

EARL REIBACK—Projections of moving light in intense colors; through Feb. 17. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP REISMAN—Paintings, often humorous, of New York City scenes and types, by a veteran realist; through Feb. 15. (Martin Luther King, Jr., Labor Center, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 4, and Monday and Thursday evenings, 6 to 8.)

CORNELIS RUHTENBERG—Paintings of scenes from everyday life; through Friday, Feb. 2. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAYMOND SAUNDERS—One large painting of Jack Johnson, the prizefighter, and smaller mixed-medium pieces—made up of baggage tickets, old calendars, Donald Ducks, and reproductions of art works—some of which reflect the artist's recent trip to Africa; through Feb. 17. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM SCOTT—Abstract and figure paintings by a well-known artist of the British Isles; through Feb. 10. (Jackson, 32 E. 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE SEGAL—Front and rear views, in relief, of nudes; a new development added to this artist's familiar plaster-cast tableaux; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

ALAN SIEGEL—Abstract forms on box-shaped sand-colored grounds; starting Saturday, Jan. 27. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK STELLA—Works by a leading "color" painter; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

JIM SULLIVAN—Boldly colored abstractions; starting Saturday, Jan. 27. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

WALASSE TING—Paintings that consist of spatterings of high-keyed pigments on a one-color ground; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

CY TWOMBLY—Drawings of the last decade by an artist known for his "scribblings;" through Feb. 6. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

DEWAIN VALENTINE—Sculptures by a California abstractionist who works in plastic; starting Thursday, Jan. 25. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ (1878-1965)—Oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints emphasizing New York scenes by an early American modernist; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Zabriskie, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN WESLEY—More paintings of everyday objects, with a comic-book slant; through Wednesday, Jan. 31. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT ZAKANYCH—Four abstract paintings; through Feb. 18. (Cunningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—**AT ARTIST HOUSE,** 131 Prince St.: Abstract silver paintings by Joe Barnes, thickly colored abstractions by Haywood Rivers, and Expressionist bronze sculptures of horses by Fred Farr; through Feb. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.). . . **CITY UNIVERSITY GRADUATE CENTER,** ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.: One work each by Robert Grosvenor, Forrest Myers, and Richard Nonas, created especially for this exhibit; through Feb. 9. (Weekdays, 8 to 6.). . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: An exhibition called "Him," a sequel to one held last year called "She." It brings together twenty-eight works of sculpture, painting, and collage, from ancient times to the present, each depicting a man, and usually a rather sorry specimen. A puffy portrait of Louis XV attributed to Jean-Baptiste van Loo, a fashion-plate watercolor of a Captain Mildmay by Richard Dighton, a satiric profile of a naked fatty wearing an admiral's hat and clutching a sword, an operatic circus rider by Auguste Gros, an abstract wood relief of Il Duca di Mantova by Saul Steinberg, a worried Nigerian Ibo figure dressed in an embroidered costume, a Pre-Raphaelite transvestite of an angel by John R. Spencer Stanhope, and a color photograph of Prince Charles are some of the sex objects on view here. The show seems to be a kind of *reductio ad absurdum* of the anti-machismo feeling that all enlightened people profess today but that no one wholly embraces. The incompleteness of the exhibit (where are the Greek gods, the Renaissance courtiers, the Goya bullfighters, the Rodin thinkers?) points up its self-mockery and heightens the viewer's sense of being in the presence of something both funny and knotty. Margaret Mead has written a perfect essay for the catalogue, which, unfortunately, costs five dollars. Through Feb. 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GOLDOWSKY,** 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: American nineteenth-century still-lifes; through Tuesday, Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **HUTCHINSON,** 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.: Works on paper by fourteen gallery artists; starting Saturday, Jan. 27. (Closed Mondays.). . . **HUTTON,** 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Masters of German Expressionism, such as Kandinsky, Jawlensky, Marc, Macke, and Kirchner; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: About fifty pieces of American folk art; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KNOEDLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings and drawings by European masters of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Feb. 10. . . . **LANDMARK,** 469 Broome St.: Three women and one male; starting Saturday, Jan. 27. (Closed Mondays.). . . **LEWISON,** 30 E. 60th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century Americans; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Closes Saturdays at 4:30.). . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Cadmus, Thon, Vickrey, and Hale; through Feb. 10. (Closed Mondays.). . . **RAYDON,** 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Approximately a hundred watercolors by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Hassam, Heade, Homer, Pascin, Prendergast, and Walkowitz, for example; through March 17. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madi-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

son Ave., at 70th St.: Works on paper by Klee, Matisse, Moore, Picasso, and others; through Feb. 17. (Closed Mondays.)... WASHBURN, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures of the nineteen-forties exhibited by Baroness Hilla Rebay, then director of the Museum of Non-Objective Painting, now the Guggenheim; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Closed Mondays.)... WESTBETH, 155 Bank St.: Paintings, sculptures, collages, and photographs by seven artists; through Sunday, Jan. 28. (Fridays through Sundays, 2 to 6.)... WESTBROADWAY, 431 West Broadway: Paintings by Saundra Gellis, Suzi Ferrer, and George Szekely; starting Tuesday, Jan. 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Twenty-six nineteenth-century American landscape paintings from the Museum's collection; through Feb. 18.... ¶ Sixty-five examples by the Photo-Secessionists, who, by emulating the art of their day, attempted to establish photography as an art form; through March 15.... ¶ Ten pairs of portraits of husbands and wives by Dutch painters of the seventeenth century: Rembrandt, Memling, Hals, and others; through March 4.... ¶ Medieval and Renaissance stained-glass windows from six European nations; through Feb. 28.... ¶ About thirty objects—embroidered and painted silks, Ming porcelains, ceramics, and fans—made in China, from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, for export to the West; starting Tuesday, Jan. 30. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and fifty examples of African textiles and body ornaments; through Wednesday, Jan. 31.... ¶ Fifty drawings by Jean Dubuffet, which survey his career as a draftsman from 1944 to 1966; through Feb. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty sculptures and drawings executed between 1965 and 1970 by Eva Hesse (1936-70), well-known Minimalist; through Feb. 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The first two stages of a biennial survey of contemporary American painting and sculpture, which is replacing the Whitney Annual; through March 4. The third stage will open Thursday, Jan. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The eighteenth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints; through Feb. 4.... ¶ About a hundred Japanese wood-block prints (1860-63) reflecting the influence on Japanese art of the opening of the port of Yokohama to foreigners; through Sunday, Jan. 28. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs and color slides of shells, along with examples, marking the publication of a book on the subject by Andreas Feininger and William K. Emerson; through Tuesday, Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Pottery and porcelains dating from prehistoric times to the seventeenth century; through Feb. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese landscape paintings from the eleventh century to the eighteenth, devoted to the theme of mountains and rivers, wintry forests, and old trees; through Sunday, Jan. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—Seventy-four works, including screens, panel paintings, lacquer ware, metalwork, and ceramics, done in Japan in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries and reflecting the influence of the arrival of the Portuguese and Spanish; through Feb. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Works showing a Chinese influence by Fima, who was born and educated in China, and figure paintings by Avraham Ofek, an Israeli born in Bulgaria; through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

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MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and eighteen Master drawings from the collection of Christ Church, Oxford University; through Feb. 17.... ¶ About sixty American bookbindings from the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; through Feb. 17. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Over a hundred works by thirty-two artists exploring the creative potential of glass; through March 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, Broadway at 155th St.—Sixty-two masks, sculptures, ceramics, and other examples of the use of the skull as a motif by American Indians; through March 31.... ¶ Forty-two Hopi kachina dolls, toys, musical instruments, and other objects; through Feb. 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A feminist once wrote that what professional women are fighting for today is not the chance to excel, which has long existed, but for the option of being mediocre, which hitherto only men have enjoyed. The fight—if the new all-woman show here is any indication—has been won on the art front. The exhibition, called "Women Choose Women" and organized by a group called Women in the Arts, is as undistinguished a collection of work as you'll find in any male-dominated museum, gallery, or bank in town, and is possibly the largest tribute to blandness ever mounted. Three floors are devoted to the one hundred and nine women represented, who work in all the styles now in style, and, with a few exceptions, do not advance them. Among the exceptions are Tobi Zausner, whose "The Strength of Memory" is a fine Magritte-like painting of a boy in a knicker suit who is carrying a bunch of irises and holding the reins of an invisible horse on which a solid little girl is mounted; and Pat Steir, whose "Legend" (which hangs, as it happens, next to "The Strength of Memory") is an elegant neo-Dada composition of a nude, a weather chart, a row of songbirds, and various artfully sloppy "X"s and scrawls—as if Jim Dine had done one of his things and then asked Cy Twombly to come and do *his* thing on top of it. Through Feb. 18.... ¶ Works in soft materials—such as string, rubber, cloth, inflatables—by Oldenburg, Serra, Hannah Wilke, and others; through Feb. 18.... ¶ A hundred drawings, most of them done in the nineteen-sixties, by American artists—Flavin, di Suvero, Heizer, Judd, Serra, and Smithson, for instance; through Feb. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A luminous aviary of four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors, the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety; through Feb. 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Jan. 24: "La Traviata," with Pilar Lorengar, Leo Goeke, and Cornell MacNeil; conducted by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli.... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 25: "Macbeth," with Martina Arroyo, Sherrill Milnes, Franco Tagliavini, and Ruggero Raimondi; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli.... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 26: "Pique Dame," with Raina Kabaivanska, Regina Resnik, Joann Grillo, Nicolai Gedda, John Reardon, and Dominic Cossa; Kazimierz Kord.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 27: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Gail Robinson, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, and Sherrill Milnes; Peter Herman Adler.... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 27: "La Bohème," with Pilar Lorengar, Christine Weidinger, Enrico Di Giuseppe, William Walker, Paul Plishka, Robert Goodloe, Andrij Dobriansky, and Nico Castel; Henry Lewis.... ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 29: "Rigoletto," with Reri Grist, Joann Grillo, Luciano Pavarotti, Ingvar Wixell, John Macurdy, and James Morris; James Levine.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 30: "Aida," with Irene Dalis, Richard Cassilly, Cornell MacNeil, Giorgio Tozzi, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 31: "Macbeth," with Martina Arroyo, Sherrill Milnes, Franco Tagliavini, and Ruggero Raimondi; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli.... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 1: "La Bohème," with Pilar Lorengar, Christine Weidinger, Enrico Di Giuseppe, William Walker, Paul Plishka, Robert Goodloe, Andrij Dobriansky, and Nico Castel; Henry Lewis.... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 2: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Elinor Ross, Colette Boky, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, and Matteo Manuguerra; Peter Herman Adler.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 3: "Macbeth," with Martina Arroyo, Sherrill Milnes, Franco Tagliavini, and Ruggero Raimondi; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli.... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 3: "Faust," with Judith Forst, John Alexander, Louis Quilico, and Cesare Siepi; Roberto Benzi. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 26, at 2; and Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 7:30 (all with Rudolf Serkin, piano); Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8:30 (with John Cerminaro, French horn); and Thursday and Friday, Feb. 1-2, at 8:30 (with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone).

CINCINNATI SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Max Rudolf conducting, with Dino Ciani, piano. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola. (Philharmonic Hall, Monday, Jan. 29, at 8:15.)

CZECH STATE ORCHESTRA—Jiří Bělohlávek conducting, with Václav Hudeček, violin. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Walter Susskind conducting, with Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall, Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

I MUSICI—The first of two concerts by the Italian chamber orchestra, this one an all-Bach program, with Roberto Michelucci, violin. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Joseph Fuchs, violin; Lillian Fuchs, viola; and Artur Balsam, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

HANDEL SOCIETY ORCHESTRA—Stephen Simon conducting Handel's opera "Ezio" in concert form, with Evelyn Lear, soprano; Corinne Curry, Gwendolyn Killebrew, and Betty Allen, mezzo-sopranos; Raymond Gibbs, tenor; and Morley Meredith, baritone. (Carnegie Hall, Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

I SOLISTI DI ZAGREB—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra, with Leonard Rose, cello. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 60th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Yuri Krasnapolsky directing, with Seth McCoy, tenor. (Alice Tully Hall, Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

SINE NOMINE SINGERS—Harry Saltzman directing. (Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

RECITALS

CONCORD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle, LT 1-2311, Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

RÉGINE CRESPIN—Soprano, in a recital of French music. (Carnegie Hall, Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—Ruth Laredo, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; and Jeffrey Solow,

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cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 60th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 60th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 2:15.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; the Juilliard String Quartet; Walter Trampler, viola; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 5, and Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 7:30.)

Christa Ludwig—Mezzo-soprano, in a Schumann-Schubert program. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Witold Malcuzynski—Piano, in a benefit Beethoven-Chopin concert. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Roy Bogas and Robert Sayre—Piano and cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Composers String Quartet—The second in a series of three concerts of modern music, this one with Catherine Rowe, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—A program of twentieth-century music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Electronic Music—Works by Nelson Howe, Stephen Price, and Richard Rigolo. (Kitchen, Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 475-0865. Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 8. You would do well to verify all this by phone before setting out.)

Nicolai Gedda and Alexis Weissenberg—Tenor and piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Meyer Kupferman—With Gilbert Kalish, piano, and others, in a concert of new music for clarinet that includes several of his own works. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Berlin String Quartet—A group from East Germany. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8, an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8, a varied program, with Raphael Hillyer, viola. For tickets, call GR 3-1301.)

George and Marc Neikrug—Cello and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Kenneth Cooper—Harpsichord, in a program of eighteenth- and twentieth-century music. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin—Violin and piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

John Browning and the Fine Arts Quartet—A Mendelssohn-Schumann program for piano and strings. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Music by Charles Ives and Charles Morrow—Performed by the Western Wind; the New York Imperial Pickup Night Guard Military Band, conducted by Henry Schuman; Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; and Zita Carno, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 5:45: **Irving Caesar.** . . . ¶Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 5:45: **A Gallery of Dance,** a program of solo and duet works, with Ze'eva Cohen, Raymond Johnson, Cliff Keuter, and Gus Solomons, Jr., and members of their companies.

Enrico Macias—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8.

Lou Reed—With Garland Jeffreys. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8 and 11:30.)

Edgar Winter Group—With Glencoe. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Charles Mingus—In a benefit concert. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2134. Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

J.P.J. Quartet—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8.

Melanie—Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2-3, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-0100.)

Professional Basketball—At **Madison Square Garden:** Knicks vs. Buffalo, Thursday, Jan. 25, at 7:30. . . . ¶Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8. . . . ¶Knicks vs. Golden State, Monday, Jan. 29, at 7:30. . . . ¶Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8. . . . **Nassau Coliseum:** Nets vs. Virginia, Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8:05. . . . ¶Nets vs. Dallas, Friday, Feb. 2, at 8:05.

Hockey—At **Madison Square Garden:** Rangers vs. Boston, Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 7:35. . . . ¶Rangers vs. Toronto, Sunday, Jan. 28, at 7:05. . . . ¶National Hockey League All-Star Game, Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 7:35. . . . ¶Rangers vs. California, Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 7:35. . . . **Nassau Coliseum:** Islanders vs. Chicago, Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶Islanders vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:05.

Racing—At **Liberty Bell,** Philadelphia: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 3. The Quaker Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 3. . . . **Bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 16.

Track Meet—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 26, at 7.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, March 1.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **Light Opera of Manhattan:** "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 27-28, at 4. . . . ¶"The Gondoliers," Saturday, Feb. 3, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.) . . . **New York Philharmonic:** Michael Tilson Thomas conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **Bil Baird Marionettes:** "Davy Jones' Locker." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **B. Gay Puppets:** "Folk Tales and Legends." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.) . . . **Children's Theatre International:** "Babu." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **Meri Mini Players:** "Chicken Little." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . **Paper Bag Players:** "Group Soup." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "When Earth Became a Planet." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Howard Moss and William Stafford reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Jan. 29, at 8.) . . . ¶John Ashbery reading from his own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Friday, Feb. 2, from 6 to 11; Saturday, Feb. 3, from 10 to 9; and Sunday, Feb. 4, from 1 to 7.)

National Boat Show—The sixty-second annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, and everything that goes with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Friday, Jan. 26, from 5 to 10; Saturdays, Jan. 27 and Feb. 3, from 10 to 10; Sundays, Jan. 28 and Feb. 4, noon to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 29-Feb. 2, noon to 10.)

Winter Antiques Show—Rarities from all over the world, many of them displayed in room settings. A benefit show. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 24-27, from noon to 9, and Sunday, Jan. 28, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 2: Art Nouveau, including a Tiffany Laburnum lamp, jewelry, pottery, and furniture; from many owners. . . . ¶Thursday, Jan. 25, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings, watercolors, drawings, and prints; from a number of sources. . . . ¶Friday, Jan. 26, at 10:15: Chinese Export porcelains and English pottery, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26-27, at 2: American furniture and decorations, from many owners. . . . ¶Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 2: Books, from the collection of the Long Island Historical Society.

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 24 at 5:30: "Splendor in the Grass" (1961), directed by Elia Kazan, with Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty. . . . ¶Jan. 25 at 6: "Flight" (1971), in Russian, directed by A. Alov and V. Naumov; no English titles. . . . ¶Jan. 26 at 2: "White Bird with Black Mark" (1971), in Ukrainian, directed by Yuri Ilyenko. . . . ¶Jan. 26 at 5:30 and Jan. 27 at noon: "La Souriante Madame Beaudet" (1922), directed by Germaine Dulac; and "Menilmontant" (1925), directed by Dimitri Kirsanov. . . . ¶Jan. 27 at 3 and 5:30: "The Brothers Karamazov" (1969), in Russian, directed by Ivan Pyriev. . . . ¶Jan. 28 at 12:30 and 3: "On the Avenue" (1937), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Dick Powell and Alice Faye. . . . ¶Jan. 28 at 5:30: "Flight" (1971). . . . ¶Jan. 29 at 2 and 5:30: "Belated Flowers" (1969), in Russian, directed by Abram Room. . . . ¶Jan. 30 at 2: "Seven Footprints to Satan" (1929), directed by Benjamin Christensen, with Thelma Todd. . . . ¶Jan. 30 at 5:30: "Solaris" (1972), in Russian, directed by Andrei Tarkovski. . . . ¶Jan. 31 at 5:30: "Seven Footprints to Satan" (1929). . . . ¶Feb. 1 at 5:30: "The Projectionist" (1970), directed by Harry Hurwitz, with Chuck McCann. . . . ¶Feb. 1 at 8: "I Am Suzanne" (1934), directed by Rowland V. Lee, with Lilian Harvey and Gene Raymond. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30, Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **New York Cultural Center,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—The last programs in a series of Russ Meyer films: Through Jan. 25: "Vixen" (1968). . . . Jan. 26-27: "Cherry, Harry, and Raquel" (1969). (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **Anthology Film Archives,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—A retrospective of films by Sergei Eisenstein, from "Strike," of 1924, through "Ivan the Terrible," of 1946. Showings at 6, 8 (except Jan. 25 and 26), and 10 (except Jan. 30 and 31). No Mondays. . . . **Whitney Museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Jan. 24: "Imagine," with John Lennon and Yoko Ono. Showings at 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶Jan. 25-31: Five short films by five different filmmakers. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings). . . . ¶Starting Feb. 1: "Five Expansions in Vision," by five different directors. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 30: "Sounder."
Jan. 31-Feb. 1: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" and "Charles Dead or Alive."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Jan. 27: "Summer Stock" and "Babes on Broadway."
Jan. 28-30: "One Hour with You" and "The Love Parade."
From Jan. 31: "The Guardsman" and "Grand Hotel."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Jan. 30: "Greaser's Palace" and "Putney Swope."
From Jan. 31: "The Decameron," "Women in Love," and "Simon of the Desert."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 1: "Lady Sings the Blues" and "Harold and Maude."

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Fat City."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Getaway."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Under Milk Wood."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Jan. 31: "Avanti!"
From Feb. 1 at 8: "Last Tango in Paris."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The First Circle."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Travels with My Aunt."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pete 'n' Tillie."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Up the Sandbox."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Prison Girls."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Innocent Bystanders."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cries and Whispers."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Jan. 24: "If I Had a Gun."
Jan. 25-31: "Life Study."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Images."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Young Winston."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Jan. 30: "The Poseidon Adventure."
From Jan. 31: "Steelyard Blues."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Traffic."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Jeremiah Johnson."

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-0304)
Through Jan. 30: "Play It Again, Sam" and "Harold and Maude."
From Jan. 31 (tentative): "Lady Sings the Blues."

JULIET 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Jan. 25: "Death of a Jew."
From Jan. 26: "Across 110th Street."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Jan. 25: "Across 110th Street."
From Jan. 26: "Trick Baby."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Avanti!"

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Getaway."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Jan. 30: "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."
From Jan. 31: "Shamus."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Sounder."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8000)
"Prison Girls."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8032)
"Innocent Bystanders."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 30: "Across 110th Street" and "The Landlord."
From Jan. 31 (tentative): "Two English Girls."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 30: "The Emigrants."
From Jan. 31: "The Spider's Stratagem."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Fellini's Roma."

QUAD CINEMA 1, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Jan. 25: "Persona" and "Variety Lights."
Jan. 26: "The Passion of Anna" and "Persona."
Jan. 27-28: "8½" and "The Passion of Anna."
Jan. 29-30: "I Vitelloni" and "Belle de Jour."
Jan. 31-Feb. 1: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" and "The Clowns."

QUAD CINEMAS 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Jan. 30: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," "King of Hearts," "The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice," and "Lady Sings the Blues."
From Jan. 31: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 10th. (675-0035)
Through Jan. 25: "The Last Movie" and "Sometimes a Great Notion."
Jan. 26-30: "Performance" and "The Devils."
Jan. 31-Feb. 1: "The Searchers" and "Fort Apache."

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Jan. 30: "Last House on the Left" and "Chastity."
From Jan. 31: "Black Gunn" and "The Love Machine."

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Man of La Mancha."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Emigrants."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through Jan. 31: "1776."
From Feb. 1: "The World's Greatest Athlete."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Sleuth."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Jan. 25: "Fellini's Roma."
From Jan. 26: "Limbo."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 25: "Deliverance."
Jan. 26-27: "The Naked Night" and "Illicit Interlude."
Jan. 28-30: "Through a Glass Darkly" and "Winter Light."
From Jan. 31: "The Seventh Seal" and "The Virgin Spring."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Limelight."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"César and Rosalie."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Prince Igor."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Jan. 30: "The Emigrants."
From Jan. 31: "Play It As It Lays."

BEACON, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Jan. 30: "Last House on the Left" and "Shoot Out."
From Jan. 31: "Carnal Knowledge" and "The People Next Door."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3100)
Through Jan. 30: "Deliverance."
From Jan. 31: "A Separate Peace."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9180)
Through Jan. 30: "The Spider's Stratagem."
From Jan. 31: "The Sorrow and the Pity."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 30: "Lady Sings the Blues" and "Such Good Friends."
From Jan. 31: "Play It As It Lays."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Jan. 25: "Minnie and Moskowitz" and "Taking Off."
Jan. 26-29: "The Candidate" and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue."
Jan. 30-Feb. 1: "Butterflies Are Free" and "I Never Sang for My Father."

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Across 110th Street."

RIVIERA, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"The French Connection" and "Hello, Dolly!"

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 30: "Bullitt" and "Bonnie and Clyde."
From Jan. 31: "The Ruling Class" and "The Producers."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

ACROSS 110TH STREET—With Anthony Quinn, Yaphet Kotto, and Anthony Franciosa, directed by Barry Shear. (Riverside. . . . ¶ Juliet 2; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Juliet 1; starting Jan. 26.)

AVANTI!—With Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills, directed by Billy Wilder. (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through Jan. 31.)

BABES ON BROADWAY (1941)—Busby Berkeley directed Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in this engaging M-G-M backstage-musical fable. The nonsense story has considerable charm, and Garland and Rooney hoofing together are a happy sight. Vincente Minnelli, new to films, directed Garland's solos. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 27.)

THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE (1970)—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Thalia; Jan. 26-29.)

BELLE DE JOUR (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Quad Cinema 1; Jan. 29-30.)

BLACK GUNN—With Jim Brown and Martin Landau, directed by Robert Hartford-Davis. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Jan. 31.)

BONNIE AND CLYDE (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy. (Olympia; through Jan. 30.)

BULLITT (1968)—A competent director (Peter Yates), working with competent technicians, gives a fairly dense texture to a hackneyed script about cops and gangsters and politicians. The stars are Steve McQueen (as the low-keyed police-officer hero) and the witty, steep streets of San Francisco. (Olympia; through Jan. 30.)

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Dim stuff from a dim original, full of the worst sort of show-biz perkiness. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Thalia; Jan. 30-Feb. 1.)

THE CANDIDATE—We need political films, by gum, but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in

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THAT THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND CHOSE AYNSLEY
photos: Pesin
AND THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER
TOOK WATERFORD AS HER ONE AND ONLY.

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years. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Thalia; Jan. 26-29.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Beacon; starting Jan. 31.)

César and Rosalie—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Paris.)

Charles Dead or Alive—Alain Tanner's Swiss film of 1969, made before his ravishing "La Salamandre." The hero is a fifty-year-old third-generation watchmaker who suddenly starts, on his firm's hundredth anniversary, to undo his soul as if he were taking a watch apart to see the works. There are moments when he seems to feel that the mainspring has broken on him in this politically complex, spirited black-and-white movie, which glitters with intelligence, a unique straight-faced humor, and half-concealed gaiety. Tanner has moments of reminding you of Godard in his wry sense of the dialectic of history, which is absolutely unsuperstitious but always reverential to human goodness; he is also Brechtian in his swivels into the reflexive and in his native instinct to keep impulses of audience-identification at a distance. Highly recommended. Michel Simon's son, François, plays the hero very finely. In French. (Art; Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

Chastity (1969)—With Cher, directed by Alessio de Paola. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Jan. 30.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Quad Cinema 1; Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

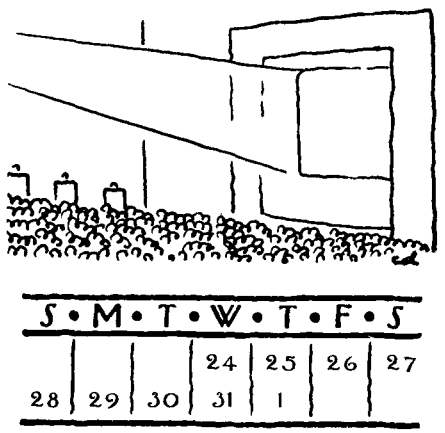
Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. The film, which is superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema I.)

Death of a Jew—With Assaf Dayan and Akim Tamiroff, directed by Denys de la Patelliere. (Juliet 1; through Jan. 25.)

The Decameron (1971)—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 31.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Playboy; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; through Jan. 30.)

The Devils (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave



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plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Elgin; Jan. 26-30.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1964)—Buñuel's version of a film made by Renoir in 1945 with Paulette Goddard. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid, required to read Huysmans to her old, pernickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (Quad Cinema 1; Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Quad Cinema 1; Jan. 27-28.)

The Emigrants—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant film; Troell's achievement is prodigious. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (Guild. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse and Embassy 72nd St.; through Jan. 30.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Quad Cinema 2; through Jan. 30.)

Fat City—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty; we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California), Huston back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. Not to be missed. (Kips Bay.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say, "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth, and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Greenwich. . . . ¶ Festival; through Jan. 25.)

Fiddler on the Roof (1971)—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (U.A. East and Cinema Studio.)

The First Circle—Alexander Ford, once head of the Polish film industry, made this version of the Alexander Solzhenitsyn novel in Denmark. It's not a great film, but it's not drab; it's tense and intelligent, and good enough to raise the issue of the moral and intellectual choices left open to Russians—and the movie has a special impact because of its implications now for Americans also. Gunther Malzacher plays Nerzhin-Solzhenitsyn—the lean, ironic gadfly-hero who is sent to Siberia to starve and die but who feels morally triumphant. The Scandinavian, Polish, and German actors speak in English; nonaccented voices have been dubbed in. Under the circumstances, this seems a sensible solution, and the somewhat impersonal voices make the argument of the film easy to follow. (Fine Arts.)

The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice (1952)—For some people, Ozu is a master; for others, his quiet studies of middle-class life are intolerably thin and banal. By now, you can probably sort out which group you fit in, and decide if you want to see this film, made the year before "Tokyo Story." A lesser work, this one is about a middle-aged couple whose marriage is in trouble. In Japanese. (Quad Cinema 3; through Jan. 30.)

Fort Apache (1948)—Henry Fonda, as an imperious, wrongheaded lieutenant colonel whose men are massacred because they obey him; the John Ford film, set after the Civil War, never suggests that they should disobey him—though he's practically a certifiable maniac. This is one of Ford's beautiful but irritating epic Westerns. The fights and dances and other big scenes are triumphs of staging, but the coy love interest (Shirley Temple and John Agar) and the Irish horseplay are infantile. And the whole picture is bathed in a special form of patriotic sentimentality; scenes are held so that we cannot fail to appreciate the beauty of the American past. With John Wayne, Ward Bond, Anna Lee, Victor McLaglen, Pedro Armendariz, and some stars of the silent screen—Mae Marsh, Irene Rich, and George O'Brien. Filmed in Utah and Monument Valley. (Elgin; Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slambang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Riviera.)

The Getaway—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. The audience hoots MacGraw's smirky-schoolgirl line readings and applauds when McQueen slaps her around. (34th St. East and Loews Orpheum.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—Vicki Baum's concepts of character and fate are excruciating, but Greta Garbo strides about in a chinchilla polo coat and sets the movie vibrating with her first line—"I have never been so tired in my life." She plays a weary, disillusioned ballerina briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman—John Barrymore. She was only twenty-six when she played the role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue and despair seem genuine. The movie is probably the best example of a certain kind of partly asinine, partly marvellous glamour that has

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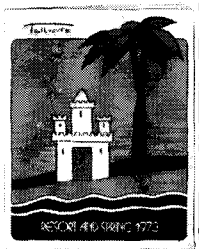

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vanished from new movies. With Joan Crawford, *a startlingly sexy minx who barely resembles the later, mask-face Crawford.* Edmund Goulding directed; the cast includes Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, and Jean Hersholt. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 31.)

Greaser's Palace—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. Downey seems for the moment to have abandoned his cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 30.)

The Guardsman (1931)—More like a photographed play than a movie adaptation, but an invaluable record of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne at work; they seem to be having a wonderful time mugging and grinning. They play an acting couple, and for a good part of the film, Lunt (in disguise from his wife) wears something stuck under his lower lip which gives him a beefy, puffed-out jaw that is irresistibly ridiculous. Sidney Franklin directed this early-talkie version of the Ferenc Molnar play that Lunt and Fontanne had done on Broadway in 1924. (It was later turned into the musical "The Chocolate Soldier".) The cast includes Roland Young, as a critic; Ann Dvorak, as a fan; ZaSu Pitts; Maude Eburne; and Herman Bing. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; *starting Jan. 31.*)

Harold and Maude (1971)—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Feb. 1.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first, besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Sutton.)

Hello, Dolly! (1969)—The extraordinary Barbra Streisand, in the biggest rabble-rousing musical of them all. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Riviera.)

If I Had a Gun—A Czech film, directed by Stefan Uher. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 24.)

Illicit Interlude ("Summer Interlude;" 1951)—This rapturous study of a ruined summer romance was Ingmar Bergman's first great breakthrough. Maj-Britt Nilsson plays the tired ballerina who has been emotionally dead since her adolescence. In Swedish. (Playboy; Jan. 26-27.)

Images—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but seductively shot and edited, and with some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Columbia I.)

I Never Sang for My Father (1970)—Bargain-basement dramaturgy is used to surprisingly powerful effect in this account of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. Gene Hackman and Melvyn Douglas perform unsentimentally and intelligently. Gil Cates directed, from Robert Anderson's script. (Thalia; Jan. 30-Feb. 1.)

Innocent Bystanders—With Stanley Baker, Geraldine Chaplin, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews; directed by Peter Collinson. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Jeremiah Johnson—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (Loews Tower East.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Quad Cinema 2; through Jan. 30.)

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The Landlord (1970)—About Manhattan real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Waverly; through Jan. 30.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, *this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers.* That great dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over from her first comic scenes. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (Quad Cinema 4 and Symphony; through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse; starting Jan. 31, tentative.)

Last House on the Left—With David Hess, written and directed by Wes Craven. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Beacon; through Jan. 30.)

The Last Movie (1971)—Dennis Hopper directed this put-on, knockabout tragedy, in which he stars as a stunt man with an American film company in Peru who becomes a Christ figure when the natives imitate filmmaking. The movie grinds to a painful halt right at the start; it is visually beautiful, but the editing is so self-destructive that it's as if Hopper had slashed his own canvases. (Elgin; through Jan. 25.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. (Trans-Lux East; *starting Feb. 1 at 8.* Thereafter, Mondays through Thursdays at 2 and 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean—Nihilism plus sentimentality about the rugged-individualist hero—Paul Newman. A mock-epic Western that cannibalizes old movies and mixes an enthusiasm for mayhem with a tacky geniality. John Huston directed this disgraceful shambles, from a brutal, cheap, jokey script by John Milius. (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through Jan. 30.)

Life Study—With Bartholomew Miro, Jr., and Erika Peterson, directed by Michael Nebbia. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 25-31.)

Limbo—With Kate Jackson and Katherine Justice, directed by Mark Robson. (Festival; starting Jan. 26.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he appears at a gala benefit and shows the unbelievers who think him finished that *he is still the greatest, and then dies in the* wings as the applause fades; this is surely the richest hunk of self-gratification since Huck and Tom attended their own funeral—and Chaplin serves it up straight. At one point, Calvero awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden) in the darkened theatre after she has performed; he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Lincoln Art.)

The Love Machine (1971)—From Jacqueline Susann's novel, with Dyan Cannon, Robert Ryan, Jackie Cooper, and John Phillip Law. Enough said. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Jan. 31.)

The Love Parade (1929)—Lubitsch's first true sound film, but he wasn't technically sure enough of himself to give the picture much confidence. Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 28-30.)

Man of La Mancha—The lyrics still sound as if they had been translated from Esperanto, and it's a slow haul to a sentimental haven, but toward the middle, Peter O'Toole, looking like an elongated Alec Guinness, is so wafer-thin and stylized, and his woefulness is so deeply silly that the contrast between his Don Quixote and the full-bodied, realistic Aldonza of Sophia Loren becomes affecting. Loren, with her great, sorrowing green-brown eyes, is magnificently sensual and spiritual; she brings the soul of Italian opera to this Broadway bastardization, which combines Cervantes' life with his novel. Arthur Hiller directed. (Rivoli. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 1:30 and 4:15, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Minnie and Moskowitz (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—*and it doesn't* work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Thalia; through Jan. 25.)

The Naked Night (1953)—One of Ingmar Bergman's most powerful and erotic early films, but also one of his most masochistic and mawkish; life is a circus, people are gross clowns suffering through rounds of frustration and humiliation, and so on. Ake Groenberg is the circus owner, and the voluptuous *Harriet Andersson is his mistress.* In Swedish. (Playboy; Jan. 26-27.)

One Hour With You (1932)—Lubitsch directed this remake of his 1924 picture "The Marriage Circle;" George Cukor was taken off the film, and Lubitsch moved in, to work with his usual fun and sense of light chic. Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier play a genially married couple disturbed by a flirt played by Genevieve Tobin. But only temporarily, of course. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 28-30.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman *studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people* living on an island. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Quad Cinema 1; Jan. 26-28.)

The People Next Door (1970)—Eli Wallach and Hal Holbrook in a film about the generation gap. The gap has been widened. (Beacon; starting Jan. 31.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Elgin; Jan. 26-30.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Quad *Cinema 1; through Jan. 26.)*

Pete 'n' Tillie—Carol Burnett and Walter Matthau in a low-key modern equivalent of the old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style, derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed, from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (Baronet.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a *Bogart nut, and most of the film is* about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Jan. 30.)

Play It As It Lays—About empty lives, acute anguish, Hollywood and Hell. Tuesday Weld wanders around numbly, looking like a great pumpkin-headed doll, as Joan Didion's hurting waif-heroine. (She's discovered the nothingness of life.) The movie is bound to be a touchstone, like the book: people have differ-

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ent levels of tolerance for stories celebrating soulless high life, and catatonic alienation has never been more poshly narcissistic than in this one. Frank Perry directed; it's visually handsome but a peculiarly passive viewing experience. With Tony Perkins, Tammy Grimes, Adam Roarke, and Ruth Ford. (Embassy 72nd St. and Symphony; starting Jan. 31.)

The Poseidon Adventure—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (Beekman; through Jan. 30.)

Prince Igor—Performed by the Kirov opera and ballet of Leningrad. In Russian. (Regency.)

Prison Girls—With Robin Whitting. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Olympia; starting Jan. 31.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 30.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Olympia; starting Jan. 31.)

The Searchers (1956)—A little girl—Lana Wood—is kidnapped by Comanches; by the time her uncle, John Wayne, finds her, years have passed and she has turned into Natalie Wood. John Ford directed this languorous, large-scale Western; the motives of the bitter, taciturn uncle are obscure throughout, and Ford's attempt at comic relief—male knockabout humor—is a fizzle. The cast includes Jeffrey Hunter, as Wayne's partner in the long search, and Vera Miles, Ward Bond, Antonio Moreno, Dorothy Jordan, John Qualen, and, in a small part, Mae Marsh. Filmed in Colorado and Monument Valley. (Elgin; Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

A Separate Peace—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (Loews 83rd St.; starting Jan. 31.)

1776—A Broadway folk operetta featuring those lovable old codgers, the Founding Fathers, and double-entendres and the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The whole damned thing has the emasculated, giggly tone that passes for clean family entertainment. (Music Hall; through Jan. 31.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—The aura of magic, the modern erotic and psychological insights, and the ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death; during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Playboy; starting Jan. 31.)

Shamus—With Burt Reynolds and Dyan Cannon, directed by Buzz Kulik. (Loews Ciné; starting Jan. 31.)

Shoot Out (1971)—With Gregory Peck and Pat Quinn, directed by Henry Hathaway. (Beacon; through Jan. 30.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 31.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Ziegfeld.)

Sometimes a Great Notion—With Paul Newman, Henry Fonda, and Lee Remick; directed by Newman. (Elgin; through Jan. 25.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema. . . . ¶ New Yorker; starting Jan. 31.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (86th St. East. . . . ¶ Art; through Jan. 30.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful, but Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father, whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive. The story is too thin for the heightened colors and the evocative imagery; the movie is all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (New Yorker; through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Jan. 31.)

Steelyard Blues—With Jane Fonda, Donald Sutherland, and Peter Boyle, directed by Alan Myerson. (Beekman; starting Jan. 31.)

Such Good Friends (1971)—Otto Preminger is not a director who bothers much with interior emotional states, and without that, this movie is not about anything. One detects that it is meant to deal with the self-abasement of the mistreated heroine (Dyan Cannon), but Preminger plays for cheap laughs—and fails to get most of them at that. It's a sour, crude movie, with an atrocious performance by James Coco. (Symphony; through Jan. 30.)

Summer Stock (1950)—The emotional rapport of Judy Garland and Gene Kelly transforms the story materials, which are far from fresh; it's the old gimmick about staging a show in a barn, and the whole thing is corny and simple-minded, but Garland and Kelly make their scenes new. The cast includes Phil Silvers, Gloria De Haven, Eddie Bracken, and Marjorie Main; the songs include "You Wonderful You," Charles Walters directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 27.)

Taking Off (1971)—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Fireman's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Thalia; through Jan. 25.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Playboy; Jan. 28-30.)

Traffic—Mr. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's new, and rather precious, film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Travels with My Aunt—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Plaza.)

Trick Baby—With Kiel Martin, directed by Larry Yust. (Juliet 2; starting Jan. 26.)

Two English Girls—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Waverly; starting Jan. 31, tentative.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her (1967)—Godard's picture, with Marina Vlady as a lower-middle-class wife in the outskirts of Paris who becomes a prostitute—respectably parking her children first—in order to buy bourgeois clothes and American cigarettes. The social irony is simply and swiftly confirmed. The "her" of the title probably refers as much to Paris as to the heroine. In French. (Art; Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

Under Milk Wood—With Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, and Peter O'Toole, directed by Andrew Sinclair. From the Dylan Thomas play. (Eastside Cinema.)

Up the Sandbox—Barbra Streisand has never seemed so mysteriously, sensually fresh, so multi-radiant, as in this joyful mess, taken from the Anne Richardson Roiphe novel. The picture is full of sass and knockabout urban humor, though it doesn't seem to have settled on what it's meant to be about. The heroine is the wife of a Columbia instructor, and the movie is a hip, free-association treatment of her daydreams and conflicting desires, and of a variety of women's-lib problems. Irvin Kershner directed. (Coronet.)

Variety Lights (1949)—The first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director), this tawdry—yet fascinating—little backstage story about a shabby touring company has, in many sequences, the poetic originality that flowered and decayed in Fellini's later work. With Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio. In Italian. (Quad Cinema 1; through Jan. 25.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Playboy; starting Jan. 31.)

I Vitelloni (1953)—Fellini made this warm observation of overgrown Italian loafers. The warmth doesn't prevent his view from being accurately acid about these adolescents pushing thirty who sponge off their parents and (all but one) lack the stomach to quit their aimless provincial lives. Fellini, as usual, wonderfully touches melancholy with farce. In Italian. (Quad Cinema 1; Jan. 20-30.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak tale of a minister (Gunnar Björnstrand) who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Playboy; Jan. 28-30.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 31.)

The World's Greatest Athlete—From the Disney Studios, with John Amos, Tim Conway, and Jan-Michael Vincent. Directed by Robert Scheerer. (Music Hall; starting Feb. 1.)

Young Winston—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Columbia II. Weekdays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30, and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8. Reserved seats only.)

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WILSHIRE AT NEW HAMPSHIRE · LOS ANGELES

Laykin et Cie
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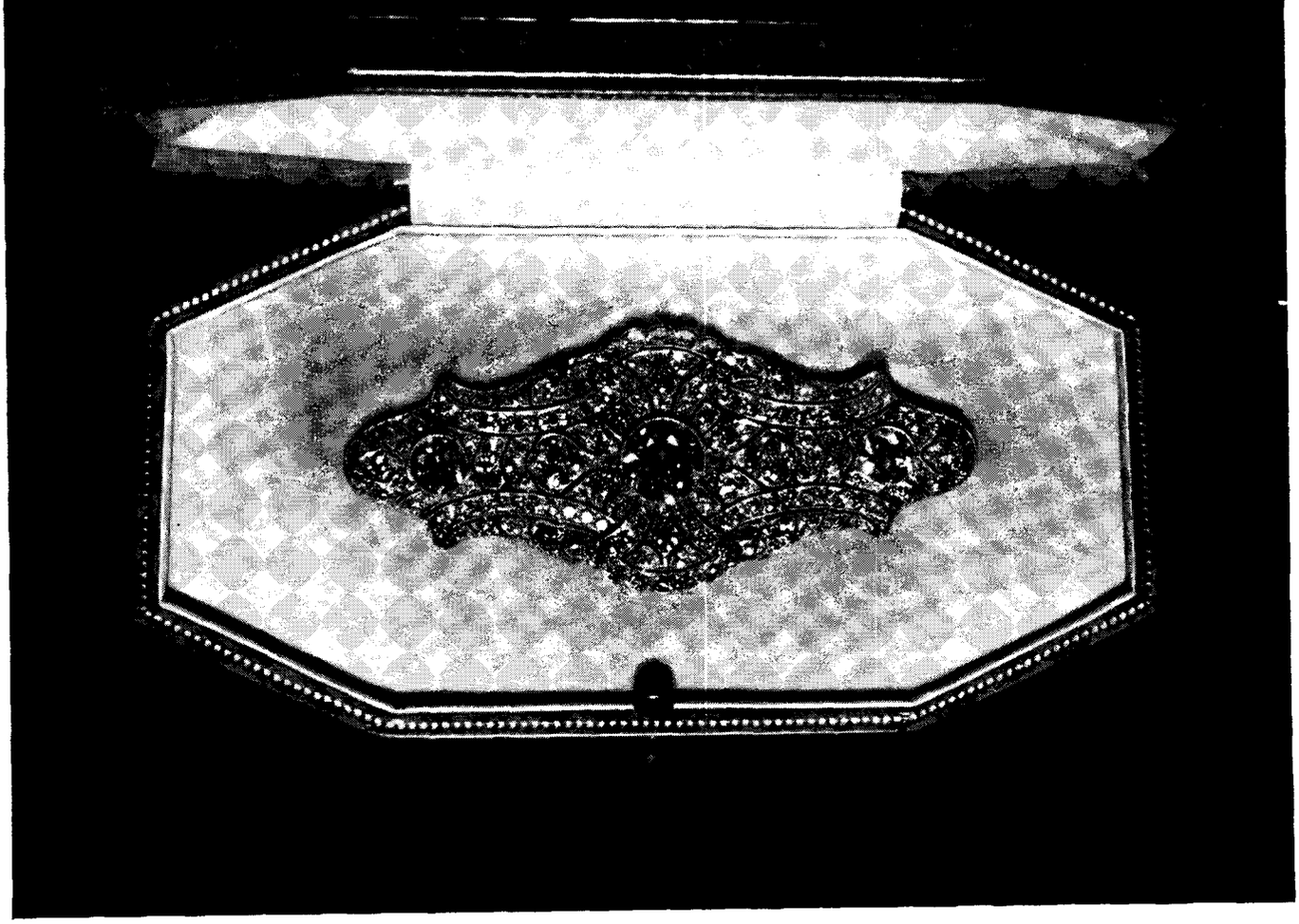

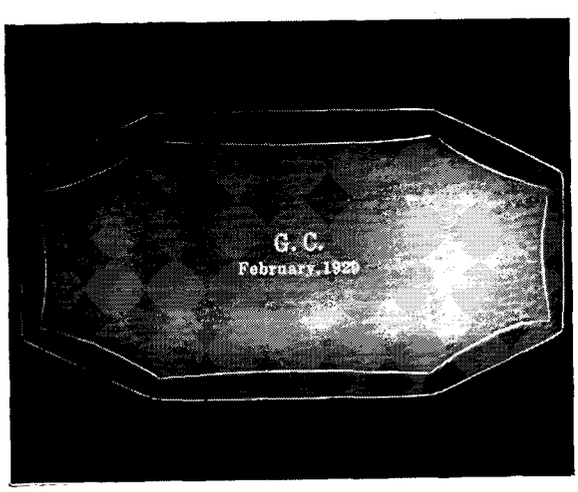

This pin once belonged to the wife of President Coolidge. It was presented to Grace Coolidge in 1929 by the Women's Congressional Club of Washington. One, just one, of the many prized pieces from personal collections available for purchase at Laykin et Cie. A magnificent example of the millions of dollars worth of jewels we have handled in the third of a century since associated with I. Magnin. Many of these jewels were owned by the famous, the historical, while others belonged to persons with quite modest backgrounds. Many were liquidated by estates or individuals, through banks, attorneys and courts. Do you have any unwanted jewels? We welcome any jewels of any type and any value and invite your inquiries.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A MONTH or so ago, three men were indicted on numerous counts for terrorizing East Side restaurants whose owners would not submit to their extortion demands. According to the *Times*' account, the extortionists had repeatedly invaded the resisting restaurants during the dinner hour, shooting off guns, breaking windows, and throwing glasses, plates, and, in at least one instance, a bottle filled with gasoline. The police had no knowledge of these events for over a year, because the owners were afraid to complain and the customers simply didn't; when things got messy, they moved on to eat elsewhere. What comes to mind is news films of the periodic thinning of the buffalo herds. In the distance, the buffalo graze, until a shot rings out from the National Park Service marksman. As one buffalo drops to his knees and then onto his side, sending up a small billow of dust, his fellows continue with dinner, grazing on past him a bit hurriedly. It was a similar response to the buffalo hunters of the last century that made it easy to reduce the herds from sixty million wild creatures to a few under the protection of the National Park Service.

THE last significant snowfall here in the city (as this is written) came on March 14, 1972. While we try to think of some way to blame this absence of snow on Mayor Lindsay, we present part of a recent letter from a friend in St. Paul, who begins to sound more and more like a foreign correspondent: "I have also built a fine sled run in our back yard, with an S-curve and steep banks to contain all that speed. It *is* fast, and, though short (about seventy-five feet), provides two moderate thrills, and, if you go over the bank by the garbage cans, a third. Its purpose is to lure us out of doors on cold days and help us conquer fear, both of which it has accomplished in my son's case. I can sit up here in my room and watch his small form hurtling downhill on an aluminum saucer. In his heavy snowsuit and huge boots, he takes about five minutes to struggle up the hill. Then he whooshes back down. Does this make you think of Sisyphus? It doesn't me. It makes me think of the St. Paul Winter Carnival and its long toboggan run. Fitzgerald wrote a story about getting lost in the Winter Carnival ice palace. I feel that if he'd written up the toboggan run instead—or, better yet, had one in his back yard—he'd have been a lot better for it."

Amid the Raffia

THE nineteenth Winter Antiques Show—a modern version of the medieval guild fair—opened at the 7th Regiment Armory last week, with fifty-nine major exhibitors operating from individual booths, plus a supporting cast of thirty dealers, whose wares were grouped together in a dazzling historical jumble just inside the main entrance. The show, an annual invitation-only affair for dealers, is one of the oldest and most distinguished gatherings in the antiques business. Exhibitors bring in the best of what they own, to impress their colleagues as well as potential buyers. Collectors, museum officials, and interior decorators roam the aisles searching for "important" objects of beauty and character. Quality is so high that bargains are nonexistent, and the authenticity of the antiques on sale is virtually guaranteed. We dropped by the Armory a couple of days before the show opened, and found the vast, block-long hall in a state of controlled confusion. Painters and electricians were putting the finishing touches on sturdy plywood booths as men and women dressed in casual clothes pulled Chippendale and Hepplewhite from wooden cases or extracted paper-thin Chinese porcelain from enormous wicker baskets. Uniformed security guards patrolled the aisles (the entire exhibit is worth about ten million dollars), picking their way through mounds of crumpled newspapers and heaps of discarded raffia. As several grandfather clocks chimed seven o'clock simultaneously, it occurred to us that it was the kind of scene that Pieter Brueghel would have liked to paint.

A guard directed us to the exhibit office, where we fell into conversation with John FitzGibbons, the chair-

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"When Howard and George start letting their hair grow, I think we can safely assume that long hair is on its way out."

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man of the show, and Russell Carrell, an antiques dealer, who acts as its general manager. "We have more applications for space than we can possibly handle," said Mr. FitzGibbons, a gregarious, brown-haired young man, who is an interior decorator by profession. "A committee decides who is invited. And disinvited. We have dropped people in the past for a variety of reasons. One was a woman whose booth was an unorganized mess for two years in succession. Her things were authentic, but the over-all effect was disturbing. Another case involved a dealer who misrepresented a piece of furniture sold on the floor."

"How can you be sure everything is authentic?" we asked.

"We can't," Mr. FitzGibbons said. "But reputations are so important in this business that it would be very dangerous for a dealer to try anything. If Russell and I see anything that doesn't look right, we go over and glare at it, turn it upside down, and examine it very carefully. When a dealer sees us doing that, off it goes."

"What *is* an antique?" we asked.

"Customs says it's anything over a hundred years old," replied Mr. Carrell, "but I prefer to think in terms of objects made before 1850, when mass production by machines started. The exceptions to this rule would be American folk art and pressed glass. Now, if you'd like to look at some of the booths, why don't we start with the most—uh—varied exhibit on the floor?"

We followed Mr. Carrell through the hall to Booth 205, where Nigel Morrison, a suave, gray-haired Englishman, was dusting a six-foot mummy case.

"When Nigel asked for black walls and ceilings, I worried," said Mr. Carrell. "But with the overhead spotlights it makes a stunning effect."

"Since I'm eclectic by nature, I think you can mix fine things of all periods provided you have reasonable taste," Mr. Morrison said. "The mummy case is 400 B.C.—it was made for a noblewoman of Thebes—and it came out of Egypt last year with authentication from the Cairo museum. I've put it between two eighteenth-century Chippendale mirrors and behind two very good Louis XV chairs with tapestry covers. Of course, 400 B.C. is rather late for Egypt; these two small statues are at least a thousand years older. The alabaster servant is Twelfth Dynasty, and the wooden one, of the god Ptah, was made about 1500 B.C."

We walked slowly past John and Leah Gordon's assemblage of American rarities (primitive portraits, galloping-horse weather vanes, Indian pottery, carving, and beadwork) and paused before a sumptuous collection of Chinese porcelain that belonged to the Chait Galleries.

"We specialize in Chinese art," explained Allan Chait, conducting us over to a delicate statuette of a couple embracing. "This is unusual because it's Ch'ien-lung, or mid-eighteenth-century, and it was made in China for Chinese taste. It costs thirty-seven hundred and fifty dollars, which is reasonable, considering the quality. By far the larger category of porcelain that you see today is Export Porcelain, which consists of plates, bowls, and vases that

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were made in China for Europeans, very often using designs that were sent out to Asia to be copied." He showed us an early-eighteenth-century soup tureen and platter in *famille verte* that had been made for the French market, and told us that it cost twenty-two thousand dollars. "The best way to buy Chinese porcelain is aesthetically," he added. "But it's also a good investment, because the supply is progressively limited. These days, the best collections go into museums."

Nearby, we found Elinor Gordon, a Chinese Export specialist, who maintains a shop near Philadelphia. "My rarest piece is a 1790 tea bowl and saucer that are decorated with a figure of Liberty, the rising sun, the arms of the State of New York, and the state motto, 'Excelsior,'" she said. "And bear in mind that this was made in China." She showed us a fifty-eight-piece dinner service in white, blue, and gold, and a couple of ormolu-mounted figurines dating from the eighteenth century. "Supply is not my problem, because I'm buying back a lot of pieces I sold years ago," she continued. "People are giving up large homes or are finding the insurance problem impossible to solve. But there's always a market."

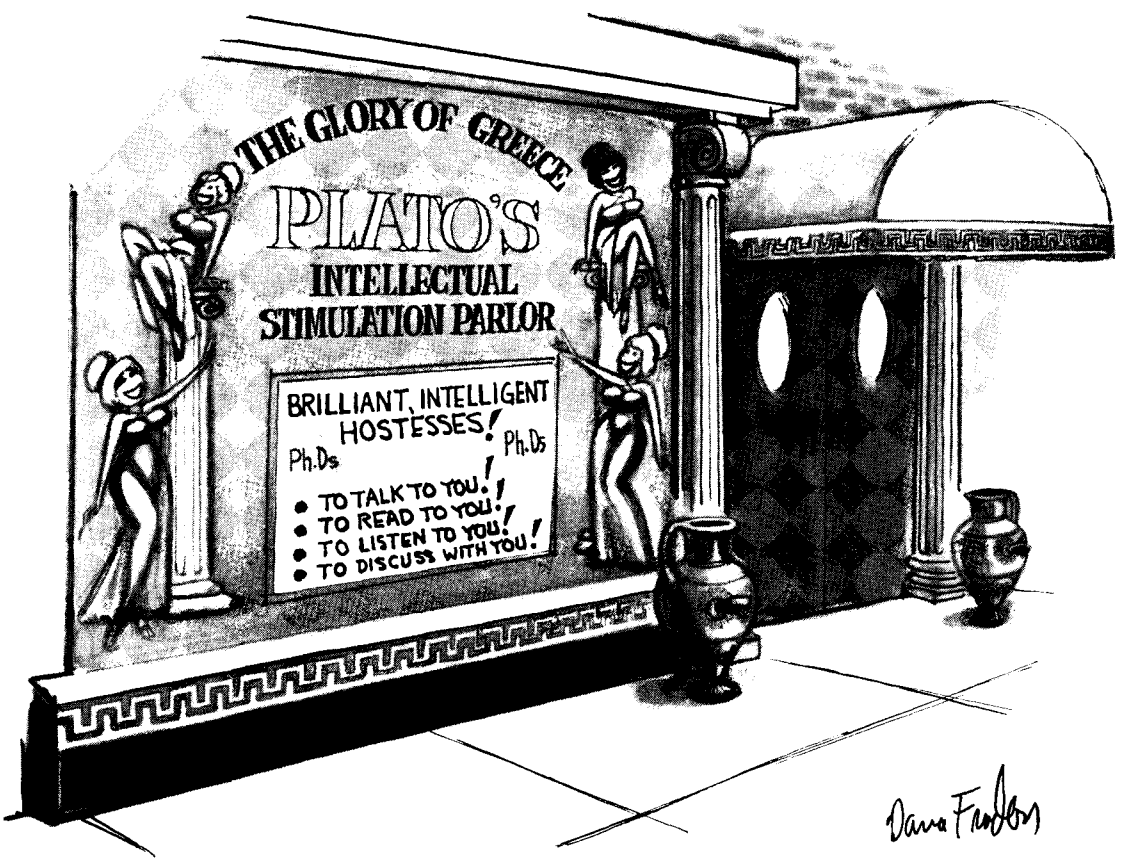
Switching our attention to furniture, we walked over to Booth 107, where Fred Nadler, a knowledgeable young man from Bay Head, showed us a red-lacquered eighteenth-century secretary and a gigantic Coromandel screen. "The secretary is a William and Mary–Queen Anne transitional piece," Mr. Nadler said. "It was made in England and shipped to China, where it was lacquered. There are two secret-document compartments set into the pillars on either side of the central mirror." Turning to the screen, which had twelve panels, he told us that he had picked it up recently in Europe. "I was attracted by the subtle colors, the condition, and the painting," he said. "We guarantee that the screen is Ch'ien-lung, but it *might* be K'ang-hsi, or very early-eighteenth-century. The paintings show some kind of court celebration on the front and a series of landscapes and birds on the reverse. The price is thirty-five thousand dollars, but, if you wanted to sit with it awhile, it will eventually, in my opinion, bring fifty to sixty thousand."

Ontology

Richard Foreman is not even slightly bemused by success. For the last four years, Mr. Foreman's plays have been witnessed by select audiences in Mr. Foreman's select Ontological-Hysteric Theatre, which is very far Off Broadway, at 80 Wooster Street, and practically no one who failed to see the plays was aware of their existence. Then, last November, another Foreman play, called "Doctor Selavy's Magic Theatre," with music by Stanley Silverman, opened at the Mercer Arts Center and quickly established itself as the hit of the current Off Broadway season. "Doctor Selavy" is a fast-moving, cheerfully nonsensical show, performed with great style by a group of exceptionally talented young women and young men, and on the evening we saw it the house was sold out and the audience struck us as looking agreeably confused. Two nights later, we went to see "Sophia = (Wisdom) Part 3: The Cliffs," the current Foreman production at the Ontological-Hysteric, which is neither musical nor cheerful, and whose audience could be described as dedicated. Since then, we have been to see Mr. Foreman himself, and we can report that he is in no doubt whatsoever concerning his true Muse.

"'Selavy' is a kind of an offshoot," Mr. Foreman told us over a cup of coffee in his apartment, a spacious loft on Wooster Street, two blocks north of the theatre. "Stanley Silverman and I did it for the Lenox Arts Center, in Massachusetts, last summer, mainly because we wanted an excuse to get out of New York. Some close friends of mine came up there to see the show, and afterward they said, 'Richard, you must not let that be done in New York under your name. People will think you've sold out.' But I don't disown it. Obviously, it's less esoteric than my other work—although the amazing thing to me now is that a lot of people seem to think 'Doctor Selavy' is very strange. Actually, I like theatre that's either lowdown and raucous or austere and difficult. What I don't like is middle-class serious drama."

A small gray kitten began clambering up our right leg. Mr. Foreman, a composed young man with longish dark hair and a droopy mustache, told us that he was born on Staten Island but brought up in Scarsdale. The operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan, performed by the D'Oyly Carte company when it visited New York, turned him on to theatre permanently at the age of nine. He



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began writing plays as an undergraduate at Brown University. They were "Clifford Odets stuff and also some Yeatsian experimental plays," he told us, but he said that by the time he left, to get his graduate degree at the Yale School of Drama, he was "completely and totally" under the influence of Brecht. "Is the cat bothering you?" he asked, noting that the kitten was sitting on our head. We said no. Mr. Foreman removed it anyway, and went on to say that Brecht continued to be the main influence on him until about 1964, when, as a struggling young playwright living in Manhattan, he started going to underground films and saw Jack Smith's film "Flaming Creatures." " 'Flaming Creatures' was a revelation to me," Mr. Foreman said. "It and some of those other films allowed me to feel that I didn't have to be embarrassed by the roughness in my own work. Most of my work up to that point had been rewriting and rewriting to get rid of things in the language that sounded rough or corny or unsophisticated to my ears. What those movies did for me, primarily, was to make me realize that you could accept all that and show it for what it is."

Although Foreman was tempted to make films, he stuck to playwriting, but he let go of Brecht. "I remember very specifically asking myself, one day, what I would really like to see in the theatre," he said. "And into my head flashed—it's almost embarrassing to say this—a moment from a scene in Genêt's 'The Balcony,' which I had seen when it was being done at the Circle in the Square. It was a moment when there were just two actresses onstage, standing and looking at each other. I had this feeling of wanting to stop the action right there and take time to explore the *presence* of those people on that stage, to exploit all that tension and those imaginary lines of force. Ever since then, my plays have had a sort of tableau, static quality, interrupted by accidents and things falling apart."

We recalled several intense moments of this kind in "Sophia=(Wisdom)," between a young actress clothed in black (Sophia) and a young actress clothed in nothing at all, and between other members of the cast of twelve. We also recalled that, although none of these performers had actually spoken lines, there was a good deal of dialogue, both audible (by means of a tape recording) and legible (on a screen, by means of a slide projector). Foreman told us that he had started using the tape recorder in order to get rid of the personality of the actor. "What really bothered me most about the theatre, *and still does*, is the *inflection* of the language as it's spoken in America," he said. "I'm basically interested in staging what's going on in my head while I'm writing the play, and I find that when actors start talking normally it just doesn't sound like that." His solution in "Sophia=(Wisdom)" was to tape-record the dialogue and play it back while his actors (who are mostly nonprofessionals) moved through the complex and striking patterns he devised for them.

Since 1968, Foreman has staged four of his plays at the Cinematheque, which is to say that he has designed the sets and the lighting, built the props (with some help from friends), and directed the performances, which are meticulously worked out, with no improvisation of any kind. In addition, he has staged another of his plays at the Theatre for the New City, on Bank Street, and he is responsible for the staging and design of "Doctor Selavy's Magic Theatre" at the Mercer Arts Center. The success of "Doctor Selavy" has not brought him any seductive commercial offers as yet, but he would almost certainly refuse them if it did. Grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and the New York State Council on the Arts help to support his more austere and difficult activities at the Ontological-Hysteric. He is planning to put on a new work this spring at the Theatre for the New City, and he has been invited to Paris in July to stage one of his plays for the Festival de l'Automne, using French actors. Being a compulsive writer, he has a great many unproduced scripts

"We loved riding in with you, Harry, but maybe we could all do with a ninety-day cooling-off period."

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lying around. The one he plans to do in Paris is called "Classical Therapy."

"I think my work is less aggressively private than it was four years ago," he told us. "My early stuff was influenced by all those wild people in the film underground, with their Rimbaudian themes; there was much more hostility expressed—a lot of loud buzzers going off and lights in the audience's eyes, and things like that—and I guess I sort of enjoyed seeing people walk out. Now the plays are definitely mellower. I think they're getting more and more Chinese. Most theatre is built on the fact of people trying very consciously to manipulate the audience's response. I'm certainly not trying to do that. Really, I'm just trying to make an object that I'll end up loving."

"Is Zbigniew Brzezinski says . . ."

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Official

Q. WHY do we have a government, anyway? Does it serve any useful purpose?

A. Well, to answer your second question first—and we're assuming that you're asking only about the *federal* government—the answer is certainly, definitely, yes. The government publishes some of the most beautiful and informative books published anywhere. For instance, the books of photographs of the earth and the moon, prepared by NASA, and the new atlas of China, turned out by the C.I.A. The government also makes things official. This is one of the functions of the United States Board on Geographic Names, a service of the United States Department of the Interior. The Board makes place names official. It explains in the foreword to a recent publication, "Decisions on Geographic Names in the United States, January through March 1972, Decision List No. 7201," "It is the Board's responsibility to render formal decisions on new names, proposed changes in names, and names which are in conflict."

The Board's names are used on all federal maps and in all federal documents. The Board is composed of a member and a deputy apiece from the Departments of State, the Army, the Navy, the Interior, Agriculture, Commerce, the Air Force, and Defense, the Government Printing Office, and the Library of Congress. The names of all these people appear on the back of the title page of "Decisions." There are spaces for names of a member and a deputy from the Postal Service and the C.I.A., but these spaces are blank. The Postal Service may have dropped out, but the C.I.A. is probably just not letting on.

The first name in "Decisions" is Bee Branch, a stream in Alabama. Here's the entire listing:

> Bee Branch: stream, 2 mi. long, heads at 34°16′35″ N, 87°06′16″ W, flows S to Blevens Creek 6 mi. NE of Addison; so named because of the presence of numerous bees in this area; Cullman Co., Ala.; sec. 19, T 9 S, R 5 W, Huntsville Mer.; 34°14′53″ N, 87°05′30″ W. Variant: B Branch.

Now, "variant," according to the foreword, refers to "unapproved variant names, spellings, or applications . . . [which] may include former names or spellings no longer used, names derived by the application of policies other than those approved by the Board, misspellings, and names misapplied to all or part of the subject feature." It seems obvious that in the present instance the Board was able to resolve a conflict between Bee Branch and B Branch. By means, no doubt, of a simple checking procedure, the Board was able to determine that the stream was frequented by numerous bees and by few, if any, "B"s. This meant that B Branch was a name derived by the application of policies other than those approved by the Board and could only be considered a variant.

Sometimes the Board does not explain its decisions, but an alert reader can usually see what's up. Take the listing of Oaktasasi Creek, which, as it happens, is another stream in Alabama:

> Oaktasasi Creek: stream, 12 mi. long, heads at 32°58′25″ N, 86°01′24″ W, flows ENE to Hillabee Creek 5.5 mi. NE of Alexander City; Coosa and Tallapoosa Cos., Ala.; 33°00′20″ N, 85°53′26″ W. Variants: Oaklasausa Creek, Oaklasausa Sandy Creek, Oaksaukee Creek, Oaktarsarsey Creek, Oak-tau-hau-zau-see Creek, Oak-taw sar-seg Creek, Okfuskee Creek, Oktahasasi Creek, Oktasausa Creek, Sandy Creek, Uktahasasi Creek.

What has been left out here is something along the lines of:

> So named because no one knows how to spell Indian names, so it doesn't make much difference, but this one has a certain ring to it, and we certainly couldn't call it Sandy Creek, because that would make us look stupid and cowardly and would probably lead to sit-ins, even though this is, of course, another function of governments—to give people something real to get mad at.

Next question?

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IT POLLS FOR THEE

"FORGET about elections," said Arnold. "From now on, polls are the name of the game. In 1976, the Election Night returns will pull down a lower Nielsen than 'Sermonette.' That's why our outfit is bananas about our new, infallible polling device, the one-family demographic sample. Beautiful, baby!"

My friend Arnold Kravitt is the r.-and-d. man with one of the newer public-opinion-sampling companies, and he has mastered a tone of responsible overexcitement when discussing his work. Now he gestured at a pin-festooned map of the United States behind his desk and said, "The problem with the last election was not just the way the accuracy of the polls knocked the props from under the networks' big Election Night shows. No, the real headache has been that public-opinion sampling isn't pictorial or dramatic. Who gets turned on by a bar graph? Who drools over a pie-slice chart? Contemporary polling science has wiped out Cronkite telling us to wait for California or Reasoner breaking down a key precinct in Cuyahoga County, but now the nets are crying for some way to make our data live and breathe and clear its throat meaningfully."

"I *think* I see the problem," I said.

"The problem is over, believe me," said Arnold. "Next week, we're letting the networks bid for our perfect one-family sample. The winner gets the Memmingers—the family show that lays bare the heart of America's mind!"

"You mean you're going to do all your sampling with just one family?" I said. "I don't see—"

"Sure," said Arnold, rubbing his hands happily. "Let Gallup and Harris and the rest of them keep on beating the bushes for their numbers. We've got the one family that's projectable for the entire United States and parts of Mexico."

"But that *can't* be enough of a sample. What does Nielsen use—twelve hundred families, isn't it?"

"Much more than you need," Arnold said. "Hell, there are big hunks of America where nobody lives, like the Painted Desert or Vesey Street. We've got this family that is absolutely typical of cross-sectional America—the Calvin Memmingers, of Furlong City, Iowa. There are five of them, and they live a quintessential life in a showcase suburban slum. The father is a wheat-farming militant black, who is into crop rotation and tax evasion. The mother is a transcendentalist Wac veteran, who believes in amnesty for abortionists and busing for Sunday-school picnics, and they have three children—a boy aged 9.8, a girl of 8.9, and a wild-card kid of six who's a bit of a hermaphrodite. Two-thirds of the children have tried running away from home, averaging 5.3 miles before detection. There is also a basset hound in the family, who wags her tail while watching 'Firing Line,' and a parakeet that knows two songs by Joan Baez. The whole set-up is the most remarkable example of internal balance since the invention of the calendar watch."

"The projectable family," I murmured. "What a brilliant idea!"

"It took us years to find them, believe me. We were almost ready to settle for a family of underachievers in Salt Lake City, but they were unprojectable for religious balance. Our diluter computer just can't handle monolithic Mormonism."

"And the Memmingers are religiously balanced?"

"Like a mayoral ticket," Arnold said. "Calvin Memminger is a liberal Catholic and his wife, Cheryl, is a grouchy Methodist. Little Maureen is auditioning for a Hare Krishna strolling chorus, and the older boy, Irving, has a poster of Golda Meir in his bedroom, which the littlest kid, Giuseppe, uses as a target for darts. Our flexibility is a wondrous thing."

"But how can just one family, no matter how flexible or microcosmic, be projected to reflect all the regional thinking of a heterogeneous people?" I managed to ask.

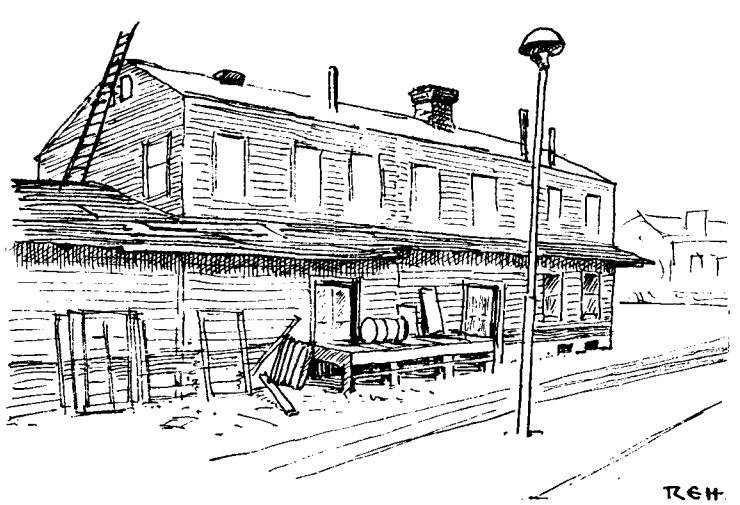
"Because each of the Memmingers is heterogeneous in and of himself," Arnold explained. "Just between us, I think a couple of them are downright schizophrenic. A nice example of this is Calvin's position in favor of free hashish brownies for folks who are kicking the welfare habit. That's a stand that represents both the counterculture and the squares, and is thus projectable in two directions. That's what you're looking for in the microcosm game—what we like to call antithetical lateral scope. You've got the same thing in Cheryl's demand that Chanukkah be taken out of the schools. That's another two-cushion shot that projects both left and right. Yep, each member of this family has that grand inconsistency that made Walt Whitman say, 'I contain multitudes.' Our computers simply figure out *which* multitudes. The children's opinions, by the way, are not only inconsistent but also superficial and half formed, so they represent both younger urban liberals and older suburban sentimentalists."

"All the same, though," I said, "it seems to me that this sort of projecting would only lead to a great many simplistic generalizations."

"Absolutely right. Simplistic generalizations are the core of American political thought. You see, we won't be projecting for the issues that nobody understands, like oil-depletion allowances, farm supports, or morality. What we do project mostly is meaningful stalemates, like the family's opinion on capital punishment. Father Memminger wants it reinstated, except during Lent. Mother wants it wholly abolished, except maybe for Martin Bormann, and the children want Bruno Bettelheim strung up by his thumbs."

"Are there any issues on which all the Memmingers are united?"

"Oh, sure. They all seem to favor higher rates for obscene telephone calls, and all five of them want the Vietnamese to get out of Vietnam. On most of the issues, though, they fall into your customary regional factions. Most of the time, Calvin represents the Southwest, Idaho, and Cicero, Illinois. Cheryl stands for Massachusetts, Big Sur, and Central Park West, and the parakeet, of course, represents vegetarians and people in mobile homes. Cheryl's mother, who used to live with them, represented



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the middle Plains states, but they had a big hassle with her about overpermissiveness in nursing homes and threw her out, so the basset hound has been pencilled in for Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska. You begin to see how nicely all these breakdowns and readouts work? Take birth control. Calvin's constituency is dead against it, Cheryl is for, and the hound doesn't want to be spayed. It's a little America within four walls."

"Wow," I murmured.

"Or look at a big issue like busing. Calvin speaks for all the regions that oppose busing for the wrong reasons, while Cheryl is the regions who oppose it for the *right* reasons, and the children represent everybody who wants to bring back the trolleys."

"What about the environment?" I said. "That's a more national issue in one sense, but—"

"Oh, they all favor environment," Arnold said. "Their views are also national in wanting a Monday holiday on Vince Lombardi's birthday. But the most perfectly projectable thing about the Memmingers is that none of them has voted in any election in the past twenty-seven years. This makes them the cream of the new average Americans, and their basic projectable apathy should be the heart of our network's coverage for the election of 1976, if the nation feels like having one. Yes, sir, keep your eye on the 'Memminger Family Show,' if you want a superaccurate portrait of those eighty-two million Americans who'll be spending the next Election Day in bowling alleys, fat farms, and interdenominational religious retreats!"

—Ralph Schoenstein

•

China today is winning new friends and influencing more people abroad with the dual aim of smashing the Soviet-American superpower syndrome and me and thwarting any Kremlin dreams of conquest.—*Arthur L. Gavshon in the Columbia (Mo.) Missourian.*

Relax, Arthur!

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BROWNSTONE

THE camel, I had noticed, was passing, with great difficulty, through the eye of the needle. The Apollo flight, the four-minute mile, Venus in Scorpio, human records on land and at sea—these had been events of enormous importance. But the camel, practicing in near obscurity for almost two thousand years, was passing through. First the velvety nose, then the rest. Not many were aware. But if the lead camel and then perhaps the entire caravan could make it, the thread, the living thread of camels, would exist, could not be lost. No one could lose the thread. The prospects of the rich would be enhanced. "Ortega tells us that the business of philosophy," the professor was telling his class of indifferent freshmen, "is to crack open metaphors which are dead."

"I SHOULDN'T have come," the Englishman said, waving his drink and breathing so heavily at me that I could feel my bangs shift. "I have a terrible cold."

"He would probably have married her," a voice across the room said, "with the exception that he died."

"Well, I am a personality that prefers not to be annoyed."

"We should all prepare ourselves for this eventuality."

A six-year-old was passing the hors d'oeuvres. The baby, not quite steady on his feet, was hurtling about the room.

"He's following me," the six-year-old said, in despair.

"Then lock yourself in the bathroom, dear," Inez replied.

"He always waits outside the door."

"He loves you, dear."

"Well, I don't like it."

"How I envy you," the minister's wife was saying to a courteous, bearded boy, "reading 'Magic Mountain' for the first time."

THE homosexual across the hall from me always takes Valium and walks his beagle. I borrow Valium from him from time to time, and when he takes a holiday the dog is left with me. On our floor of this brownstone, we are friends. Our landlord, Roger Somerset, was murdered last July. He was a kind and absentminded man, and on the night when he was stabbed there was a sort of requiem for him in the heating system. There is a lot of music in this building anyway. The newlyweds on the third floor play Bartók on their stereo. The couple on the second floor play clarinet quintets; their kids play rock. The girl on the fourth floor, who has been pining for two months, plays Judy Collins' "Maid of Constant Sorrow" all day long. We have a kind of orchestra in here. The ground floor is a shop. The owner of the shop speaks of our landlord's murder still. Shaking his head, he says that he suspects "foul play." We all agree with him. We changed our locks. But "foul play" seems a weird expression for the case.

IT is all weird. I am not always well. One block away (I often think of this), there was ten months ago an immense crash. Water mains broke. There were small rivers in the streets. In a great skyscraper that was being built, something had failed. The newspapers reported the next day that by some miracle only two people had been "slightly injured" by ten tons of falling steel. The steel fell from the eighteenth floor. The question that preoccupies me now is how, under the circumstances, slight injuries could occur. Perhaps the two people were grazed in passing by. Perhaps some fragments of the sidewalk ricocheted. I knew a deliverer of flowers who, at Sixty-ninth and Lexington, was hit by a flying suicide. Situations simply do not yield to the most likely structures of the mind. A "self-addressed envelope," if you are inclined to brood, raises deep questions of identity. Such an envelope, immutably itself, is always precisely where it belongs. "Self-pity" is just sadness, I think, in the pejorative. But "joking with nurses" fascinates me in the press. Whenever someone has been quite struck down, lost faculties, members of his family, he is said to have "joked with his nurses" quite a lot. What a mine of humor every nurse's life must be.

"How could it have gone on? About all they had in common was Granola."

THE St. Bernard at the pound on Ninety-second Street was named Bonnie and would have cost five dollars. The attendant held her tightly on a leash of rope. "Hello, Bonnie," I said. Bonnie growled.

"I wouldn't talk to her if I was you," the attendant said.

I leaned forward to pat her

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ear. Bonnie snarled. "I wouldn't touch her if I was you," the attendant said. I held out my hand under Bonnie's jowls. She strained against the leash, and choked and coughed. "Now cut that out, Bonnie," the attendant said.

"Could I just take her for a walk around the block," I said, "before I decide?" "Are you out of your mind?" the attendant said. Aldo patted Bonnie, and we left.

"God bless all the Beautiful People, of which I am one."

• •

I HAVE a job, of course. I have had several jobs. I've had our paper's gossip column since last month. It is egalitarian. I look for people who are quite obscure, and report who is breaking up with whom and where they go and what they wear. The person who invented this new form for us is on antidepressants now. He lives in Illinois. He says there are people in southern Illinois who have not yet been covered by the press. I often write about families in Queens. Last week, I went to a dinner party on Park Avenue. After 1 A.M., something called the Alive or Dead Game was being played. Someone would mention an old character from Tammany or Hollywood. "Dead," "Dead," "Dead," everyone would guess. "No, no. Alive. I saw him walking down the street just yesterday," or "Yes. Dead. I read a little obituary notice about him last year." One of the little truths people can subtly enrage or reassure each other with is who—when you have looked away a month, a year—is still around.

DEAR TENANT:

We have reason to believe that there are impostors posing as Con Ed repairmen and inspectors circulating in this area.

Do not permit any Con Ed man to enter your premises or the building, if possible.

THE PRECINCT

MY cousin, who was born on February 29th, became a veterinarian. Some years ago, when he was twenty-eight (seven, by our childhood birthday count), he was drafted, and sent to Malaysia. He spent most of his military service there, assigned to the zoo. He operated on one tiger, which, in the course of abdominal surgery, began to wake up and wag its tail. The anesthetist grabbed the tail, and injected more sodium pentothal. That tiger survived. But two flamingos, sent by the city of Miami to Kuala Lumpur as a token of good will, could not bear the trip or the climate and, in spite of my cousin's efforts, died. There was also a cobra—the largest anyone in Kuala Lumpur could remember having seen. An old man had brought it, in an immense sack, from somewhere in the countryside. The zoo director called my cousin at once, around dinnertime, to say that an unprecedented cobra had arrived. Something quite drastic, however, seemed wrong with its neck. My cousin, whom I have always admired—for his leap-year birthday, for his pilot's license, for his presence of mind—said that he would certainly examine the cobra in the morning but that the best thing for it after its long journey must be a good night's rest. By morning, the cobra was dead.

My cousin is well. The problem is this. Hardly anyone about whom I deeply care at all resembles anyone else I have ever met, or heard of, or read about in the literature. I know an Israeli general who, in 1967, retook the Mitla Pass but who, since his mandatory retirement from military service at fifty-five, has been trying to repopulate the Ark. He asked me, over breakfast at the Drake, whether I knew any owners of oryxes. Most of the vegetarian species he has collected have already multiplied enough, since he has found and cared for them, to be permitted to run wild. The carnivorous animals, though, must still be kept behind barbed wire—to keep them from stalking the rarer vegetarians. I know a group that studies Proust one Sunday afternoon a month, and an analyst, with that Exeter laugh (embittered mooing noises, and mirthless heaving of the shoulder blades), who has the most remarkable terrorist connections in the Middle East.

THE New York Chinese cabdriver lingered at every corner and at every traffic light, to read his paper. I wondered what the news was. I looked over his shoulder. The illustrations and the type were clear enough: newspaper print, pornographic fiction. I leaned back in my seat. A taxi-driver who happened to be Oriental with a sadomasochistic cast of mind was not my business. I lit a cigarette, looked at my bracelet. I caught the driver's eyes a moment in the rearview mirror. He picked up his paper. "I don't think you ought to read," I said, "while you are driving." Traffic was slow. I saw his

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mirrored eyes again. He stopped his reading. When we reached my address, I did not tip him. Racism and prudishness, I thought, and reading over people's shoulders.

BUT there are moments in this place when everything becomes a show of force. He can read what he likes at home. Tipping is still my option. Another newspaper event, in our brownstone. It was a holiday. The superintendent normally hauls the garbage down and sends the paper up, by dumbwaiter, each morning. On holidays, the garbage stays upstairs, the paper on the sidewalk. At 8 A.M., I went downstairs. A ragged man was lying across the little space that separates the inner door, which locks, from the outer door, which doesn't. I am not a news addict. I could have stepped over the sleeping man, picked up my *Times*, and gone upstairs to read it. Instead, I knocked absurdly from inside the door, and said, "Wake up. You'll have to leave now." He got up, lifted the flattened cardboard he had been sleeping on, and walked away, mumbling and reeking. It would have been kinder, certainly, to let the driver read, the wino sleep. One simply cannot bear down so hard on all these choices.

WHAT is the point. That is what must be borne in mind. Sometimes the point is really who wants what. Sometimes the point is what is right or kind. Sometimes the point is a momentum, a fact, a quality, a voice, an intimation, a thing said or unsaid. Sometimes it's who's at fault, or what will happen if you do not move at once. The point changes and goes out. You cannot be forever watching for the point, or you lose the simplest thing: being a major character in your own life. But if you are, for any length of time, custodian of the point—in art, in court, in politics, in lives, in rooms—it turns out there are rear-guard actions everywhere. Now and then, a small foray is worthwhile. Just so that being constantly, complacently, thoroughly wrong does not become the safest position of them all. The point has never quite been entrusted to me.

THE conversation of "The Magic Mountain" and the unrequited love of six-year-olds occurred on Saturday, at brunch. "Bring someone new," Inez had said. "Not queer. Not married, maybe separated. John and I are breaking up." The invitation was not of a kind that I had heard before. Aldo, who lives with me between the times when he prefers to be alone, refused to come. He despises brunch. He detests Inez. I went, instead, with a lawyer who has been a distant, steady friend but who, ten years ago, when we first came to New York, had once put three condoms on the night table beside the phone. We both had strange ideas then about New York. Aldo is a gentle, orderly, soft-spoken man, slow to conclude. I try to be tidy when he is here, but I have often made his cigarettes, and once his manuscript, into the bed. Our paper's publisher is an intellectual from Baltimore. He has read Wittgenstein; he's always making unimpeachable remarks. Our music critic throws a tantrum every day, in print. Our book reviewer is looking for another job. He found that the packages in which all books are mailed could not, simply could not, be opened without doing considerable damage—through staples, tape, wire, fluttering gray stuff, recalcitrance—to the reviewer's hands. He felt it was a symptom of some kind—one of those cases where incompetence at every stage, across the board, acquired a certain independent force. Nothing to do with books, he thought, worked out at all. We also do the news. For horoscopes, there are the ladies' magazines. We just cannot compete.

MY late landlord was from Scarsdale. The Maid of Constant Sorrow is from Texas. Aldo is from St. Louis. Inez's versions vary about where she's from. I grew up in a New England mill town, where, in the early thirties, all the insured factories burned down. It has been difficult to get fire insurance in that region ever since. The owner of a hardware store, whose property adjoined an insured factory at the time, lost everything. Afterward, he walked all day along the railroad track, waiting for a train to run him down. Railroad service has never been very good up there. No trains came. His children own the town these days, for what it's worth. The two cobbled streets where black people always lived have been torn up and turned into a public park since a flood that occurred some years ago. Unprecedented rains came. Retailers had to destroy their sodden products, for fear of contamination. And the black section was torn up and seeded over in the town's rezoning project. No one knows where the blacks live now. But there are Negroes in the stores and schools, and on the football team. It is assumed that the park integrated the town. Those black families must be living somewhere. It is a mystery.

THE host, for some reason, was taking Instamatic pictures of his guests. It was not clear whether he was doing this in order to be able to show, at some future time, that there had been this gathering in his house. Or whether he thought of pictures in some voodoo sense. Or whether he found it difficult to talk. Or whether he was bored. Two underground celebrities—one of whom had become a sen-

THE FURY OF OVERSHOES

They sit in a row
outside the kindergarten,
black, red, brown, all
with those brass buckles.
Remember when you couldn't
buckle your own
overshoe
or tie your own
shoe
or cut your own meat,
and the tears
running down like mud
because you fell off your
tricycle?
Remember, big fish,
when you couldn't swim
and simply slipped under
like a stone frog?
The world wasn't
yours.
It belonged to
the big people.
Under your bed
sat the wolf
and he made a shadow
when cars passed by
at night.
They made you give up
your night light
and your Teddy
and your thumb.
Oh, overshoes,
don't you
remember me,
pushing you up and down
in the winter snow?
Oh, thumb,
I want a drink,
it is dark,
where are the big people,
when will I get there,
taking giant steps
all day
each day
and thinking
nothing of it?

—ANNE SEXTON

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"The break is set for eleven. Pass it on."

• •

sation by never generating or exhibiting a flicker of interest in anything, the other of whom was known mainly for hanging around the first—were taking pictures, too. I was there with a movie star I've known for years. He had already been received in an enormous embrace by an Eastern European poet, whose hair was cut too short but who was neither as awkwardly spontaneous nor as drunk as he cared to seem. The party was in honor of the poet, who celebrated the occasion by insulting everyone and being fawned upon, by distinguished and undistinguished writers alike. "This group looks as though someone had torn up a few guest lists and floated the pieces on the air," somebody said.

Paul: "Two diamonds."

Inez: "Two hearts."

Mary: "Three clubs."

John: "Four kings."

Inez: "Darling, you know you can't just bid four kings."

John: "I don't see why. I might have been bluffing."

Inez: "No, darling. That's poker. This is bridge. And even in poker you can't just bid four kings."

John: "No. Well, I guess we'd better deal another hand."

The friend of the underground sensation walked up to the actor and me and said hello. Then, in a verbal seizure of some sort, he began muttering obscenities. The actor said a few calming things that didn't work. He finally put his finger on the mutterer's lips. The mutterer bit that finger extremely hard, and walked away. The actor wrapped his finger in a paper napkin, and got himself another drink. We stayed till twelve.

I WENT to a women's college. We had distinguished faculty in everything, digs at Nuoro and Mycenae. We had a quality of obsession in our studies. For professors who had quarrelled with their wives at breakfast, those years of bright-eyed young women, never getting any older, must have been a trial. The head of the history department once sneezed into his best student's honors thesis. He slammed it shut. It was ultimately published. When I was there, a girl called Cindy Melchior was immensely fat. She wore silk trousers and gilt mules. One day, in the overheated classroom, she laid aside her knitting and lumbered to the window, which she opened. Then she lumbered back. "Do you think," the professor asked, "you are so graceful?" He somehow meant it kindly. Cindy wept. That year, Cindy's brother Melvin phoned me. "I would have called you sooner," he said, "but I had the most terrible eczema." All the service staff on campus in those days were black. Many of them were followers of Father Divine. They took new names in the church. I remember the year when a maid called Serious Heartbreak

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married a janitor called Universal Dictionary. At a meeting of the faculty last fall, the college president, who is new and male, spoke of raising money. A female professor of Greek was knitting—and working on Linear B, with an abacus before her. In our time, there was a vogue for madrigals. Some of us listened, constantly, to a single record. There was a phrase we could not decipher. A professor of symbolic logic, a French Canadian, had sounds that matched but a meaning that seemed unlikely: Sheep are no angels; come upstairs. A countertenor explained it, after a local concert: She'd for no angel's comfort stay. Not so likely, either.

THE Maid of Constant Sorrow said our landlord's murder marked a turning point in her analysis. "I don't feel guilty. I feel hated," she said. It is true, for a time, we all wanted to feel somehow a part—if only because violence offset the boredom of our lives. My grandfather said that some people have such extreme insomnia that they look at their watches every hour after midnight, to see how sorry they ought to be feeling for themselves. Aldo says he does not care what my grandfather said. My grandmother refused to concede that any member of the family died of natural causes. An uncle's cancer in middle age occurred because all the suitcases fell off the luggage rack onto him when he was in his teens, and so forth. Death was an acquired characteristic. My grandmother, too, used to put other people's ailments into the diminutive: strokelets were what her friends had. Aldo said he was bored to tearsies by my grandmother's diminutives.

WHEN I worked, for a time, in the infirmary of a branch of an upstate university, it was becoming more difficult with each passing semester, except in the most severe cases, to determine which students had mental or medical problems. At the clinic, young men with straggly beards and stained bluejeans wept alongside girls in jeans and frayed sweaters—all being fitted with contact lenses, over which they then wore granny glasses. There was no demand for prescription granny glasses at all. For the severely depressed, the paranoids, and the hallucinators, our young psychiatrists prescribed "mood elevators," pills that were neither uppers nor downers but which affected the bloodstream in such a way that within three to five weeks many sad outpatients became very cheerful, and several saints and historical figures became again Midwestern graduate students under tolerable stress. On one, not unusual, morning, the clinic had a call from an instructor in political science. "I am in the dean's office," he said. "My health is quite perfect. They want me to have a checkup."

"Oh?" said the doctor on duty. "Perhaps you could come in on Friday."

"The problem is," the voice on the phone said, "I have always thought myself, and been thought by others, a Negro. Now, through research, I have found that my family on both sides have always been white."

"Oh," the doctor on duty said. "Perhaps you could just take a cab and come over."

Within twenty minutes, the political-science instructor appeared at the clinic. He was black. The doctor said nothing, and began a physical examination. By the time his blood pressure was taken, the patient confided that his white ancestors were, in fact, royal. The mood elevators restored him. He and the doctor became close friends besides. A few months later, the instructor took a job with the government in Washington. Two weeks after that, he was calling the clinic again. "I have found new documentation," he said. "All eight of my great-grandparents were pure-blooded Germans—seven from Prussia, one from Alsace. I thought I should tell you, dear friend." The doctor suggested he come for the weekend. By Sunday afternoon, a higher dose of the pill had had its effect. The problem has not since recurred.

"Happy days are here again.
The shares you hold have split again.
We plan to raise the dividend.
Happy days are here again!"

"ALL babies are natural swimmers," John said, lowering his two-year-old son gently over the side of the rowboat, and smiling. The child thrashed and sank. Aldo dived in and grabbed him. The baby came up coughing, not crying, and looked with pure fear at his father. John looked with dismay at his son. "He would have come up in a minute," John said to Aldo, who was dripping and rowing. "You have to give nature a chance."

"RESERVATIONS are still busy. Thank you for your patience," the voice of the airline kept saying. It was a recording. After it had said the same thing thirty-two times, I hung up. Scattered through the two cars of the Brewster-New York train last week were adults with what seemed to be a clandestine understanding of

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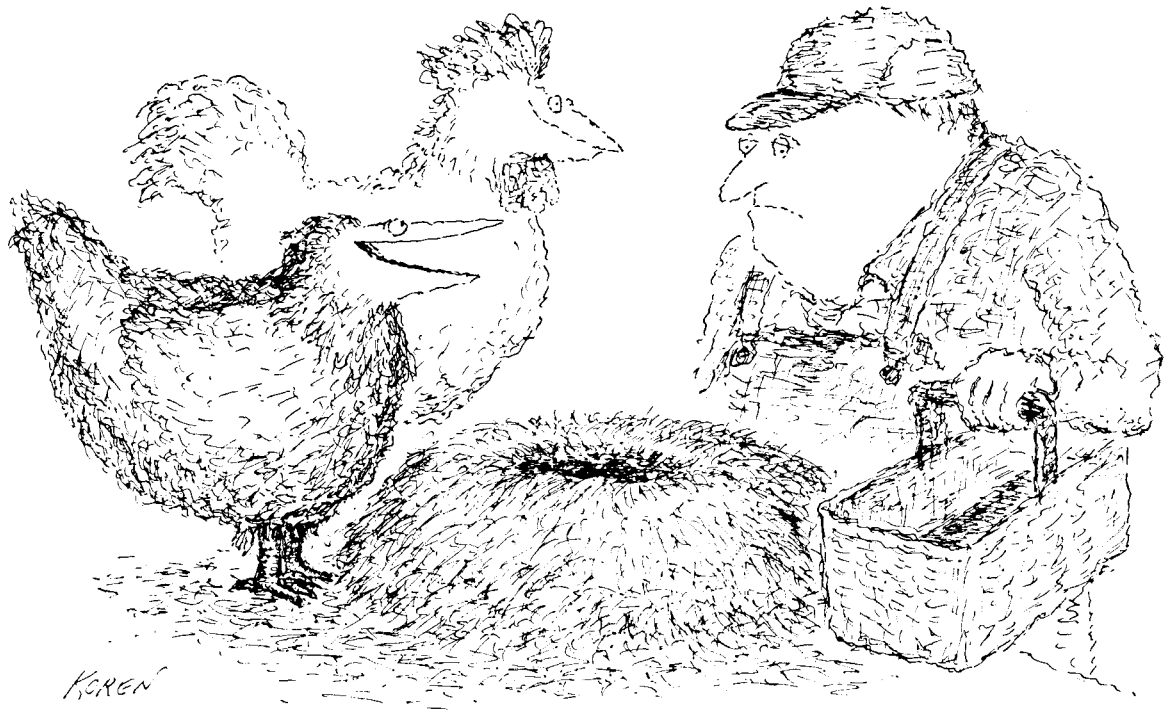
some sort. They did not look at each other. They stared out the windows, or read. "Um," sang a lady at our fourth stop on the way to Grand Central. She appeared to be reading the paper. She kept singing her "Um," as one who is getting the pitch. A young man had already been whistling "Frère Jacques" for three stops. When the "Um" lady found her pitch and began to sing the national anthem, he looked at her with rage. The conductor passed through, punching tickets in his usual fashion, not in the aisle but directly over people's laps. Every single passenger was obliged to flick the tiny punched part of the ticket from his lap onto the floor. Conductors have this process as their own little show of force. The whistler and the singer were in a dead heat when we reached the city. The people with the clandestine understanding turned out to be inmates from an upstate asylum, now on leave with their families, who met them in New York.



"Zero population growth!"

• •

I DON'T think much of writers in whom nothing is at risk. It is possible, though, to be too literal-minded about this question.

"$3000 for First Person Articles," for example:

> An article for this series must be a true, hitherto unpublished narrative of an unusual personal experience. It may be dramatic, inspirational, or humorous, but it must have, in the opinion of the editors, a quality of narrative and interest comparable to "How I Lost My Eye" (June '72) and "Attacked by a Killer Shark" (April '72). Contributions must be typewritten, preferably *double-spaced* . . .

I particularly like where the stress, the italics, goes.

IN Corfu, I once met a polo-playing Argentine Existential psychiatrist who had lived for months in a London commune. He said that on days when the ordinary neurotics in the commune were getting on each other's nerves the few psychopaths and schizophrenics in their midst retired to their rooms and went their version of berserk, alone. On days when the neurotics got along, the psychopaths calmed down, tried to make contact, cooked meals. It was, he said, as though the sun came out for them. I hope that's true. Although altogether too much of life is mood. I receive communications almost every day from an institution called the Center for Short-Lived Phenomena. They have reporting sources all over the world, and an extensive correspondence. Under the title "Type of Event: Biological," I have received postcards about the progress of the Dormouse Invasion of Formentera ("Apart from population density, the dormouse of Formentera had a peak of reproduction in 1970. All females checked were pregnant, and perhaps this fact could have been the source of the idea of an 'invasion' "), and the Northwest Atlantic Puffin Decline. I have followed the Tanzanian Army Worm Outbreak; the San Fernando Earthquake; the Green Pond Fish Kill ("80% of the numbers involved," the Center's postcard reports, "were mummichogs"); the Samar Spontaneous Soil Burn; the Hawaiian Monk Seal Disappearance; and, also, the Naini Tal Sudden Sky Brightening.

THOSE are accounts of things that do not last long, but if you become famous for a single thing in this country, and just endure, it is certain you will recur enlarged. Of the eighteen men who were indicted for conspiracy to murder Schwerner, Goodman, and Chaney, seven were convicted by a Mississippi jury—a surprising thing. But then a year later, a man was wounded and a woman killed in a shootout while trying to bomb the house of some Mississippi Jews. It turned out that the informer, the man who had helped the bombers, and led the F.B.I. to them, was one of the convicted seven—the one, in fact, who was alleged to have killed two of the three boys who were found in that Mississippi dam. And what's more, and what's more, the convicted conspirator, alleged double killer, was paid thirty-six thousand dollars by the F.B.I. for bringing the bombers in. Yet the wave of anti-Semitic bombings in Mississippi stopped after the shootout. I don't know what it means. I am in this brownstone.

Last year, Aldo moved out and went to Los Angeles on a story. I called him to ask whether I could come. He said, "Are you going to stay this time?" I said I wasn't sure. I flew out quite early in the morning. On the plane, there was the most banal, unendurable pick-up, lasting the whole flight. A young man and a young woman—he was Italian, I think; she was German—had just met, and settled on French as their only common language. They asked each other where they were from, and where they were going. They posed each other riddles. He took out a pencil and paper and sketched her portrait. She giggled. He asked her whether she had ever considered a career as a model. She said she had considered it but she feared that all men in the field were

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after the same thing. He agreed. He began to tell slightly off-color stories. She laughed and reproached him. It was like that. I wondered whether these things were always, to captive eavesdroppers, so dreary.

WHEN I arrived at Aldo's door, he met me with a smile that seemed surprised, a little sheepish. We talked awhile. Sometimes he took, sometimes I held, my suitcase. I tried, I thought, a joke. I asked whether there was already a girl there. He said there was. He met me in an hour at the corner drugstore for a cup of coffee. We talked. We returned to the apartment. We had Scotch. That afternoon, quite late, I flew home. I called him from time to time. He had his telephone removed a few days later. Now, for a while, he's here again. He's doing a political essay. It begins, "Some things cannot be said too often, and some can." That's all he's got so far.

We had people in for drinks one night last week. The cork in the wine bottle broke. Somebody pounded it into the bottle with a chisel and a hammer. We went to a bar. I have never understood the feeling men seem to have for bars they frequent. A fine musician who was with us played Mozart, Chopin, and Beethoven on the piano. It seemed a great, impromptu occasion. Then he said, we thought, "I am now going to play some Yatz." From what he played, it turned out he meant jazz. He played it badly.

WE had driven in from another weekend in the country while it was still daylight. Lots of cars had their headlights on. We weren't sure whether it was for or against peace, or just for highway safety. Milly, a secretary in a brokerage office, was married in our ground-floor shop that evening. She cried hysterically. Her mother and several people from her home town and John, whose girl she had been before he married Inez, thought it was from sentiment or shyness, or some conventional reason. Milly explained it to Aldo later. She and her husband had really married two years before—the week they met, in fact—in a chapel in Las Vegas. They hadn't wanted to tell their parents, or anybody, until he finished law school. They had torn up their Las Vegas license. She had been crying out of some legal fear of being married twice, it turned out. Their best man, a Puerto Rican doctor, said his aunt had been mugged in a cemetery in San Juan by a man on horseback. She thought it was her husband, returned from the dead. She had required sedation. We laughed. My friend across the hall, who owns the beagle, looked very sad all evening. He said, abruptly, that he was cracking up, and no one would believe him. There were sirens in the street. Inez said she knew exactly what he meant: she was cracking up also. Her escort, an Italian jeweller, said, "I too. I too have it. The most terrible anguishes, anguishes all in the night."

Inez said she knew the most wonderful man for the problem. "He may strike you at first as a phony," she said, "but then, when you're with him, you find yourself naturally screaming. It's such a relief. And he teaches you how you can practice at home." Milly said she was not much of a screamer—had never, in fact, screamed in her life. "High time you did, then," Inez said. Our sportswriter said he had recently met a girl whose problem was stealing all the suède garments of house guests, and another, in her thirties, who cried all the time because she had not been accepted at Smith. We heard many more sirens in the streets. We all went home.

AT 4 A.M., the phone rang about fifty times. I did not answer it. Aldo suggested that we remove it. I took three Valium. The whole night was sirens, then silence. The phone rang again. It is still ringing. The paper goes to press tomorrow. It is possible that I know who killed our landlord. So many things point in one direction. But too strong a case, I find, is often lost. It incurs doubts, suspicions. Perhaps I do not know. Perhaps it doesn't matter. I think it does, though. When I wonder what it is that we are doing—in this brownstone, on this block, with this paper—the truth is probably that we are fighting for our lives. —RENATA ADLER

"An excellent subject for hypnosis."

•

If successful, Postiques will open up in post offices all over the country. "If the shop in Memphis is any indication, the Postiques will go over big," said Denney. The Memphis shop, one of three being tested in the southeast, opened seven months ago and is already in the red, he said.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Chip off the old block.

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PROFILES

PLAYING

JACQUES TATI was being given a festival of his films in the French quarter of New Orleans: "Jour de Fête," "Les Vacances de M. Hulot," "Mon Oncle," "Playtime," "Traffic." "Isn't this nice?" he said about the little buildings and the low-hung lights, his eyes glazing slightly as he looked at the boutiques but perking up at the sight of schoolboys swinging satchels, and stray dogs sniffing curiously at holes in walls. Tati is the natural comrade of children, mongrels, and muddle. About cats he is less sure than about dogs. "I *think* they have a sense of humor?" he asked on a rising inflection.

A film-buff monk with us, a kindly, fast-blinking man, told me that the first time he met Tati he had wanted to record an interview. On edge, the monk had opened a tape recorder, and it had turned out to be a tool kit, full of screwdrivers and nails. From then on, Tati had been his ally. The colleague of accident, now sixty-four, takes great care in his work of everything under the control of intelligence, but he is much buoyed up in life by mishap, just as his films extend admiration to riotous school kids, to inefficient machine-minders, to the drivers of beaten-up old cars, to the gadget-intimidated, and to all mild-natured instruments of misrule in the modern order.

I told him about a nun who had been on a plane with me and who had reeked of garlic because she was cutting a hunk of home-bought salami against her chest with her own pretty ivory penknife, resting the salami on a linen dinner napkin tucked into the top of her habit. She had crossed herself now and then. Tati said, full of respect and curiosity, "I wonder if she was asking forgiveness for the salami or hoping it would be good."

The great French comedian—the greatest since Max Linder, and as elegant in his comprehension of pratfalls as Keaton—had a Russian grandfather, an Italian grandmother, a Dutch grandfather, and a French grandmother. His real name is Tatischeff, and he could call himself Count Tatischeff if he cared to. His wife, whom he addresses as "Mme. Tati" or "Mme. Teetai," in code idiocy, and whom he adores, has been married to him since 1944. She is a slight, pretty woman, with a quizzical way of weaving a route round furniture at a jog trot. Tati is obviously rather a student of gait, and something in his wife's style of walking when amused may have rubbed off on the mindless scuttling of Mme. Arpel in "Mon Oncle" (1958) as she teeters in genteel curves along the paved path of her technological garden. The length of the Tati marriage (two children: Sophie, twenty-four, and Pierre, twenty-two; photographs of them in his worn wallet) goes with his feeling for all long-accustomed things. Mme. Tati had to leave him after a while in the United States to go home; preparing to take her to the airport, and visibly hating her departure, he tried to cheer himself up by saying fiercely, "I tell Mme. Tati she must go now, because she is *très utilisée*, you understand."

Tati likes wearing sweaters, usually two at a time, and very long trousers, which look as if they were overcompensating for M. Hulot's show of taut ankle. Authors and directors—Tati being both the originator and the director, as well as the player, of the running character M. Hulot in his films—often get confused with their characters, but Tati is not much like Hulot except for his steadily observant view of things and his courtesy. Hulot is always whipping off his hat and making a bow at an angle of forty-five degrees from the hips, like a folding slide rule. Tati in life has the same manners and physical dapperness. On his way to rehearse a festival screening of "Playtime" (1968), when the projection worried him, because the film is in 70 mm. and he thought the projectionist might have trouble with the masking of the frame, he found himself in a radio taxi with a woman's voice blabbering on the radio, and had the attention for other things to say with concern to the driver, "Does she do that all the time?"

"Yes. She rattles on without stopping," the driver said.

"You poor chap," said Tati.

In the empty cinema he whirled about, looking at things anxiously, and found the projectionist. As Tati had dreaded, the print of the film hadn't even arrived. It was to come from Los Angeles by plane at the last minute. "Two very important policemen on motorcycles will escort it," Tati told the projectionist. "But it makes me sorry that you should have to wait. The curtains will close at the end of the picture? No? Oh." He looked at the gold curtains suspiciously. "Now, you see," he said, "at the end of the picture I *have* no end, so it is essential that the curtains close."

"Is 'M. Hulot' without an end, too?" said the projectionist, already charmed, but a little desperate.

"No. 'M. Hulot' has an end. I tell you what. I'll sit here, in my old trousers and my sweater and my black tie if we are in a hurry and there is no time to put on full fig, and I will pull the curtains myself, because I know when there is no end," said Tati, struggling efficiently in the wings with defunct switches. "The curtains used to run on electricity, but it's cut off, eh? Never mind. I'll do it."

He practiced.

"You can't work the things from the projection booth?" he said.

"No," said the projectionist.

"You people have a little bit of French blood," said Tati calmingly.

Tati seems good at not imparting

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ARRANGEMENTS

(For My Father, George Williamson, 1898-1968)

Choosing the coffin,
unfinished redwood,
searching
the plasterboard record stores of Monterey
for the one music, Erik
Satie's "Trois Gymnopédies,"
telling
the distinguished guests to stay away,
leaving my father,
where he taught me to know
a landscape not to the heart's liking,
no image of its peace, but cypress
tightened to the shape of wind—
but he loved it, singing
"My little gray home in the West" as he pulled down the
driveway.

In the year of the Crash, when Hart Crane
fought his parents for the strength of an instant's writing,
you gave half your salary to yours,
and waited (fifteen years)
to have a child.

But set out gaily to be death on feeling
unfused with intellect
off to gay/gray London,
you and Mama schemed to give each other
a first edition of Lord Rochester,
long watched, with anxious pricing, in its window
shadowed by the British Museum.

Were your twenties gayer than mine?

In your essay I at last sit reading,
you three years dead,
you argue that John Donne
"may not have violated his own integrity"
if, on "plumbing the emotional depth of that
inconstancy" that first so pleased him

So flowes her face, and thine eyes, neither now
That Saint, nor Pilgrime

—an invisible darkening, a moon eclipsed, reason's pale taper
more windblown—
he turned to the single Light.
After one operation, you went back
to camp meeting terrors: Hell
a great ring of heat pressing you down,
afraid
it might graze the hems of those who stood by
robed in mysterious coolness.

But you died the modern way, knowing
the strength of your disease, but not its name,
with no preachers or Bibles, but your peculiar God,
and the tiny, bright-horned, marble bull I brought you
from Crete, I don't know why . . .
You angered Mama
by your habit of only sleeping sideways,
your hand closed on the bed's steel guardrail;
you apologized, saying
"I've spent so many nights in hospitals
I began to feel it was friendly."
And later, open-armed
for the last cardiogram,
ringed with wife, son, an outer sphere of nurses,
you said, "My faithful people,"
your eyes dark violets
like a farm boy's the first
time he thinks a girl likes him.

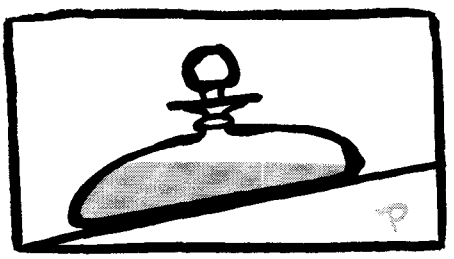
—Alan Williamson

Note: My father requested that "Trois Gymnopédies," by Erik Satie, be the only music played at his funeral. The quotations in the sixth stanza come from Donne's "The Second Anniversarie" and my father's essay "The Libertine Donne."

• •

being rattled. Several people in France who have worked with him say that. He is very practical, and uncertain about what other people will find funny, though he knows exactly what makes him laugh. "With 'Playtime,' you find it too long? Or no? Or perhaps?" he asked me, amused by his own doubt. "Of course, one can fall asleep in a wonderful concert, or one's shoes can hurt in a wonderful painting exhibition. I don't like to say to people 'This is funny,' because they may find it only a little bit funny. So I don't like to shoot in closeup. I have no right to bang anyone's nose against the screen. Besides, comedians speak with their legs. I spent years in music hall, you know, and I realize therefore especially that you need legs. Music hall also taught me that it is often difficult to be funny without music, because being funny is like being on the high wire or juggling, so I try to have a tune in my head for actors."

He has long-fingered hands, and wrists and elbows that often by nature make accurate L shapes when he is doing a mime, like a maître d'hotel's gestures. The robot people in his films are in the distracted vein of Lewis Carroll's White Rabbit, scurrying about with an air of looking for something. ("The Duchess! The Duchess! Oh my dear paws! Oh my fur and whiskers!") His ageless characters, the favored ones, are decorous and sunk in their own sorts of harmless unconformity, like M. Hulot in his obviously daily task in "Mon Oncle" of arranging the angle of a window so as to give his canary a morning in



reflected sunlight outside his amiably ramshackle flat. Tati is gently amused by women's stiletto heels, women's hats, men's cars; anxious about push-button living that shovels people from a skyscraper in beautiful Venice to an identical skyscraper in Paris or London; fond of oddity and human untidiness and kids getting dirty. On the day of an opening of a film of his, he saw a tomboy in her jeans having a good time skipping, and he picked at his own old top sweater in allegiance. "Now, if the evening were for people in nice clothes like that . . . But when it's black tie, no one who enjoys the picture will come. It is for people in the mood of that little girl skipping." A while later, urged into a dinner jacket, he turned up at the cinema, and the father of a small girl asked to be allowed to take a photograph of him with the child. Tati made a gesture about the impracticability of the height difference between them and bent down at once to the level of the child's head. "The

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father doesn't know what in the world my name is. I'm just a tall man," he said without resentment afterward, having done one of his characteristic autograph drawings for the child. The autographs are always different and they often involve bicycles, drawn with the passion of the machine-age-doting cyclist postman in "Jour de Fête" (1949). Tati signs with a hieroglyph version of his initial and surname, debonair and simple, the two "T"s vaguely suggesting top hats at Ascot and the "I" a beaming candle.

The great mime of comedy is a beautiful draftsman who has restored vaudeville's antic precision to funniness. There is a delicate upward progression of pieces of Tati in a sequence in "Mon Oncle," the neat figure, with its pecking walk, visible now and then through windows onto winding stairways as he makes his way up to his attic. In "Playtime" there is an extended shot of the bottom half of the calves of an official at an airport, otherwise hidden by the back of some huge flight chart and swirling around like a skater by means of a chair on casters. Tati has a balletic idea of movement: in the loops traversed by Mme. Arpel in "Mon Oncle," for instance, when she avoids treading on her own grass as unconvincingly as a ballerina trying to make it look like sheer fluke when she hits the waiting arms of her partner although both dancers are watching like hawks out of the corners of their eyes. Tati's Hulot in "Mon Oncle" is Mme. Arpel's negligently treated brother, for whom she crossly shuts off her welcoming fish-spout fountain gadget, as she does for her husband when he admits, in humble intimacy with this mannequin wife of his, while he is standing outside the trick-lock door of his undesirable modernized residence, "It's only me." Tati is tenderly amused by modernity and plastic things. Mme. Arpel has a plastic kitchen jar that Hulot, to his joy, finds to be capable of being bounced without damage, like some invulnerable weighted balloon. Then, enraptured, he tries the same trick with something glass, and it breaks. Tati is always showing us the deceptions played by the conveniences of enlightenment. They break not, yet they avail us nothing. In "Playtime" he has thought so much—so simply and so concretely—about the effect on trust of a glassy time that the people in his uncomfortably partitioned office building walk along right angles when they are being self-protectively haughty on pointless official business. It is only the havoc of uncontrollable ordinariness that lets them walk in curves. He extends charm and pity to computerized secretaries and to carefully brought-up children hygienically treated as if they were objects for surgical operation, but his preference is for the anti-scrubbers, for hazard, for mischief, for fun.

"How's this for an idea? For each hundred-pound deposit, we give away a butter churn."

• •

Tati and I had been to a big Southern première of "Playtime." A high-ranking French diplomat was there, and his wife, and a small French admiral with his large wife. The very tall Tati, urged again into a dinner jacket, encouraged these staunch remnants of a stuffy function to go on to dance. ("I don't feel so good in this dinner jacket," he had said apologetically in our taxi beforehand. "I am a slob who wears sweaters, though Mme. Tati and you look nice. Personally, I think my sweaters are also nice. I prefer them to this black jacket. Do you?") Out on the steet, things began to ease up. The admiral's wife looked chilled, having worn no coat, so Tati lent her his

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jacket. Then the small admiral gratefully gave the tall Tati his jacket, which reached to Tati's waist. The admiral had first put his decorations carefully in a pocket, where they jangled. Tati, flat broke after finishing "Playtime" with his own money, his Saint-Germain house mortgaged, was told in a whisper by the admiral's wife that he should be careful of the jacket, because there was a lot of cash in the pocket. Then the admiral was given the jacket of an admiring other guest who was quite short, and Tati gave the admiral's wife her husband's jacket to hold, for the sake of the money; and then Tati, thus jacketless again, saw some rather boozed French sailors in port coming along the street arm in arm, and asked a big one for his uniform jacket, and there was dancing in the street. The exchange of jackets and the business of the money seemed to be out of a Tati film: geometric, funny, pure, born of a longing for conviviality and silliness in protocol circumstances. The sailors were boons. They danced almost as well as Tati.

"Why isn't there revolution in America?" one of them suddenly whispered to Tati.

"Ah," said Tati, who is a serious as well as a very funny man and takes other people to be both. "I can't say, because I am not an American citizen, though I spent the afternoon lately with a lady from Mississippi who regretted that something had gone out of life with the passing of the slaves. But to speak of weather, which is easier than speaking of class: In Russia, it was obvious that there had to be a revolution that would take place before the worst of the winter came, because it was soon going to be too cold if you didn't have the right clothes and heavy food. In South America, it is warmer, so there could be a revolution any time. But there isn't yet the program for it, so no revolution."

He said the next day, sprawling around having coffee, "I am not a Communist. I could have been if it were not so sad. If it were free. My borrowing the uniform of an important admiral yesterday evening would have put me in jail in Russia, I am afraid. One would like Socialist changes to work, though. It makes me sound old-fashioned, but I think I am anarchist. Great things for people were done by the historic anarchists. The popular understanding now is that anarchism amounts to putting bombs in houses. The dullness of working people's wishes when they voice them in a union today, which I do not believe is what they really want, is a great trouble in revolutionary politics. The events of May in France were very good at the beginning. But then the revolutionaries who read a lot came to the workers at Renault to say 'What do you propose?' and they said, 'We have fought for years to have a bigger apartment'—which is fair, because the revolutionaries *have* bigger apartments, or don't need them. But everything dies that way. Revolution has always come from intellectuals, but it has to have a popular connection. Which is a truism, but true. That is one of the reasons M. Hulot is beginning to disappear in the scheme of 'Playtime,' beginning to be not the hero—because 'Playtime' is about everybody, I hope. It has no hero. It is another style for me. Necessary because I find we are making another style of city designing, in which the stars are everybody. You won't find another Chaplin or another Keaton now. One has to look at the people on the streets. I am trying to defend them. You could say that the *vedette* now, the big star, is really the décor. You could say so when, for instance, you go into a modern bank."

"How early do we have to be there for the frisking?"

Yet Tati's films propose a truce with such impossible surroundings. The amnesty probably arises out of his native courtesy. (The character of M. Hulot was based on two real men of observed mannerliness.) "Even in Paris, you can imagine that the lights are flowers," he says, immediately making you see the slender bent stems of the modern lights at Orly Airport that way. In his films, he behaves with the true comedian's gravity toward avid women photographed in a clutter of duty-free goods at an airport, toward men laden with duty-free drink, toward chirruping tourists snapping an old, old man abroad for the sake of local color. A Tati film is capable of finding

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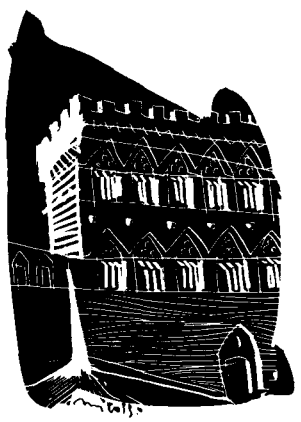
something upright and appealing even in the sight of an airport girl making a radio announcement, and extends courtesy to the spectacle of a vacant-seeming telephone operator speaking in two languages at an international buying fair; she smiles from a glass booth, apparently mindlessly but looking rather scared, as if watched by private-eye mirrors in a department store. Hulot himself is a character of delicate temper, leaning forward to catch incoherent words, and shaking hands undeterred by his umbrella. He smokes brave-looking pipes with long stems. The man seems inseparable from the pipe, and from the umbrella, and from the foreshortened mackintosh with its plaid lining, and from the hat he is forever taking off to bow. He is aghast about expensive restaurants where no one can hear a word, or the kitchen hatch of a jerry-built posh night club which won't accommodate a salver of dolled-up fish that is the reason for the hatch's architectural existence, or the lunatic flourish of a doorman pretending to open a glass door that hasn't yet been supplied apart from the handle, or the blindness of chic women dancing in nearly identical chic black dresses with chic thin shoulder straps and chattering without noticing one another, or the polite exclamations of the same set of moneyed guests when their swinging new night club collapses into rubble—exclamations as at a fireworks display, or when someone has spent a fortune at an auction. But M. Hulot never laughs at such things, let alone seems scornful. He is an immovably tentative observer.



"I thought of him because of an architect who walked like him," Tati told me. "And more so because of a simple man whom I saw in the military. The way this soldier answered the colonel's insults made it quite impossible for the colonel to be cross. In the case of the architect, every decision he made was wrong by practical standards. I saw the step that could be made between the architect and the soldier, and in time he became one character. Hulot is not really a character, however. He is just a fellow in the road. The way he walks is a little head-in-air, thinking about other things. He isn't quite me. I couldn't always walk head-in-air. You would laugh at me, or something, and the expression wouldn't stay. Hulot is different. When people say 'Go right,' he nods nicely and goes left, because it happens his mind is on the moon at the time. Hulot is not the cause of funny situations. He is in the middle of them."

I apologized for my room's being cluttered with bits of paper, and Tati said, "I like a mess."

Then he said, "Hulot is from the lunar system, though the thing is, of course, that today there is no old moon. There is nothing particularly funny about him. Only in the way everyone seems funny. Including oneself, except at bad moments. I have tried to make him a little bit oneself, though it is oneself at good moments, for Hulot has a fine time, you see."

TATI asked about Belfast, Indo-China, the situation of blacks in America and England, welfare medicine, dope. He is a natural egalitarian, with respect for idiosyncrasy. When he feels himself to be getting solemn, he does a mime. "If you observe a French policeman now, you find the hands on the hips, an angry whistle between the teeth at bad drivers, and writing down car numbers," he said, getting up to demonstrate on the way to share the remains of coffee. "If you observe an English policeman, everything goes with dignity and order and subservience." He did another mime beside the coffee, making his hands and head look like a king's on a playing card. His conversation is scattered with bits of pantomime. He did a few more indications swiftly, almost in parentheses, showing the difference between the average air hostess (performance of someone pretty and practical and doctrinaire, like a hospital nurse) and the air hostess who had flown him once from Dallas, kissing him blowsily and cheering him on to drink (performance of an Edwardian barmaid). "She was very nice, this air hostess. Rather old-fashioned." He made love to a sofa as if to the Lady of the Camellias, and then got up and straightened a pompous trompe-l'oeil painting that was part of a New York film company's wallpaper as if he were trying to adjust his tie.

"You see," he said, sitting down again neatly and swivelling the topic, "in America we are arriving at a situation where people aren't so much odd as just isolated. Think of the loneliness of being in a taxi in New York now, whether you are the driver or the passenger, with that piece of glass between you." He flattened his nose against his hand, like some kid staring through a lighted shop window. "And, of course, we will all be doing the same thing in Europe. If no one alters anything. This is why the students everywhere are right to try to make changes. In France, they wonder how on earth you can talk about honesty and sincerity to them if a government with scientific people doesn't say the water from the Seine is polluted. Or, for instance, it is a fact that the government budget is based on cars and gasoline; but then how can the government speak so piously about trees when every day it allows thousands of cars into Paris to support the economy? That's where the rebels are right, and I feel sad for them that they weren't successful in 1968. I would have applauded if the new generation had won. They have already done something in cutting frontiers. If they don't want to wear shoes, fine. Though dope is senseless. You can't talk to a man who lies down and sleeps. But the new generation has proved many things that are obvious and nice. Young people think the world belongs to everyone, and they have shown us that things like wearing a lot of makeup or complicated clothes are stupid." He picked a shawl off the sofa and draped it around him into something Grecian-looking. "They can do things like this. They make it all seem quite simple, and that is an admirable thing, though there are actually many difficulties in saying that anything is simple. When I start a new picture that I want to be simple, I have the same problem that a student has. Every time. I like very much films that are against ghettos."

WE went one day to a *lycée* in France, where Tati spoke to an auditorium full of twelve- and thirteen-year-olds. The moderator was all of fourteen and couldn't think of anything to say, perhaps partly because he was sitting on a chair behind Tati and the microphone was in front of Tati. Tati tapped the microphone as if it were the microphone's failure to speak, and carried it over to the boy, punishing it on the way and then listening to it as if to a shaky shortwave radio before sitting down beside the boy and providing a question. Leaping up again, he explained to the audience that he had been asked to speak *très lentement*. He made the explanation extremely fast, speaking like a ticker tape exploding with figures before he slowed down.

"How many of you have seen any of my films?" He went through the

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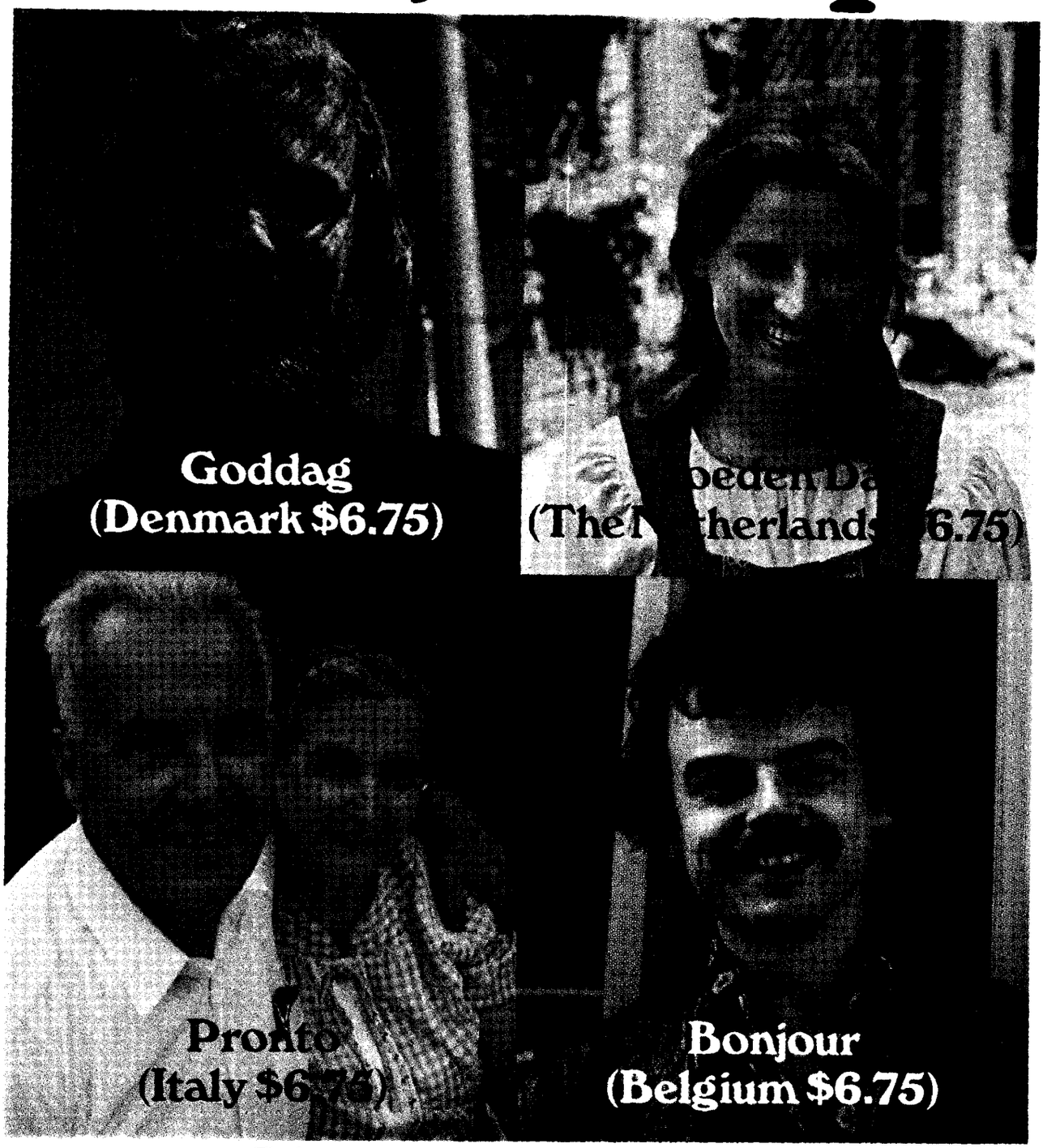

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titles quickly. The hands mostly went up about "Mon Oncle." ("You must have relatives who are very nice.") No one had seen "Jour de Fête." A few had seen all the others. Someone took a photograph of him with a flash, and he grinned a swift starlet smile, which the children liked. "I began with music hall," he said, showing them some mimes: football, boxing, foxtrot, tennis. "They played a peculiar sort of tennis then in France," he said. "Stately. The forehand hunched, the racquet for the backhand held extremely close to the body. Then I did some short films, which were very, very bad. They were so bad that they made even me laugh. The fourth short film made me laugh in the right way. So it is worth going on, I thought. Then I began to make long films. I loved slapstick, but I wanted to find another sort of visual comedy. Not the ancient formula. I like using sound tracks in a way that I expect some people find to be odd. It is because I know you can't ignore the coming of the talkies, but not all sound is *talk*. I don't want people to say 'What a wonderful picture': I want them to notice details. One should also be able to be a showman, so it is my fault if any of you are going to sleep while I am speaking now."

The schoolteachers, politely baffled and reverential, asked him to lunch in the staff dining room. He said we would both rather lunch in the school cafeteria, if possible. "But the food is terrible," said a pretty, clever schoolmistress, who later turned out to have wanted to tell him about an experimental production she had done with the school dramatic society. (He managed that conversation later, bowing his gray-haired head to listen to her with the movement of a parakeet drinking.) "If the terrible food is what the children eat, that's what we should eat," he said, striding off with a following, and getting himself an egg salad and an orange drink with a straw. Children expert in film peppered him with questions, flailing to find words. There was no worn axiom that he didn't take seriously; axioms are freshly meant at twelve. An older boy asked him about violence in films, especially about "A Clockwork Orange." "Kubrick is now the No. 1 for me, technically," Tati said. "For comedy, Woody Allen. In the old days, W. C. Fields seems to me to have been the master." For the sake of some smaller children who were bored by film talk, he suddenly swung into an imitation of the way a high-bred Englishman may insist on speaking French when he doesn't know it. "He will know three or four very long words and he will use them, whatever you try to talk about."

On the car journey from the school, Tati saw an important-looking sofa striped in jade green and brown with bobbly fringe, carefully covered with transparent plastic, being carried with difficulty through a front door by some movers. There was much fuss by the owners. The workmen fought with the obstacles. "Be careful," muttered Tati in a bourgeois's voice. "That is very expensive, very good taste."

He talked about his family. "My father was a man of strong character," he said. "I wish he could have been a little bit more like the uncle in 'Mon Oncle.' My father's mother was a great woman. She was married to a Russian Orthodox man, and my father was brought up Russian Orthodox. Everyone loved her. She was very religious and she was a heroine in my eyes, though I never go to church now. For me it looks a tinny show. I don't *know*, you see. Who can? I don't like the way people give money to be well treated by God. If you believe in something, you have to do it by yourself. One has to go to a cinema to see a movie, but one doesn't have to go to a church to have an ethic. I had a bad year or two after 'Playtime'—all that money gone, and I worried about my family, and whether I was on the track—but at least I had never killed anybody. It isn't much to say and I couldn't beat anyone at virtue, but never mind. Some people think that honor has to do with winning. I don't want to die a rich man. The great men in the cinema died on the rubbish dump. Keaton died very poor. I would like to make people smile and to give them a choice. When people are told that they have to live on the twenty-third floor, they haven't got a choice, so it makes them sad."

ONE day, long ago, when Tati was doing a floor show in London, he had to arrive for rehearsal at half past nine in the morning. "The director wanted to see if I was going to be any good. So the conductor of the orchestra dressed up for one man and his secretary. When you are in a floor show and you don't hear anyone laugh, you wonder why you want to be funny. I was terrible. The boss changed the running order of the show and told me I was No. 9 now, after being top of the bill. At half past ten, I was taking off my makeup and feeling pretty low. It seemed the worst job I could have

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chosen. I put on my own clothes and went out into Finsbury Market—quite an important market, fish and meat as well as vegetables—and I started to find everyone funny, even me. Who knows? How to make people look at themselves and say, Yes, I'm funny, too? I thought to myself, This is an interesting place and I have a choice. That was when I stopped doing music hall."

"TECHNICALLY speaking," said Tati a while later, after plumping a cushion and pretending to be a competitive soprano in "Der Rosenkavalier," "I'm not so interested in dramatic situations. I like ordinary situations. People's seriousness when they are having fun is funny. In the case of 'Les Vacances de M. Hulot,' why do they approach the holiday so seriously? They make it seem like a new job to be undertaken every year." While we were talking, he showed me how to make a backbend go better. "Most of the people in 'Les Vacances de M. Hulot' aren't very gay. They don't want to stop their work. The businessman talks on the beach about his business. The luscious girl is slaving not to look the same as another luscious girl. M. Hulot is from another world. Of course, it is not at all practical of him, but a holiday is not a practical situation. He won't make arrangements. He causes trouble when he's playing tennis. He is always making conditions break down. In 'Mon Oncle' he is a menace. He is a very good friend, however. His sister is so busy with her spouting fish for visitors and so pleased by her son's reports at school that to Hulot she is implying all sorts of other duties. She is saying her son should respect his father's *car*. She lives a life in which machines seem to need doctors and children's nurses." There is a harrowing shot in "Mon Oncle" of the naked, shivery child being scrubbed by his Kleenex-souled mother behind a shower curtain. "Hulot brings the chi'd into the bad part of the city, the chaotic part, and that cheers everyone up. Of course, Hulot doesn't alter anything. 'The Great Dictator' didn't stop Hitler. But films can affect things a little. I said to myself one day when I'd been looking at a new building that rather lowered one's spirits, 'I have to give people a chance to whistle if they want to, not only to listen to transistors.' The bosses have music everywhere now. It stops the man in the elevator humming his tune, the one he has made up. So I say to myself, 'I'll see how important I can make décor show itself to be. Self-important.' That became 'Playtime.' It's probably the smallest script ever to be made in 70 mm. The film is about everybody but also about nobody big." And before he started "Traffic" (1971), Tati went to a freeway. "It was a sunny Sunday, and I was on a little bridge that covers the autoroute, and I watched for two hours those people going away for the weekend. Not a smile. I saw a car where a child wasn't being allowed to play, and a dog was panting. It was a competition between cylinders."

He did an imitation of drivers behind windshield wipers. "They were very important wipers. Very important men. Of course, there is no script to 'Playtime' and not much to 'Traffic,' but what are the real stories, anyway? The only thing that is important is what will happen to the next generation and the next. That is a very important question." Like Tati, his films look ahead to what might be crucial, and they laugh off the immediately threatening and the sedate. In his social life, he never seems to know what he is going to be doing when. "I prefer not to know where I'm going, in case it's something official. It would have spoiled a plane ride yesterday if I'd known I was going to a suffocating dinner."

IN the way he shoots, Tati doesn't like being authoritarian toward an audience about what to look at. That is obviously one of the many reasons he works so often in long-shot. His style makes him seem to absent himself. "In the modern cinema one is much aware of camera movements, and the spectator is often obliged to follow the director." Especially in "Playtime," he plainly tries to make any camera movements follow the way one's eyes would normally want to go.

"I like the actors I use very much," Tati said. "There are always a few professionals. Not many. I try my best to take characters from the actors' own temperaments. If I see a man coming very slowly into a restaurant from the kitchen—a waiter—and I cast him in a film, I never ask him to walk quickly for the camera. In 'Playtime,' there is a girl whom I wanted to be like a very good nurse. Tender, with careful hands. A nurse has to have hands like a musician. So I find a girl, ideal, untrained, and I ask her if she can make her own costume for the film. She says, 'Yes.' 'Are you very good at sewing?' I ask. 'Not very good at all,' she says. I say, 'Fine.' The clothes she sews make her shy, which is what I want."

Tati always dubs and post-synchs

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his sound tracks after shooting—every word of the script, and also every buzzer and every clicking high heel on overpolished tiles, which are noises that he often raises above words, following the reality of people's attention and throwing film convention out of the window. Remarks float and vanish, half-heard and unfinished. You are left with a din of zips on briefcases, fussy bells to open office doors, house telephones clicking, the "Mon Oncle" child with hiccups after his horrible overhaul by soap, a woman in the old quarter of Paris banging on Hulot's ceiling with a broom to catch his attention, squeals of excitement about dreadful infra-red-roast hospitality, plastic cushions that make asthmatic wheezes, a bang of restaurant swing doors that is much louder than an operatic kitchen row about an omelette, a maître d'hôtel using a pepper mill that seems designed to break eardrums, a door slammed furiously in a carefully architected office that happens to have the tactless gift of golden silence about the closing of any door that a man in a temper would want to slam with a noise. Under the sounds, exclamatory scraps of speech are heard. "It's our table," in an English diplomat's hot-potato voice. A woman: "It's so upsetting, you know. It happened so suddenly." An energetic tourist: "My feet are killing me." A woman traveller, sweetly bemused: "I didn't know they had a parking problem in Paris."

Tati is beginning, quite as a matter of course, to make films with characters speaking in two or three unsubtitled languages. The often unintelligible squawks and murmurs are part of the physicality of the rest of the sound track. The method perfectly fits the situation he sees, in which most people don't pay much heed and mechanisms overrule chat. As a director, he likes technical things to be unobtrusive. That is the way he chooses camera setups and directs actors. "What I'm trying to do is not to show I'm a technician. When the camera moves because of a sound, I think it should be because one says, 'Ah, what was that? Where did it come from?' "

He talks to actors all the time as he shoots, and he doesn't let them see the rushes. "Too much 'I was better in the third take,' " he said. "It's a poor working situation in films like mine. Difficult to find the way for an actor to be himself." He spends years preparing a film—working all the time, even when he isn't shooting, because his sort of movie is overridingly a matter of observation.

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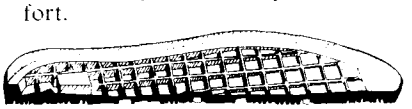

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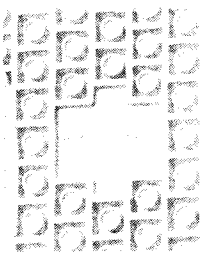

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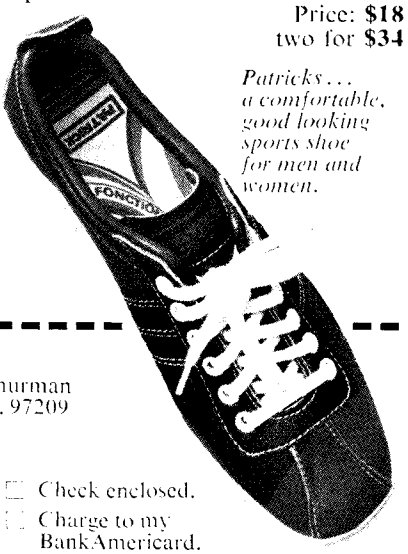

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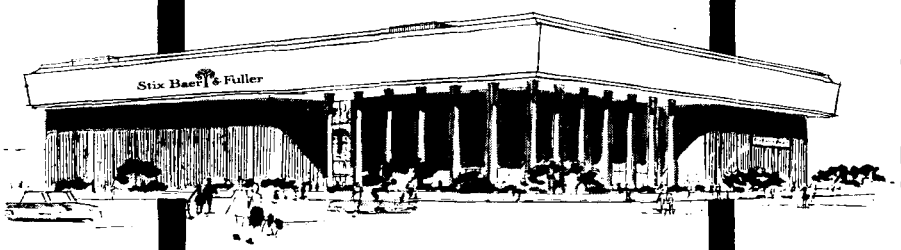

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with some coffee when we were talking. The waiter's job was splendidly done, except for the central fact that the fake-silver jug had no coffee in it. Tati laughed when I started pouring out air, and played with the grandiose mock-silver spoons, and talked painstakingly on the phone to a headwaiter, rubbing the receiver patiently on his yellow sweater to get rid of the hiss of excuses and obsequy.

"The moment I start a film, I have to clock in at the same time every day," he said. "It's like going to school. My films present a lot of problems to people who take them earnestly. They try to cut them, because someone guesses the pictures may be too long to keep the public awake. But the more you cut the things I make, the longer they seem. Do you think it matters, not to have a plot?"

TATI is obsessed with the modern pathos of people treating themselves as part of décor. This is the moral theme of "Playtime," in particular. Supermarket door signs pose heavy problems about "Push" and "Pull." The outcome of his worry is serious and marvellously funny. His films convey a sense of play sustained in circumstances that are inhuman. He shares his films' delight in things like cranes, street lamps, a Pull-Over Parade at some trade exhibition, a scarf that makes a woman tourist in a bus exclaim with pleasure. The reason for the length of time he spends on his pictures is not slow-wittedness—for he has a blessedly quick mind—but an unusual way of seeing problems that need new solutions. In "Playtime," for instance, where people are always walking against steel backgrounds, he found that the reality didn't look as cold as he wanted it to. "If a woman passed with a red hat, there was a red reflection." So he had life-size mat photographs made of the metal scenes he wanted. The effect of the artifice is very strong, and makes people in their settings a moving sight. It is like living in a world without echoes. There is one scene in which three identical-looking elegant women are seen in long-shot against a window: one turns out to be a real actress, two are made of paper. Tati is fascinated and appalled by the age's tendency to turn people into speaking records. He catches it slightly surreally. Cream coming out of American TV everywhere, the commercials for food and toothpaste squeezed over Nixon's face.

Given that Tati sees the blights he does, it is somehow very reviving that

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his films should speak up for the reign of funniness. He was determined, in "Les Vacances de M. Hulot" (1953), to find something comic even in the prospect of death, which frightens him as much as it does anyone else. The inner tube that collects fallen leaves and serves mistakenly as a wreath at a funeral is one of the most classically witty and most defiant visual puns in all cinema. "I loved my Italian grandmother, because she made everything seem possible," he said. "She was always giving things away in the town where she lived. When she died, the whole place was sad. But she was a very funny woman, and it was as if she had organized the funeral. The accidents. The altar boy tripped with a lighted candle and the priest was obliged to stamp it out with his feet, holding up his vestments. The altar boy went on in the procession with his empty candlestick. Something like her humor is the great thing about the kids who would have been only two when I was making 'M. Hulot.' These kids are the ones who call it an underground picture now, because they are wanting not to take ceremony seriously. They are the ones who are saying 'spinach' to the life of wanting the newest Frigidaire."

There are many scenes in Tati's late films—especially a complicated circling movement of a Paris traffic jam—that impart the same mysterious congeniality as the fun-fair ending of Fellini's "8½." "Everyone has the right to hum," said Tati one day, fooling with a bicycle and looking very young. "In 'Traffic' and 'Playtime' I don't think of the hero. I think of the people in the décor, the people who inhabit the architecture, and of the young people who will be there when I am dead."

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

Concord, N.H., Dec. 7 (AP)—New Hampshire's elderly skiers will be given lower prices or allowed to ski free at the two state-operated ski areas. . . .

Under the plan, skiers over age 70 will be admitted free to Cannon Mountain and Sunapee. Those aged 65 and older will be admitted weekdays for $4.50 and weekends and holidays for $5.50.—*The Times.*

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[*From the Federal Register, Vol. 37, No. 224*]

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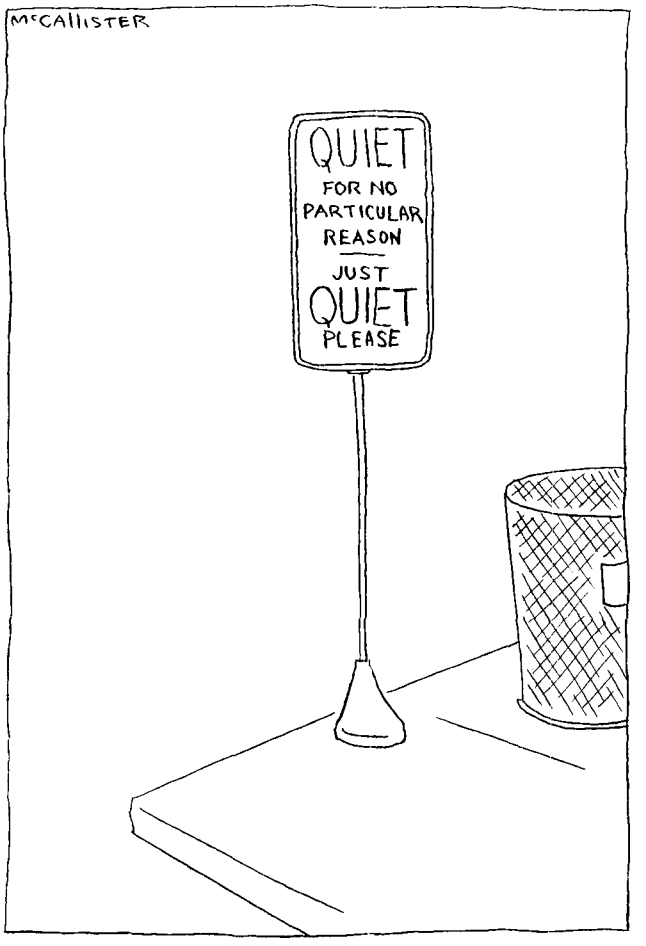
THE THEATRE

A WOMAN SCORNED

THE most interesting arrival on Broadway last week was Euripides' "Medea," adapted and directed by Minos Volanakis, a man not in the least afraid of going up to the playwright and giving his beard an unexpected tweak or two; in the fearsome title role is the beautiful and grave Irene Papas, every inch a sorceress and barbarian king's daughter. (The play is being performed in the dusky subterranean labyrinth of the new Uris Building, on Broadway at Fiftieth Street, in something named the Circle in the Square-Joseph E. Levine Theatre, but life is too short for such cumbrous nomenclatural mouthfuls; if the management doesn't devise a shorter version, I may end up calling it Joe's Place.) Euripides is closer to us after twenty-four hundred years than his peers Aeschylus and Sophocles, in part because, unlike them, he is far more interested in character and personality than in fate, and in part because, like his fellow-misogynists Strindberg and Shaw, he creates such terrific women. By an irony of history, contemporary women's liberationists are better able to cope with—are even more at peace with—women haters than they are with men who love and admire them, and are suspect for doing so. Women know precisely where they are with Euripides: he fears them and affects in self-defense to despise them, and ends by giving them all the best lines.

Congreve's dictum that hell has no fury like a woman scorned is an eight-word précis of "Medea." To spite Jason, who has dismissed her in favor of another woman, Medea is willing to murder not only her successor and her successor's royal father but also the two children she has had by Jason. Unlike the conventional tragic heroine, she commits her crimes healthily, out of superb bad temper; the revenge she seeks is prompted not by the gods or by any fatal flaw in her nature, and she undergoes no subsequent regret or punishment. Having plotted her escape and having been guaranteed her future safety at the court of Aegeus, she whirls up out of sight in splendid womanly triumph, leaving poor Jason to his earthbound masculine snivellings. Mr. Volanakis has taken a number of liberties with the text, not always to the play's advantage. I think he was wrong to diminish Medea's glory by making her a mere muffled offstage voice in her final exchange with Jason. I think it was a mistake, too, for Medea to keep her back to the audience during the long passage in which she is told of her success in murdering her rival and King Creon, and a mistake for members of the Chorus, awesomely masked throughout the play, to remove their masks at the end and become but a jumble of pink American faces. Mr. Volanakis is a Greek, and his ear for English is imperfect—the colloquial translation from time to time goes flat, with lines like "Don't shut up on my account" and "You should have kissed them yesterday, when you kicked them out." Moreover, he permits the Chorus at the final curtain to make a play on words between "many-faced" and "manifest" that is more Milt Gross than Euripides and illuminates nothing. Still, the production is full of ideas that work well, and the scenery, by Robert Mitchell, and the costumes, by Nancy Potts, are exemplary in their boldness and simplicity. Miss Papas, so admirable herself, is admirably supported by John P. Ryan, Al Freeman, Jr., Ron Faber, and Tally Brown.



A PLEASANT, lively reading of Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell"—the unplayable third act of the already sufficiently talkative "Man and Superman"—has come to the Palace, under the direction of John Houseman. The four speakers of the occasion, representing the Commander, Don Juan, the Devil, and Dona Ana, are Paul Henreid, Ricardo Montalban, Edward Mulhare, and Agnes Moorehead, and they convey with grace and humor the chaste Shaw's unbridled lust for words. A similar reading, on stools and in evening dress, was given twenty years ago by Miss Moorehead, Charles Laughton, Charles Boyer, and Cedric Hardwicke, and if I seem to remember that Mr. Laughton played the Devil more devilishly than Mr. Mulhare, no matter—Shaw in eruption is a kind of music, and one's mind either dances to it or it does not. I hope there are enough such dancers left to keep the big old Palace filled for a few weeks, at least.

A DREADFUL lump of a play called "Let Me Hear You Smile," by Leonora Thuna and Harry Cauley, gave a single performance at the Biltmore. The cast consisted of Sandy Dennis, James Broderick, and Paul B. Price. Mr. Broderick was heroic, even managing a smile now and then as the thick noose of the authors' prose tightened around his neck, and Miss Dennis proved ideally suited to her material.

—BRENDAN GILL

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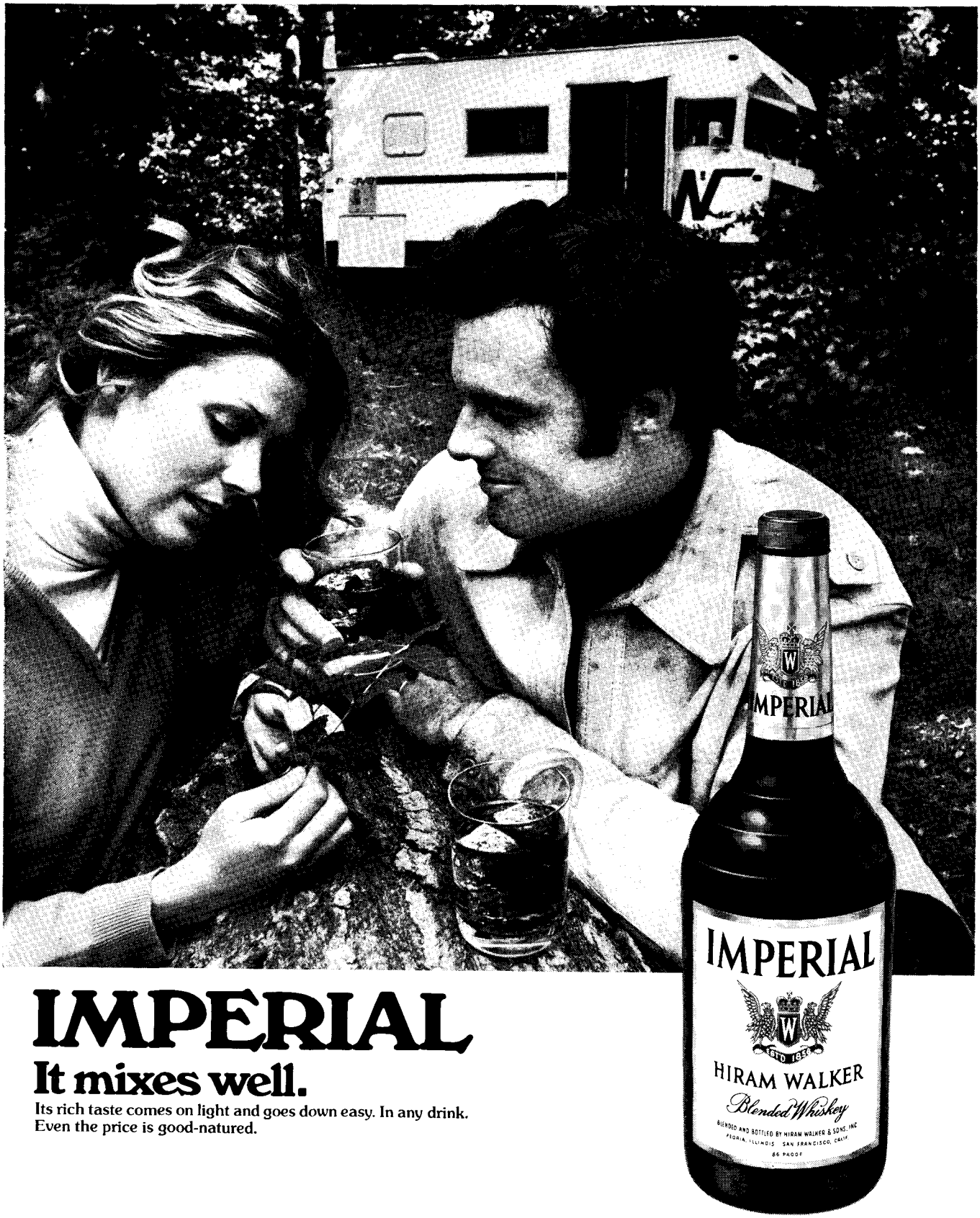
CALL ON THE GOOD-NATURED WHISKEY



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It mixes well.

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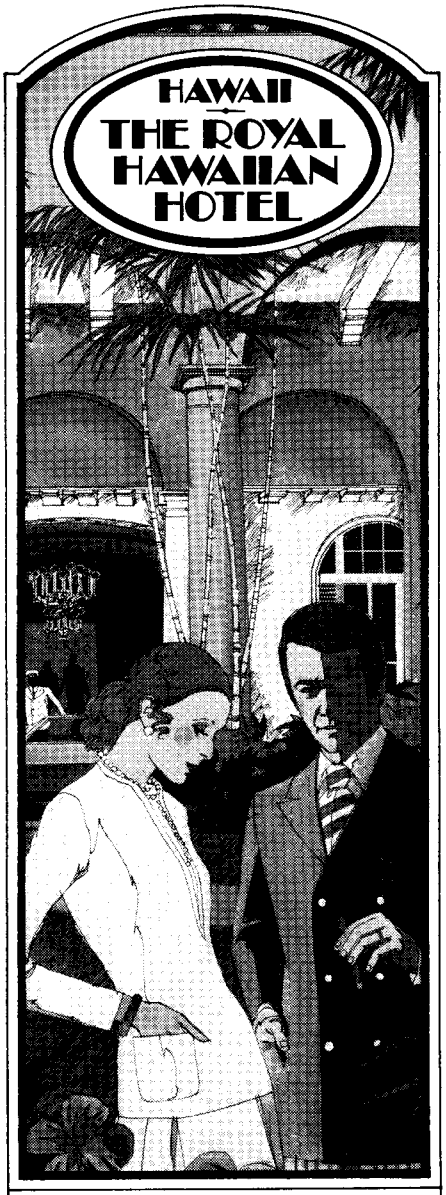

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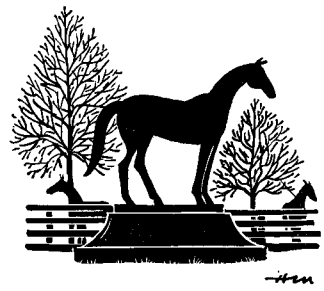
THE RACE TRACK

Home Again

THE meeting at Hialeah, back in its old place on the Florida schedule, opened on Wednesday of last week with an éclat that brought to mind the days, thirty years ago, when Joe Widener ran the show. The crowd of seventeen thousand included more of the Palm Beach set than usual, and among the visitors from abroad were Vincent O'Brien and Alec Head, two of Europe's top trainers, and Lester Piggott, England's favorite jockey. The races, all ten of them, were lively. The Royal Poinciana Handicap went to Dothan (named after the Alabama home town of his owner, J. L. Adams) in a near photo finish with Spanish Riddle and Nose for Money. The noteworthy performance of the afternoon, however, was that of Darby Dan Farm's His Majesty, who stepped nine furlongs in 1:46⅖, one-fifth of a second over the world's record. His speed is worth remembering. On Saturday, fifteen three-year-olds came out for the Hibiscus Stakes, at six furlongs, the first in the series leading up to the Flamingo, on closing day, March 3rd. The winner was the Tartan Stable's Actuality, a 19–1 chance, who led all the way. Our Native was second, and Jim Duncan third. Actuality, by In Reality, has never been out of Florida. From the stud at Ocala, he went to the Calder track, in Miami, where he won five of seven starts last season.



For some time, John W. Galbreath, who owns the Darby Dan horses, the Pittsburgh Pirates baseball team, and other expensive and profitable items, has been trying to buy Hialeah. The deal was closed a month ago with a check for $21,500,000 made out to the stockholders of the old corporation, headed by Eugene Mori. Mr. Galbreath and John W. Hanes, his vice-president and a former chairman of the New York Racing Association, are apparently both firm believers in centralization. According to paddock gossip, anyway, they have made an offer for Gulfstream Park to James Donn, Jr., its president.

SANTA ANITA, of course, has been running since the day after Christmas. It opened with the Palos Verdes Handicap, which went to Crusading after a driving finish with Single Agent and Grey Papa, who last season set a world's record—six furlongs in 1:07⅕. Crusading also took the San Carlos Handicap (he lost by a nose to Kennedy Road but was moved up when the latter was dropped a place for crowding), and he has become the talk of the paddock. He's called the Dollar Horse, because a dollar is exactly what Dr. James Temple, a veterinarian, gave Walter Haggin Perry for him. A metabolic ailment kept Crusading (by Round Table out of Terentia, she by Bold Ruler) from being trained while he was two and three years old, but under the ministrations of Dr. Temple and Tom Pratt, his trainer, he got to the races at Hollywood Park last summer. Since then, he has won eight of ten tries and $92,325 in prize money. Chou Croute is also a double winner; it was close for her in the Las Flores Handicap, but in the Santa Monica Handicap, although carrying 128 pounds, she won by fourteen lengths. It's been raining so hard out there that the San Marcos Handicap was run on the main track instead of the turf course. Tuqui II, an Argentine accustomed to both kinds of footing, won comfortably from Soudard, a Belgian-bred. Aggressively was third.

BY the way, Caliente has a future book on the Santa Anita Handicap, March 10th. You'll have to go to Mexico to get a bet down, I suppose, for no mail, telegraph, or telephone bets will be accepted. In the opening line, Cougar II was 2½–1, Key to the Mint and Autobiography were 3–1 each, Typecast was 6–1, Crusading was 30–1, and Tuqui II was 40–1. Do you suppose you could get those odds now?

BOWIE continues to boom along. For the nearly sixteen thousand who braved the cold wind there last Saturday, the event of the afternoon was the double of Kathy's Pet and Different—Nos. 1 and 11—which paid $1,850. The handle for the day was $1,619,627. The hundred and one OTB shops around town did all right, too; they took in $1,249,716. An exacta bet on Different and Sir Bricker paid $4,216.20. Wrong Horse Harry is looking up OTB addresses.

—AUDAX MINOR

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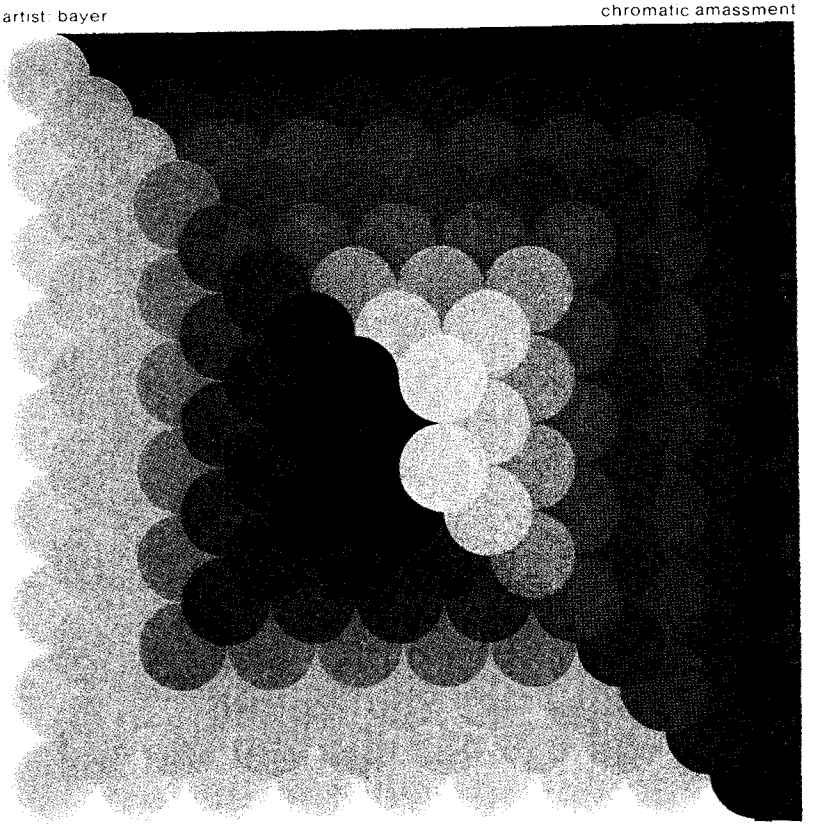
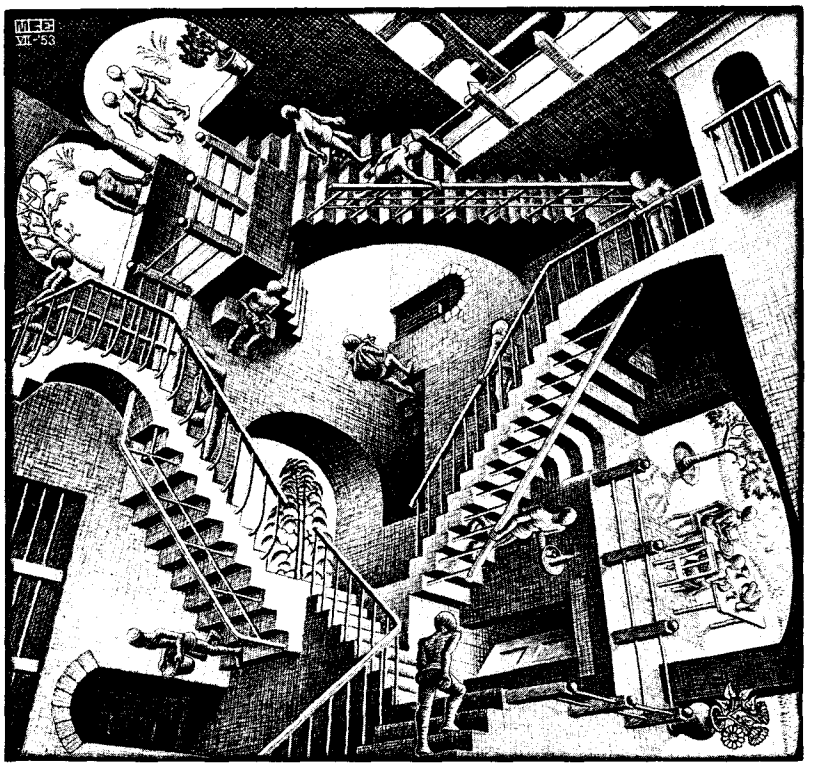
chromatic amassment



The ideal
A society in balance. A healthy, well housed, fully employed peacetime population—with clear air, clean water and equal opportunity for everyone.

The real
We move in different directions, disregarding our neighbor's goal. We dilute our efforts. We fail to reach the equilibrium our strength could give us.

artist: escher



Achieving national goals requires a balanced effort. We must continue to seek new ways to reduce air and water pollution... raise the standard of living of men and women whose potential contribution to society is not being realized... and maintain a sound economy, which will be necessary to achieve environmental and social goals.

Above all, we must broaden our perspective to weigh all our goals in making decisions. For these goals are interrelated. We cannot afford to pursue any one of them at the cost of another.

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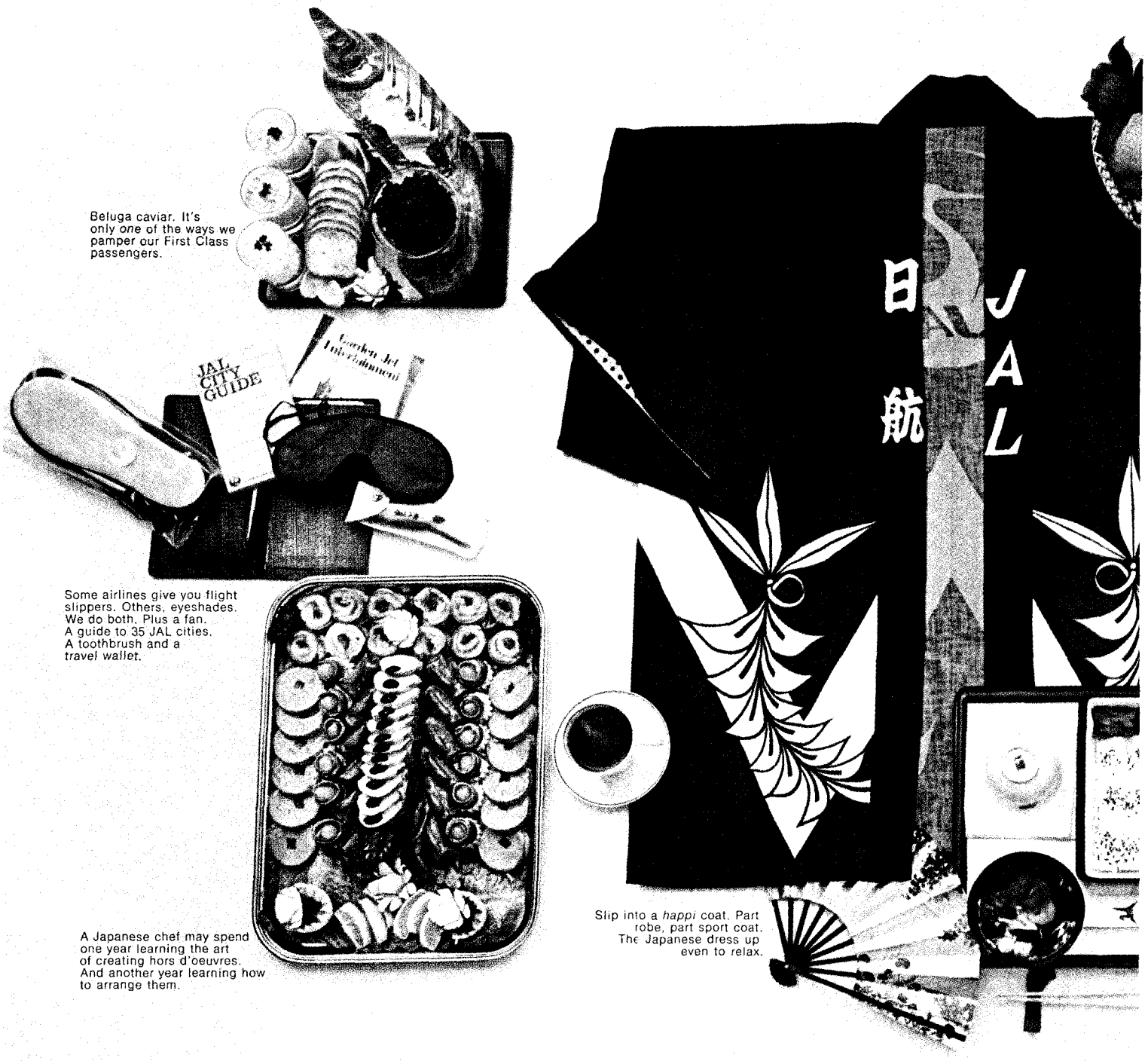
How to Fly, Japanese Style.



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A Japanese chef may spend one year learning the art of creating hors d'oeuvres. And another year learning how to arrange them.

Slip into a *happi* coat. Part robe, part sport coat. The Japanese dress up even to relax.

We once asked some of our flight guests what they liked most about flying with us.

Surprisingly—at least to us—it wasn't any of the comforts or delicacies shown above.

In fact, it wasn't what we did for them so much as how we did it.

They spoke of being pampered. Of the way our hostess in kimono smiled. Her thoughtfulness. Her concern.

These are small things, of course. But in a world that worships the mammoth, apparently the small has a way of making up in gleam what it lacks in size.

Observers have said the Japanese tend to search for the infinite in a grain of sand.

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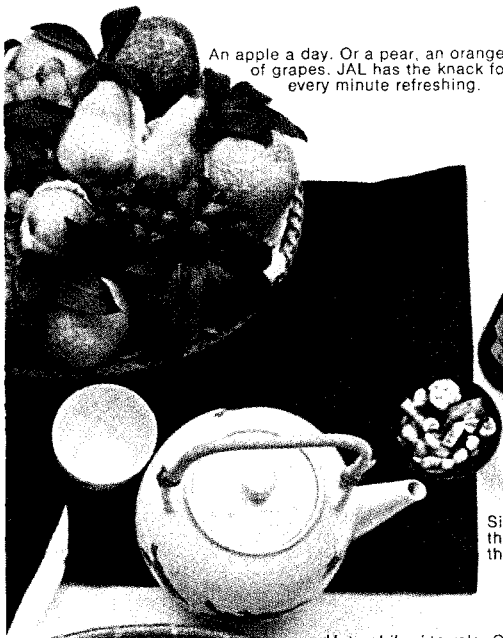


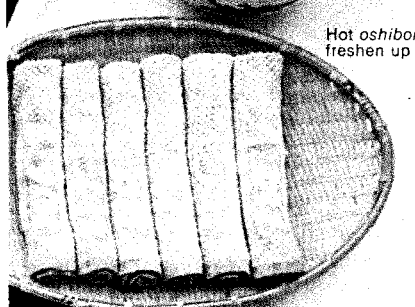
An apple a day. Or a pear, an orange, or a bunch of grapes. JAL has the knack for making every minute refreshing.

Champagne and vintage wine. Why not? There's a little French in all of us.

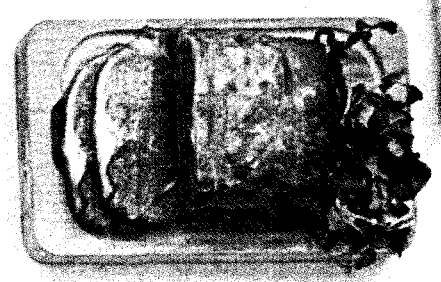
Sake is the national drink of Japan. Traditionally served warm in a paper-thin porcelain cup. The American way is on the rocks.

Sip fragrant tea from the land that invented the tea ceremony.

Say "cheese." We have a brimming platter to snack, slice and spread from.

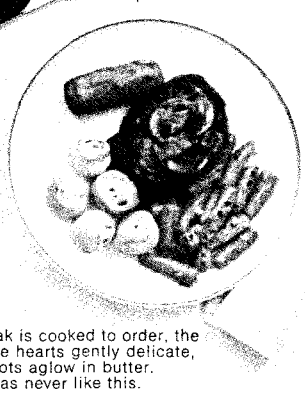


Hot *oshibori* towels. Or, how to freshen up without getting up.

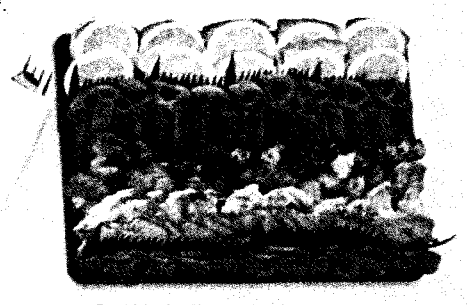


In Japan, prize cattle bask in a daily massage and grow tender on a diet of beer. The result: Kobe beef. Spectacular.

Cuisine à la Japanese. It's all summed up in this classic dinner that's the perfect introduction to Japan.



The steak is cooked to order, the artichoke hearts gently delicate, the carrots aglow in butter. Home was never like this.



Tsukidashi. That's the Japanese name for this lacquered trayful of shrimp, salmon and chicken. Our answer to cocktail franks.

This photo features First Class service items.

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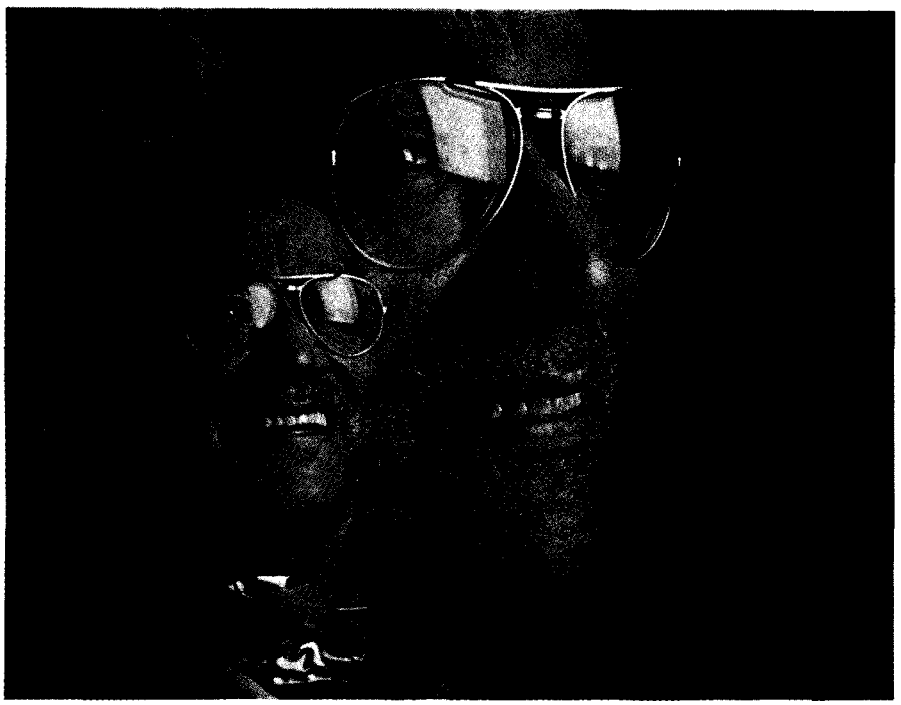
I told the scotch people I don't drink any more. Then again, I don't drink any less, either.

BY REDD FOXX



DON'T GET THE impression that I'm a heavy drinker. I only weigh 150 pounds.

Talking about drinking is part of my nightclub act. It's probably the only part of my nightclub act I can talk about in print.

But seriously, there's a Redd Foxx nobody knows. And I wish they'd find him because he's been signing my name to a lot of checks.

The thing is that underneath it all, I'm really a clean-living family man. Well, at least, a family man.

And speaking of my family, my great grandfather, Redd Foxx, the First, was the first Black political candidate in the State of Mississippi. He ran for the border and made it. And the reason he ran for the border, he said, was that the people were very clannish. He didn't mind them having hang ups, he just didn't want to be one of their hang ups.

But, I have to say, my favorite was my Uncle Nedd Foxx, the First. He was a Labor Union man. Till the day he died. In fact, he died because he was a Union man. You see, he was in this boat that sank in the middle of the Atlantic. About 12 hours from shore. Of course, he wouldn't swim any more than eight hours. After all, he wasn't getting time and a half. I admire a man who stands up for his principles. Or, in this case, goes under for them.

It was this same Uncle who gave me three pieces of advice I'll never forget.

"Marry an ugly woman," he said, "when she leaves you'll be happy."

(I did, but I'm getting tired of waiting for her to leave.)

He also said, "If you want to keep your teeth in good condition, brush them after every meal and mind your own business."

And the last thing he said...well... it slips my mind.

But with all his memorable advice, look at where Uncle Nedd ended up. In the drink.

Which brings me to the subject in hand. The drink.

When I started out as an entertainer, I used to try to make a big splash. Drove a flashy car, drank the biggest name booze.

You can understand why. I mean, I had plenty to make up for. When I was a kid, my family was so poor, I had to wear my brother's hand-me-downs at the same time he was wearing them. Things got kind of embarrassing for me when he left home.

But then came the Depression. It was a blessing for us.

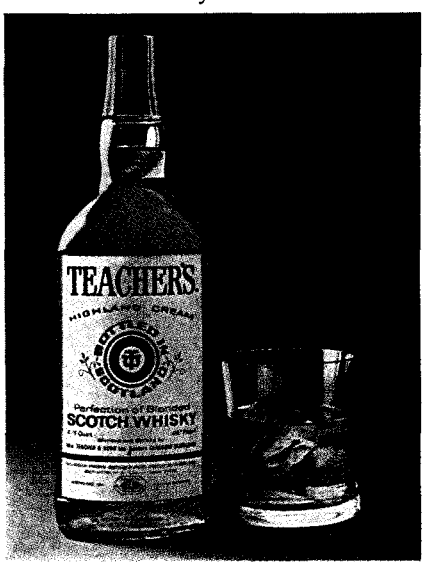
So you can understand why I started showing some flash the minute I started getting some cash.

But, these days, while I still drive a nice car, I drink for my sake, not somebody else's. So I drink Teacher's. Looking good just isn't as important to me as drinking good. And drinking Teacher's is drinking good. On the rocks, on a stool, wherever.

Well, I hope it doesn't take my kids as long to grow up as it took me.

And speaking of kids, isn't it great to watch as those precious things grow from little kernels into big nuts. Except, like any nuts, to get the most out of them, they occasionally have to be cracked. But my oldest kid is too big for me to hit. He's 6′3″. So I let my wife take care of him. She's 6′4″.

Well, this has been fun, but I have to stop now. It's time for my morning eggs and toast. I always like my eggs scrambled and my toast on the rocks.



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ANNALS OF POLITICS

INCOME BY RIGHT—III

THE Nixon Administration's proposal to establish a guaranteed minimum income for families in the United States aroused militant public opposition, particularly among those who had some stake in the welfare system as it existed. In time, the passion of this opposition—together with the silence it imposed on some segments of the liberal community and the confusion it induced in others—probably tipped the balance against the enactment of the Family Assistance Plan, which the President put forward in a national television address a few months after taking office, in 1969. At first, however, opposition from interested publics seemed to make little difference, since the reaction of overriding importance to FAP, as the plan came to be known, was that of Congress—and, more specifically, that of the House Committee on Ways and Means. The Constitution provides that all revenue measures—these include the Social Security Act, and amendments to it, such as FAP—must originate in the House. The business of Ways and Means is with who pays and who is paid. Community-action directors, welfare workers, and welfare organizers were preponderantly in the latter category, often as not maintained directly by federal funds. Such were held in no great terror by the oldest standing committee of the House of Representatives.

Over the years, the House Ways and Means Committee has developed what the political scientist John F. Manley has described as "the norm of restrained partisanship." It is in ways a distillation of the norms of the House as a whole. It dictates that members pay close attention to the technical details of legislation before the committee, and that while they may disagree on what to do, they must nonetheless agree on how to decide what to do. "Within such an organization," Manley writes, "the ideologue who cannot contain his fervor, or the man who is so fired with his vision of the truth that he brooks no dissent, are unlikely to do very well." The generalization may be made that the sort of behavior least recognized by the news media is most recognized by the House, and that recognition commonly takes the form of a seat on Ways and Means, whose members Manley describes as "in general, pragmatic in their outlook on politics, patient in their pursuit of objectives, unbending on few things, and inclined to compromise on all but the most basic issues." All this does not make for the most free and easy of atmospheres, but it proved far the most hospitable to the idea of establishing a guaranteed income, not least because it was the one place in the polity where competent centrist politicians had been for some time involved with the problem of welfare dependency. Ways and Means had received the welfare amendments of 1962 and fashioned those of 1967. The members understood the subject to be a troubled one, and by now tended to look upon the various welfare lobbies as, at least in part, a source of the trouble. The committee was, above all, open to information.

In itself, this attitude did not guarantee a welcome for FAP, which involved scrapping a mainstay of the old welfare system—Aid to Families with Dependent Children (A.F.D.C.)—and substituting negative-income-tax payments that would provide benefits not only for dependent families on welfare but for millions of the working poor. Moreover, the proposal had taken both political parties by surprise; neither had a clear idea how to respond. Nor did the committee know exactly what was in the legislation, for, in contrast to the general practice, it had not been consulted in the drafting. In the circumstances, delay was necessary, and the committee's first response was simply that here was a proposal to expend an unprecedented sum of money. Hearings began October 15th, and Representative Al Ullman, of Oregon, the fourth-ranking Democrat, opened the questioning by declaring himself "shocked . . . almost to the point of being speechless" by the Family Assistance plan. "It looks to me," he said, "like you are opening up the Treasury of the United States in a way it has never been opened up." The press headlines—small ones—were not encouraging: "Democrats Assail Nixon Welfare Plan," "Democrats Scorn Nixon Relief Aim."

THE dilemma of the Democrats was considerable. The columnists Tom Braden and Frank Mankiewicz (the latter had been Robert F. Kennedy's press secretary in the 1968 Presidential primaries and would be George S. McGovern's aide in the 1972 Presidential campaign) wrote, "The liberals and the welfare community, by and large, cannot take the

"Well, for that matter, what is the meaning of you?"

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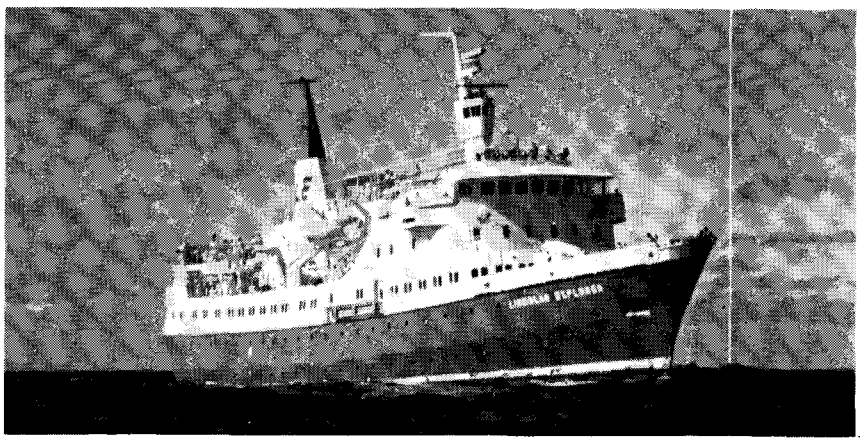

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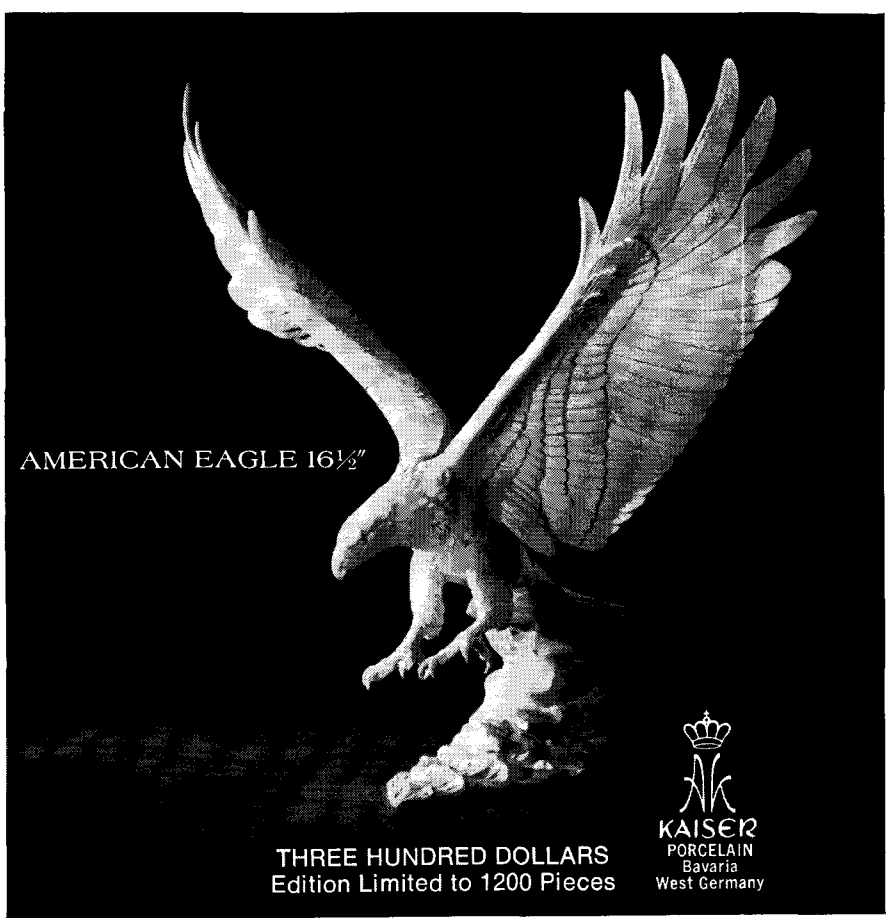

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Nixon reforms emotionally, and cannot afford them politically." There were conservative Democrats, such as Ullman, who might not worry much about this dilemma, but the bulk of the Party did. It *was* the party of the people, and it *did* care. The difficulty was that it never knew how much it dared do and, more seriously, was never sure which direction it should move in. Years of incompetent or nonexistent Republican opposition had led to a certain softness among Democrats. Gilbert Y. Steiner, of the Brookings Institution, has written of this moment, "The Kennedy-Johnson public-assistance legacy to the new Republican President was a services approach that had failed, a work and training approach that could not get off the ground, an asserted interest in day care but no viable day-care program, a reorganization of the welfare apparatus in H.E.W., some procedural changes mandated in the lame-duck period, and a steadily increasing number of A.F.D.C. recipients." Not exactly inspiring.

Nor was the situation made any easier in November, 1969, when a commission appointed almost two years earlier by President Johnson to inquire into the whole area of welfare reform and income maintenance issued its report proposing, in effect, the Family Assistance Plan. There is no great mystery about this: similarly oriented analysts prepared both proposals, working from substantially the same research. By "cashing out" food stamps, the commission raised the basic negative tax to $2,400 (in contrast to the FAP provision of $1,600 plus some $800 in stamps) for a family of four; all persons, not just families with children, would be covered; and there were some other variations, but none of principle and few of substance—a point the commission's chairman, Ben W. Heineman, volunteered to the President in his letter transmitting the report. As far back as 1966, the Democratic economist James Tobin had distinguished between "structural" and "distributive" strategies in combatting poverty. The former sought to build up the capacities of the poor for earning a decent living; the latter assured a decent income regardless of capacity. Any number of Democrats, myself included, had argued this point, before and after that, with the increasingly explicit assertion that the essence of "structural" strategies to combat poverty is that the cash goes to people who are not poor. Every additional evaluation of "structural" programs cast further doubt on their ability to do anything *but* transfer cash to the middle-class people who ran them. Now,

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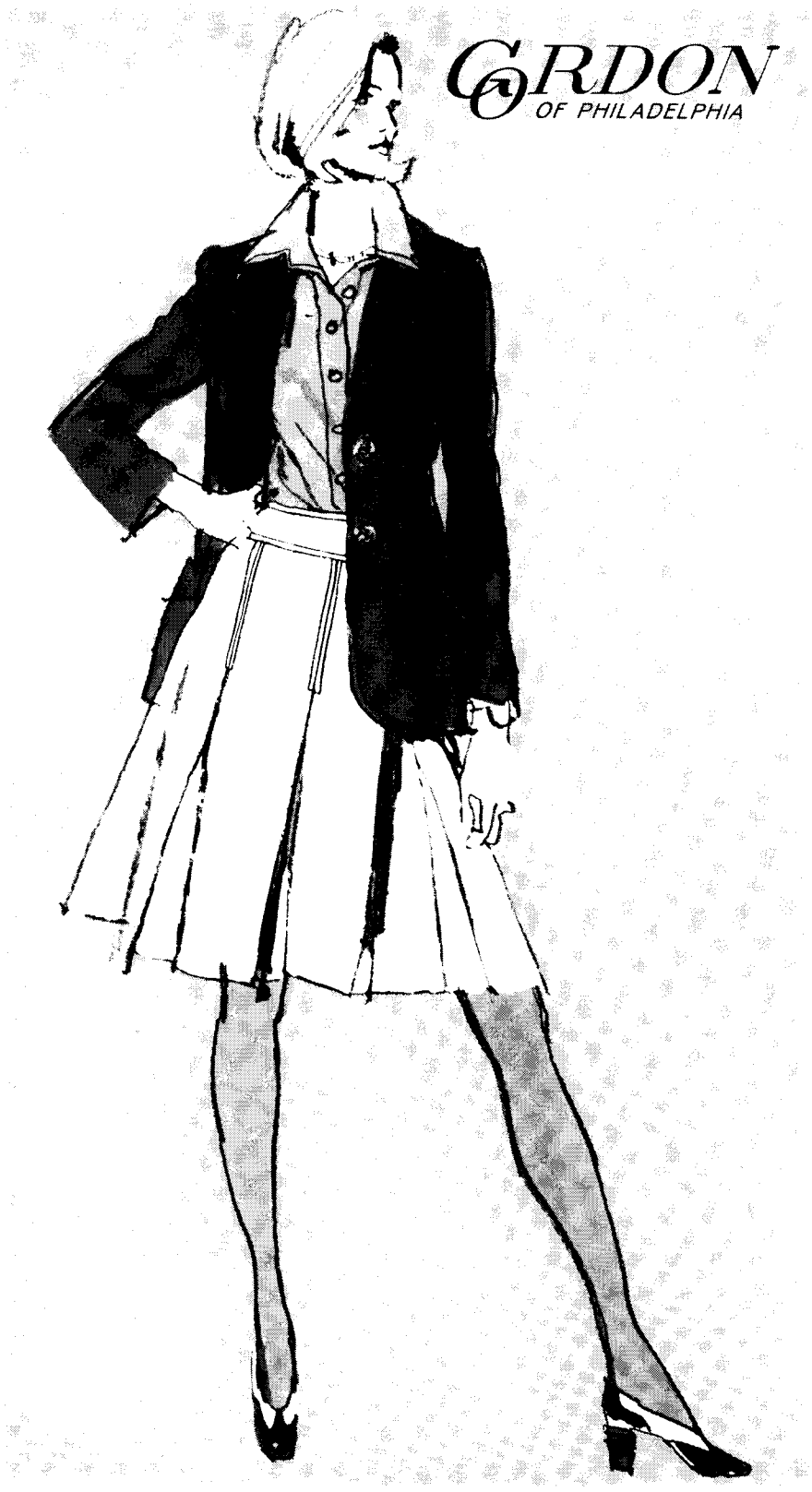
at last, an impeccably Democratic body had proposed a "distributive" program—one, moreover, virtually identical with that already proposed by a Republican President.

In such circumstances, a political party must contrive a response. This being the Democratic Party, it contrived three. The first to appear was the strategy of denial. FAP, it was said, amounted to the most oppressive bill since the Alien and Sedition Acts. This view arose rather on the fringes of the Party, among persons whose primary commitment was to an Eastern variety of upper-middle-class liberalism; in October, 1969, the magazine of Americans for Democratic Action ran an article by Bayard Rustin, the civil-rights theoretician and activist, scorning the program as a payoff to Southern segregationists, and this became the position of many of the more liberal Democrats. (Some Republican liberals adopted it also. In March, 1970, Republican Senator Charles E. Goodell, of New York, denounced FAP as "inadequate," "offensive," and "demeaning.") On the traditional left, FAP was welcomed. Michael Harrington, the head of the Socialist Party, repeatedly referred to it as the most important domestic proposal since the New Deal. On the New Left, however, it was anathematized from the outset, and this reaction grew. (In November, 1972, following the shooting of two students at Southern University, in Baton Rouge, the Harvard-Radcliffe Students for a Democratic Society called for emergency action against Harvard, in part because one of those who "helped design" the proposal—the present author—taught there. FAP was compared to the killings in Louisiana. "It's a choice," the S.D.S. leaflet declared, "between a fast death from gunshot or a slow one from starvation.") Just as the opposition from welfare militants, inconsequential at first, eventually had considerable impact, so did the opposition from the political left. In June, 1971, an overwhelming majority of liberal Democrats in the House voted for H.R. 1, which incorporated FAP, but a year later the Democratic platform declared that the measure was "not humane" and "should be defeated," adding, "It perpetuates the coercion of forced work requirements."

A strategy of outbidding evolved among liberals who couldn't live with the program emotionally or politically but could not quite bring themselves to believe that the Administration was planning to starve people by providing fortnightly government checks to, say, a quarter of the population of South



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Carolina. Among those who adopted this second strategy, there were many who felt that Nixon's proposal was evidence of a genuine leftward movement in politics—that if *he* had moved that far, then, indeed, the center was not where it had been, and clearly more could be got, and more, surely, was better. The probable truth was that Nixon's television address proposing FAP, on August 8, 1969, was the high-water mark of the egalitarian thrust of the nineteen-sixties. At the most elementary level, there was the question of money. A major factor in the President's decision had been the realization that federal expenditures were beginning to catch up with revenues, and would soon overtake them. The nineteen-seventies would be a trying time of holding down and cutting back—or so it seemed in prospect, and so it has thus far turned out. There was just enough uncommitted revenue forthcoming to propose one or two big ideas, and that would be it. The President chose revenue sharing and a guaranteed income, and, apart from a higher-education bill and some tentative approaches to health insurance, that has been, and probably will be, it. (The federal government is not running out of money—it is running out of uncommitted money. The commitments of the nineteen-sixties took time to mature and have proved much heavier than was perceived at the time of enactment.)

In such circumstances, an established politician of the center, with a sense of his party's interest, and that of his region and nation, might consider adopting a strategy of coöperation. If there was any such person at this time, it was Wilbur Mills, chairman of Ways and Means, and by general accord the second most powerful man in Washington. He had to think of his party, and did so, but rather as a President does. The issue before him was whether FAP was a good idea. On the last day of hearings, Mills entered into a long exchange with Mitchell I. Ginsberg, who appeared in behalf of New York City and the National League of Cities. Ginsberg reported that he and Mayor Lindsay and "all of us in the city" were "deeply gratified" by the Administration's initiative. The inclusion of the working poor was "a historic and far-reaching reform." It would not help the poor of New York a great deal, nor would it help the city, but it was needed. Mills, who eventually adjusted the bill to provide fiscal relief for cities like New York, pressed hard. Was Ginsberg *sure*? Was it a good thing for the federal government to take on yet more responsibilities? Did things really work better when Washington ran them? Was there an alternative? Wilbur J. Cohen, a former Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, had told him that before the nineteen-seventies were out, ten per cent of the children in the nation would be on A.F.D.C. Did Ginsberg agree? Yes? But what then to do? Family Assistance? Possibly. He closed the hearings on a note of concern and perplexity. He was willing to spend money. He wanted to do what was right. But what was right?

On November 17th, the committee began executive sessions. This was almost a change of venue. The public hearings had taken place in a general atmosphere of dissatisfaction with or indifference to the President's proposal. If Representative Ullman was not being "shocked" at the extravagance of the legislation, some representative of the poor was being shocked at its inadequacy, and all that most of the other congressmen seemed concerned about was an increase in benefits for the aged. Now the committee sat together, thinking seriously about what ought to be done. John G. Veneman, the Under-Secretary of H.E.W., representing the Administration, brought to his task a legislator's style of accommodation, going over the same ground the Administration had covered in its deliberations on FAP. *Was* there anything else to be done? Mills remained silent, but, although no one took much heed, on November 18th, John W. Byrnes, of Wisconsin, the ranking Republican member, told the Women's National Press Club that the committee would be "responsive" to welfare reform and would report out legislation as early as March. In the aftermath of nearly forty years of almost unbroken Democratic majorities, to be the ranking Republican on a House committee was no guarantee of influence, much less of perception, but Byrnes was an exception. He and Mills worked closely together, and together they had made Ways and Means into a singular force. Byrnes tended to be conservative, but no more than most men do who have to levy taxes. He was scarcely a representative of great wealth. He was Catholic—a fact of persisting consequence in these events, for, whatever their politics over all, Catholics were disposed to think *family* assistance was a proper political concern. Moreover, Byrnes was a good Party man. This was the President's bill—a bill, moreover, that was supported by both *Fortune* and the *Reader's Digest*. He knew

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the spot the Democrats were in, and, in a sense, knew what Mills would do about it.

This required a little time, as Byrnes also foresaw. In December, a number of liberals who had served in the Johnson Administration began to take their party to task. On what conceivable grounds, they asked, was it cutting taxes—a movement then afoot. Charles L. Schultze, Director of the Budget under Johnson, was appalled, and so stated in print. Those who talked continually of national priorities, he said, were now revealing what their priorities were: consumer goods. In a Washington *Post* article, Alice M. Rivlin, the economist under whom the original negative-income-tax legislation was developed at H.E.W., asked, "What's Happened to the 'Good Guys'?"—the congressmen, that is, who "really care about poverty and social injustice." In her view, they had gone "berserk," raising appropriations on doubtful programs of the nineteen-sixties and cutting taxes so as to preclude new initiatives in the nineteen-seventies. She laid out the reasons. First, "real progress" on social problems was going to be truly expensive, and everyone knew it. Second, there were "no obvious prescriptions for social ills." Third, and "perhaps most devastating," the Nixon Administration's domestic programs had not been "nearly as bad as some of the liberals feared—or hoped." She added, "Its few actions on the domestic front are hard to fault." The President, she had written earlier, "was not playing the game according to the rules, and the liberals were not sure what their next move ought to be." As the year ended, this came down to the central fact that Wilbur Mills was not sure.

In January, 1970, the Administration began to put on pressure, alternately threatening and beckoning. On January 13th, in a belligerent speech to the National Press Club, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Robert H. Finch said Congress was in the process of adding $1 billion to the H.E.W. education appropriation, which would be used for football uniforms and the like, while "the most revolutionary social proposal since the thirties . . . is being threatened with death by invisibility." A week later, in the President's first State of the Union Message—"a magnificent speech," James Reston wrote—Nixon spoke of three areas of "urgent" priority in domestic matters, which "demand that we move, and move now." The first of these was welfare reform.

The Democrats decided to move

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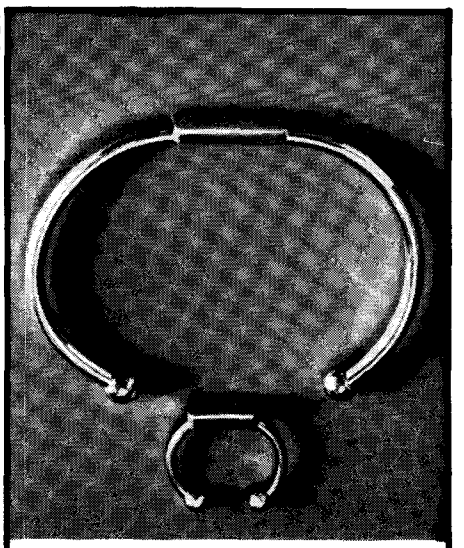
with him. No formal announcement was made, but in the opening weeks of the Second Session of the Ninety-first Congress it began to be understood that the House leadership—Speaker John McCormack, Majority Leader Carl Albert, and Hale Boggs, the Majority Whip—was disposed to let the President have his Family Assistance Plan. On February 26th, the Ways and Means Committee decided to report out a bill. Mills announced that he was "going into a retreat" to think through his own position, but that even if he decided to vote against the measure on the floor he would not lead a fight against it. One week later, on March 5th, the Committee on Ways and Means voted, twenty-one to three, to report out the Family Assistance Act of 1970. Three Democrats—Ullman; Phillip Landrum, of Georgia; and Omar Burleson, of Texas—voted against FAP, charging that it was a guaranteed income.

In the course of these weeks, Mills underwent what can be described as a conversion. He had no difficulty saying no to Presidents. He had done that for years over Medicare, and had already announced that he would do so with respect to Nixon's companion proposal for revenue sharing—at which point the issue became scarcely worth discussing in official Washington. (As with Medicare, he later changed his mind, whereupon, in 1972, a bill was enacted in a matter of months.) But his response to FAP had never been one of flat opposition. It was a new idea, and obviously a large one. Of a sudden, he decided that it was the only one that made sense. *Something* had to be done. Even so, he kept his own counsel until a month later, when he appeared before the Rules Committee to obtain clearance for the bill to go to the floor. A member of Rules, James J. Delaney, of New York, commented on the generally perceived dilemma. "We're damned if we do and damned if we don't," he said. "No, sir!" Mills exclaimed. "We're saved if we do and damned if we don't." He had placed his bets—much as had the President. FAP, Mills declared, was "the only ray of hope" for ending "the welfare mess." He explained, "When we were boys and a man's barn burned down, all the neighbors pitched in and helped him build another one. All we're doing here is pitching in and helping this man help himself." He declared that the $1,600 base was enough to "start," and, in association with Byrnes, pledged the Rules Committee that if the "other body" were to raise this ceiling Ways and Means would not go



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to conference and there would be no bill.

The bill, introduced "for himself and Mr. Byrnes, of Wisconsin," was debated on April 15th and 16th under a closed rule forbidding amendments. Mills and Byrnes stood back to back; their fellow committee members explained the measure in detail.

In the perverse way of American politics, the main opposition to the bill came from groups or regions that stood to benefit most from it. Several black congressmen spoke of their deep reservations, even hostility. Louis Stokes, a Democrat from Cleveland, asked no one to expect that he or his colleagues "will walk from the floor in any state of euphoria." And he added, "We promise you that we will be back." Presumedly, FAP was not enough of a guaranteed income for Stokes. But it was far too much of one for William M. Colmer, the fourth-ranking member of the House, then in his nineteenth term as a Democrat from Pascagoula, Mississippi, who stated:

> Unquestionably, it is the most controversial, it is the most important, it is the most complex and disturbing piece of legislation that I have had occasion to consider possibly in my whole career here as a Member of this body. I am very much disturbed about this bill. I am very much disturbed about the threat that it poses to our system of government, to our way of life.

Neither form of opposition could shake the House while Mills and Hale Boggs, of Louisiana, attested to the acceptability of FAP to some Southerners, and Byrnes warranted its acceptability to most Republicans. Liberals had been reassured by a report by Phillip Burton, of California, in behalf of the Democratic Study Group, which declared FAP "a sound step toward the elimination of poverty." The vote was two hundred and forty-three to a hundred and fifty-five, with thirty-two not voting. Both parties mustered a majority in favor. There were some ominous signs, however. Representative Shirley Chisholm, of New York, voted against the bill, although a majority of her black colleagues supported it. Four-fifths of the Southerners voting were against the bill. It was, even so, a moment of euphoria. For the House to pass such a bill by such a margin was an extraordinary and a cheering event. The nation's domestic troubles were hardly over—a feature of the debate was the repeated insistence by the supporters of FAP that it was not the last bill that would ever have to be passed but simply a good bill—but here was a sign that the divided government in Washington not only could function but for certain extraordinary measures might function *better* than governments of the past. The Administration was jubilant. The President issued a statement congratulating everyone:

> The House has done its duty. Now the Senate has the opportunity to act with the same responsiveness and the same responsibility. The poor and the helpless—and the taxpayer—need welfare reform now.

IN part, the surge of optimism that now swept official Washington was due to the widely held view that the Senate was more "liberal" than the House. If FAP could pass the House by nearly a two-to-one margin, it would surely pass the Senate.

The assumption was wrong—first, for applying terms like "conservative" and "liberal" to the question. "Unhappy is a society," writes Daniel Bell, "that has run out of words to describe what is going on." FAP was neither a conservative nor a liberal measure, in the meanings intended by those terms. It threatened both "conservative" interests and "liberal" interests—not least the liberal interest in appearing liberal. That there was a sizable liberal element in the Senate meant only, in the end, that FAP would have enemies in every camp.

Optimism was misplaced also because the Senate had become increasingly less competent as a legislative body, and this was more significant than its ideological makeup. Competence declined during the nineteen-sixties in inverse ratio to the rise of the Senate as the nursery of Presidential candidacies. When it came to revenue matters, including welfare legislation, these tendencies were, if anything, exaggerated. The fact that such legislation must originate in the House places the Senate in a conflicting role. It is a junior partner in the legislative process—technically denied initiative of its own but at the same time influential as an appellate body. The Senate can alternate between decisive and indecisive leadership, but where finance issues are concerned it tends to be almost deliberately unpredictable, as if still smarting from an intended slight received at Philadelphia in 1787. FAP was soon to be the object of intense pressures from a range of groups having nearly opposite social purposes but a common interest in preventing its passage. All that was required was inaction—the very response the Senate was best equipped to provide.

There was, even so, some positive response at first. In his Press Club speech, Finch had said it would be helpful if there were Democratic alterna-

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tives on the table, so that the cause of welfare reform need not be identified solely with a Republican President. The following week, on January 20th, Senator McGovern, speaking to the Citizens' Committee for Children in New York City, responded by proposing a family allowance—for rich and poor alike—of from $50 to $65 a month per child, accompanied by the abolition of the income-tax exemption for children. He put forth the best arguments for this particular form of income maintenance, following almost precisely the formulation worked out in the Department of Labor in the early nineteen-sixties, even to the argument that, as he phrased it, "the United States stands alone among advanced nations in its failure to provide its people with a progressively taxed system of children's allowances." McGovern, beginning with premises close to those on which FAP was based, nonetheless came to a different conclusion. He wanted a universal system of income maintenance, but he denounced FAP as "the poor people's program par excellence," calling it an approach to the problems of the poor "dividing them from their fellows—stripping them of the political support which they need—and furthering the explosive divisions which threaten to tear our nation apart." He spoke with some force:

> Over the past ten years, we have sought to end poverty with programs which have driven wedges of misunderstanding between our people. In our anxiety to put a quick end to the suffering of the poor, we have pursued the gods of "efficiency" and "poverty-effectiveness." In order to partake of our paternalistic programs, we have required that men humble themselves in proof that they are destitute and "worthy." Our programs have been efficient—deadly efficient. You recognize the programs to which I refer—medical care in public clinics, public assistance, and public housing. All were started by reformers with high hopes. All have turned out badly. . . . These programs have efficiently demeaned the poor. They have efficiently alienated the non-poor. They have reinforced the mythology of poverty, fostered racial prejudice, and earned us the title "limousine liberal."
>
> One would think that we might have learned from the experience. Yet now we rush to embrace as new, radical, and a departure for the seventies a Family Assistance program which simply isolates the poor and their supporters more efficiently. . . .
>
> If the President wants to submit a plan whose great virtue is that it gives money only to the poor and only because they are poor, that is his problem. But if we rush to support that program as the push-button answer to poverty, we are wrapping our hopes for those ten per cent of our citizens who are poor up in a neat little package, addressing the package to

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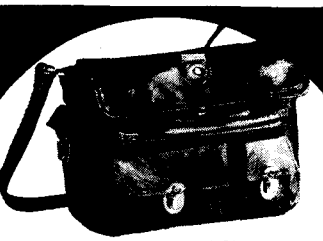

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Strom Thurmond, and hoping that he will deliver it to the needy.

McGovern's own plan was not completely worked out at the time of his speech, and he so stated. His cost estimates were somewhat confusing. The children's allowance, he said, would cost $10 billion the first year, and when fully implemented "could reach close to $35 billion per year by 1976." This was close, as such estimates go. As of July 1, 1969, there were in the nation an estimated 70,759,000 children under eighteen, of whom 10.7 million were poor. A $50-per-month allowance would cost $42.5 billion per year. Eliminating the income-tax exemption would reduce the cost to $32.5 billion, of which approximately $6 billion would go to poor children. A $65-per-month allowance would have cost $55.3 billion per year, reduced to $45.3 billion by the elimination of the income-tax exemption. Of this, some $8 billion would go to poor children.

A tract for the times. There had emerged in the sixties a rejection of scarcity as a political constraint. In the main, it was simply that politicians in an era of inflation and economic growth became accustomed to using ever larger numbers. The costs of the war were cited as a justification for programs costing three and four times as much as the war. The Apollo flights gave rise to a form of argument that began, "If this nation can afford to go to the moon, it can . . ." The argument was not illogical, but became unrestrained. In the House debate, Colmer had recalled Macaulay's fear that American government would be all sail and no anchor, that the day would come (in Colmer's words) "when the demands of the people upon their elected representatives would be so great that they could not be met and the whole American dream would collapse." Certainly the idea of limits was not much in fashion, nor was much thought directed to the contradictions, which Nathan Glazer pointed out, between increasing insistence on individual freedom and demands for ever more complex forms of social intervention. This was a time of expressive politics. Anyone who asked what would follow this or that grand gesture—unilateral withdrawal from Vietnam, a guaranteed income of $3,600, or $5,500, or $6,500—was likely to be charged with opposing the ends as well as the means.

The controversy over the "inadequacy" of FAP displayed this tendency in an advanced form. A guaranteed income, like a minimum wage, must be an exercise in restraint. Too high a

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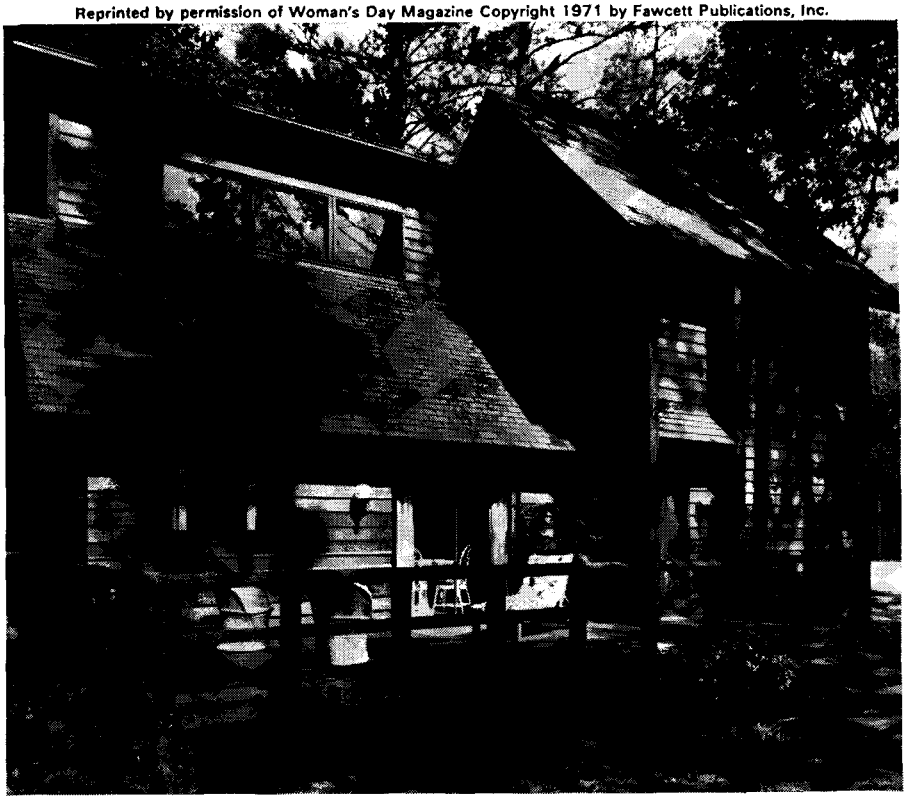

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level defeats its purpose. It is maddening to hear a public proposal defended in terms that suggest that the slightest variance up or down would be ruinous, but FAP was about as well calibrated as American government could manage at this time. The lowest fifth of American families had been receiving only 3.2 per cent of total money income, less than $20 billion. FAP's total cost, in the neighborhood of $5 billion, would go to this fifth, and would make a real difference to them. Some of McGovern's $32.5 or $45.3 billion would also reach the poor, but scarcely more—$8 billion. This, for economists, had all along been the insurmountable objection to children's allowances for the United States. Since allowances go to all children, setting them high enough to help poor children makes the total cost extremely wasteful.

Curiously, until now most opposition to FAP had come from leftward sources. After passage in the House, and speeches such as McGovern's, forces on the right were aroused. It *could* happen. The cry was raised that FAP was a guaranteed income and had to be defeated. Conservative columnists and spokesmen who had at first gone along with the President out of a certain pleasure at his "dishing the Whigs" now began to voice doubts. Moderate conservatives such as the Chamber of Commerce stepped up their opposition, while on the ideological right organizations such as the American Conservative Union were astonished and alarmed. The Union's journal, *Battle Line*, began pounding away against FAP, naming names (conspiracy in the White House) and summoning all true conservatives to a desperate and climactic battle. The right took allies where it could get them, albeit with a certain coldness of manner. In 1971, when FAP once again passed the House, with somewhat reduced Republican support and all but one of the twelve black congressmen opposed, *Battle Line* published an "Anti-FAP Honor Roll," made up of "Congressmen who opposed FAP (excluding radical Democrats)."

WHILE congressional response to a proposal such as FAP is normally analyzed in terms of the reactions of the two parties, or of liberals and conservatives within the parties, the major question in reality was how the South would respond. American domestic politics in the nineteen-sixties had been dominated by issues arising from the economic and social backwardness of this region. Much of American history had been taken up with the same issues. Nothing in all that history promised so much change as did FAP. With formidable unity, the South opposed it. The economists John F. Kain and Robert Schafer estimated that FAP would provide payments to some 3,997,000 households, of which 2,005,000 would be Southern. The typical non-white family receiving FAP payments would increase its income from $2,645 to $3,891. White family income would rise from $2,619 to $3,578. Direct payments of $2.14 billion would go to low-income families in the South. Allowing for taxes paid there, this made for a net transfer to the region of $1.37 billion, with a cumulative effect raising total Southern income by $3.4 billion. The director of Georgia's Department of Family and Children Services estimated that eighty of Georgia's hundred and fifty-nine counties would find more than half their families eligible for FAP payments.

And this was precisely the problem. It was too much change. The conservative columnist Kevin P. Phillips was appalled that the Administration he once served had even considered such a proposal, which clearly threatened all the plans that had been made for turning conservative Southern Democrats into Republicans. "Poor people would be better off . . . but the middle class, as well as persons on fixed incomes, could be badly hurt," he wrote in mid-1970. FAP was a threat to the "Southern cheap-labor industry," because the work incentive had no "financial teeth." He concluded, "Bluntly put, the program would strike at the rural socio-economic power base of Dixie's conservative Democrats." One Southern senator, not a conservative, explained to the White House that FAP made great sense for the nineteen-eighties but that his state just couldn't take the impact that the money would have in the nineteen-seventies, and would we understand if he took to denouncing the President for the inadequacy of his food program? Others, such as Senator Herman E. Talmadge, of Georgia, were appalled, and even angered, by the proposal, and some said as much.

Few events were so calamitous as the publication in *Fortune* for June, 1970, of a meticulously researched article on FAP, entitled "The Looming Money Revolution Down South." The subtitles alone were enough to spell disaster. "After long delay, integration is sweeping across the South. Now comes the startling Nixon program of

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a guaranteed income for every family." "Who's going to tote that barge?" "The last days of white supremacy." The article, by Richard Armstrong, was a careful work of investigative reporting about

the shanty-towns and rural hovels of the Deep South, down where the present welfare grant for a family of four is as little as $60 a month, and where fully half of the eligible families are excluded—in some cases because of registering to vote.

Armstrong described a family in the Alabama black belt, "once cotton country and now rich pastureland," owned by whites, where Black Angus cattle grazed—and where, he might have added, the poor had become just another surplus commodity, because of a restructuring of farming patterns, feed-grain price supports, and the network of federal agricultural policies:

In one of the most dilapidated of the shacks . . . four rooms hammered together from old boards and patched in spots with cardboard, Mrs. Adie Powell lives with her nine children, her parents, her sister, and her sister's six children. All these nineteen people now manage somehow to survive on $50 a week that Mrs. Powell makes on the assembly line at a local wood-processing plant, the sister's welfare check of $104 a month, and the $192 old-age and social-security pension that Mrs. Powell's parents receive.

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The Southern Regional Council, Armstrong reported, had recently completed a survey of black families living in squalor and deprivation in and around the little town of Louise, in the Mississippi Delta. Average family income was $1,538 per year, average family size was 7.1 persons. He calculated that FAP would treble this income, making it $4,493, "which should set off the greatest shopping boom ever to hit sleepy Louise's fifteen stores." Armstrong estimated that more than forty per cent of the population of Mississippi would qualify. This was higher than most other estimates, but, in political terms, all the estimates were too high.

Of the many calamities that befell

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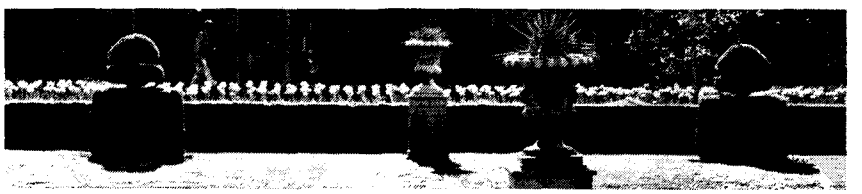

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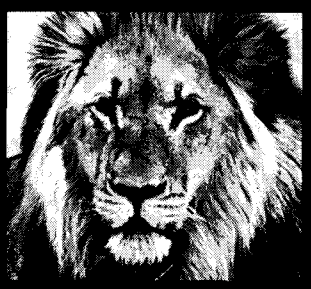

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Family Assistance, none were irreparable until it reached the Senate Finance Committee and was consigned to the mercies of the Southerners there. Where Ways and Means was the most careful of institutions, Finance was the most fickle. By and large, the Democrats on the House committee represented the solid Northern urban base of the Party. The Democratic membership of the Senate committee was heavily Southern, beginning with the chairman, Russell B. Long, of Louisiana, and he was followed by Albert Gore, of Tennessee; Herman E. Talmadge, of Georgia; J. William Fulbright, of Arkansas; Fred R. Harris, of Oklahoma; and Harry F. Byrd, Jr., of Virginia. Where the Republican members of the House committee were of markedly high quality in the terms congressmen themselves measure such things, the Republican members of the Senate committee were mostly gray men of no widely known views save concern for the economic interests of the desert and prairie lands they represented. An exception was their senior member, John J. Williams, of Delaware—a man of some integrity and an unlimited capacity for leading liberals into traps of their own devising.

The Southerners had not the least intention of letting FAP be enacted, and yet they hardly had to show their hand—in part because it was liberals who were most protesting the measure, and could most easily command the attention of the media, and in part because those of us managing the legislation in the Administration were simply not tough-minded enough to see what we were up against. Our vote counts all showed FAP passing by about a twenty-vote margin. We had the clear coöperation and implicit support of the Majority Leader, Mike Mansfield, of Montana, and the genuine enthusiasm of the Minority Leader, Hugh Scott, of Pennsylvania. But the committee was against us, and the prospect was, in fact, ominous.

IT happened quickly. On April 20th, four days after FAP was approved by the House, Senator Abraham A. Ribicoff, of Connecticut, made public fourteen amendments that he would offer to the bill when it reached the Finance Committee, of which he was a member. From the first, Ribicoff was disposed to coöperate with the Administration. Having been Kennedy's Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, he knew very well what the problems were, and appreciated the risk the President had taken in going for what seemed to be fundamental

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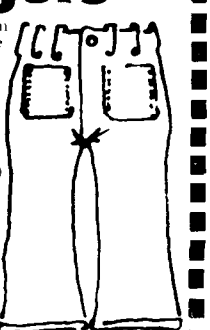

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change. He assumed that the committee would defer to him in legislation of this kind, and easily established a working relation with the White House. On Tuesday, April 28th, he and I had lunch in the Senate dining room, and I carried back the message that he expected the Finance Committee to report out a bill by mid-June. Hearings began the next day. Two days later, on Friday, May 1st, FAP was dead.

Russell Long gave warning enough. On April 23rd, he had delivered a hostile speech on the floor of the Senate. More ominously, it was a profoundly confused one. On the basis of the committee's "first look" at the bill, he said, "it looks like a reënactment of the Work Incentive program Congress wrote into law in 1967 . . . and an expansion of welfare to make fifteen million people eligible for welfare payments in addition to the ten million now on the rolls." He spoke of his sponsorship of the WIN job-training program in 1967, and of sabotage by the executive branch. The Labor Department, Long said, had entered into a contract "for about $430,000" with the National Welfare Rights Organization, a group "which shows people how not to go to work." It was a charge not, perhaps, without a measure of truth. The N.W.R.O. had got the money (in the closing hours of the Johnson Administration) and was not much on record in favor of job training. Long charged that the N.W.R.O. had sought to intimidate his committee with a "sit-in strike" during its consideration of the 1967 Social Security amendments. He released a staff study depicting FAP as a proposal that would encourage and facilitate just the kind of work avoidance and welfare maximization he associated with the N.W.R.O. He chose to take the Administration at its word and to view FAP as welfare reform. How much reform, he asked, did the legislation in fact provide?

The question was fatal. Doubly so. First, the principal aim of the legislation was to establish a guaranteed income for the working poor. To concentrate on the welfare aspects could only divert attention from its most significant feature. Second, the changes in the existing welfare system that were contained in FAP were preponderantly directed toward making the system more accessible and more liberal. (For example, benefits under the so-called A.F.D.C.-U. system for families with unemployed male heads were to be made mandatory in all states.) From the point of view of liberal social reformers, such measures were readily classifiable as reform. But to men such as Long—and he was not unrepresentative—the term "reform" applied to welfare had but one meaning: the curbing of "abuse." To such minds, welfare reform meant dealing with cheating, with absurd advantages made available to manipulative clients, with lax, and even corrupt, practices indulged in by indolent administrators. Nixon had made some concession to this view in his proclamation of "workfare," but his legislation contained scarcely a clause that conservatives could interpret as "tightening up" the system. In this respect, the President had given Congress a pure product of the welfare bureaucracy, which for a decade and more had been openly at odds with legislative critics, denying or avoiding any evidence that its program did indeed need tightening.

The various welfare groups were well enough aware of attitudes such as Long's, so the President's mere assertion that he sought to "reform" the system caused great anxiety. This, in part, led to the strategy of outbidding him in terms of liberalization. Now a comparable response began among conservatives to outbid him on "reform." While the liberals got more press coverage, this strategy of the conservatives proved far more devastating. It was difficult to argue persuasively that FAP did not provide income for the poor. It did. But it *was* difficult to demonstrate that FAP provided welfare reform in terms of the general expectations of a legislator such as Long. It did not. The measure was not directed toward correcting abuses. This fact had appeared, tentatively, in the hearings before Ways and Means, but the committee did not press the matter. The Senate did. The Finance Committee staff produced a series of tables—all hypothetical, but technically accurate—that illustrated an absurd range of circumstances under the existing system wherein a recipient could combine a limited amount of wages with welfare payments and come out well ahead of an individual working full time at a higher wage. The 1967 amendments had made such arrangements possible, and presumably some persons were taking advantage of them. In all these circumstances, however, a point came when the recipient moved out of an eligible category, with the result that all supplemental payments were lost. At these so-called "notches," an extra dollar of earnings could cost hundreds, even thousands, of

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dollars of benefits. (In an older and more familiar example, fixed-income limits were set for occupants of public housing. If that limit was $4,000 and the value of the public-housing subsidy $500, a man increasing his income from $3,999 to $4,001 stood to lose $500 in the bargain. On the other hand, a man lowering his income by $2 could become eligible for a subsidy worth $500. This example, like all those the Finance Committee spelled out, depends on all sorts of contingencies—among them the availability of public housing, which accommodated seven per cent of welfare recipients.)

In his Senate speech, Long described how by working part time in a state that provided A.F.D.C.-U. payments for families in which a male parent was present an otherwise fully employed man "could increase his family's income substantially by reducing his earnings to $1,000 a year." FAP would make the A.F.D.C.-U. system nationwide. The committee staff study showed that, in the right setting, a family of four earning almost $6,000 per year might still be receiving welfare under the existing system. And yet it could also be shown that a technical provision of the new bill meant that in some states recipients then combining earnings with welfare would find their total income reduced. There were not likely to be many such families, and they already had "high" earnings, but there were some.

The hearings were a disaster. Finch, accompanied by Veneman, opened with a statement of the effect the proposal would have on the working poor. The average family would have 5.6 members. It would receive a FAP payment of $742 and a food-stamp payment of $564, raising its total combined income from $3,400 to $4,706. Where A.F.D.C. covered seventeen per cent of the poor and thirty-five per cent of poor children, FAP would cover sixty-five per cent of the poor and virtually all poor children. Finch presented tables that argued that welfare was indeed a problem that caused itself. The closer welfare payments approached wages available to welfare mothers, the heavier the local case load. The argument for aiding all low-income families was pressed in a dozen examples, but the committee wanted to hear only about welfare reform. The hearings gave the impression that the committee was just then, for the first time, finding out about the existing system. And the more it found out, the more shocked it chose to be. Finch and Veneman could only plead that they did not disagree but that the object of FAP was to slow-

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ly displace the existing system. To anyone who wished to be angry with persons already on welfare, it was a hopelessly weak argument.

Long pressed. Then Talmadge. Was it true that under FAP in many areas of Georgia half the population would be "on welfare"? Finch was not sure. Veneman was asked about the cash penalty for a man refusing to work. It was not much.

SENATOR TALMADGE: So he could do a little casual labor on somebody's yard from time to time and maybe sell a little heroin or do a little burglary and he would still be in pretty good shape, wouldn't he?

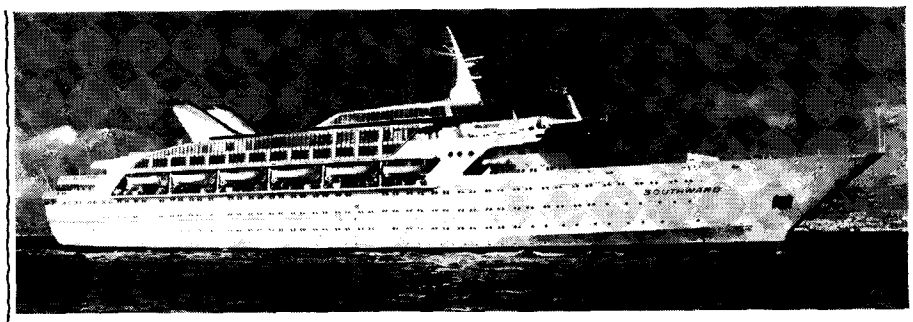
MR. VENEMAN: He would be in about the same shape as under the present program.

Finch intervened to plead, "What we are trying to do is to take care of the children. The question is: If a man takes the attitude that he refuses to work, should we penalize his children?" The Senator asked why the WIN program had been such a "dismal failure," especially in New York.

"Let me ask you," Senator Byrd then began, "why do you wish to add fourteen million people to the welfare rolls?"

No senator spoke a word in support of the President's bill. Senator Ribicoff was not hostile but did ask why the working poor would receive smaller payments under FAP than the unemployed poor under the A.F.D.C.-U. program. The answer was that bringing them even would cost another $2 billion. Senator Harris wanted to know what FAP would do about unemployment. Not much.

A Washington *Post* reporter wrote that the bill "was listing badly when Senator John J. Williams torpedoed it." Williams, attacking from the right, hit upon a devastating polemic. Where the committee staff had merely calculated the "notch" effects in the operation of the various income formulas of welfare itself, Williams extended this to other potential benefits and services available to poor families, such as Medicaid. He had persuaded H.E.W. to construct a set of tables illustrating the "Combined Benefits and Reduction Rates Under Selected Income-Tested Programs for a 4-Person, Female-Headed Family" in Phoenix, Wilmington, Chicago, and New York if FAP were enacted. The hypothetical instances were devastating. In New York City, zero earnings produced an effective income of $7,435; earnings of $6,000 netted $9,185; and earnings of $6,279 netted, because of a "notch," $7,529. Thus, a rise in earnings of



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$279 resulted in a drop in income of $1,656. In New York, a family of seven headed by a female and earning nothing could have an "income" of $10,207. Earnings of $8,658, again because of a "notch," would reduce its net income to $9,802. In each instance, as earned income rose a family passed the point of eligibility for certain kinds of benefits, whereupon total effective income dropped sharply. The reader will best understand the process by thinking of a family evicted from public housing because its income rose just a few dollars past the cutoff point. In every case, the "notch" already existed in the welfare "system," but in no case did FAP eliminate it.

Once the hearings focussed on these anomalies, the situation was lost. Questioning on the third day of the hearings was desultory, and at 11:35 A.M. on Friday, May 1st, Long recessed the hearings to meet with Finch in executive session. He emerged with the announcement that the Secretary had "agreed to coördinate an effort among the executive departments concerned with income-maintenance programs to devise an over-all plan for welfare reform which will take account of benefits such as public housing, food stamps, etc."—a program, that is, without absurd "notches."

The Administration was trapped. FAP would increase the number of persons receiving income maintenance, not reduce them. That there were abuses none doubted, but the social problem was poverty and dependency, not abuses or occasional absurdities. Yet once the subject was raised, seemingly no senator could be anything but shocked. The nearest thing to an objection to the suspension of the hearings came from Senator Harris—a self-proclaimed populist and friend of the dirt farmer, the Indian, the black, the dispossessed everywhere—who saw fit to state that rumors were circulating in the hearing room that the Administration was planning to abandon FAP and so Finch's presentation had been "lukewarm and confused purposely to sabotage the bill."

Finch's luck had run out. He had spent himself in this and a dozen struggles, harried from left and right. On May 18th, he fell ill, and he was soon succeeded by Elliot L. Richardson. Luck had run out for the Administration also. On the second day of the Finance Committee hearings, the President announced the "incursion" into Cambodia. That day, a senior Republican senator told him that the decision would mean he would be a one-term President. For the next two years, especially among liberals, he was treated as just that. As each day passed, the chances of enactment of FAP diminished. After a relatively brief period of open opposition, the conservatives were able to settle back in relative quiet to watch liberals attack it. The Administration never regained the initiative.

THE Administration was, if anything, more solicitous of FAP in the aftermath of Cambodia, seeking to emphasize its domestic commitments. On the same Friday that Long recessed the hearings, the President appointed and announced a special committee to revise the measure along lines described in Long's announcement. The group set to work in good spirits, with no feeling of restraint. Six weeks later, on June 10th, the President announced the revised Family Assistance Plan. The revisions began, John Osborne wrote in the *New Republic*, with "the nation's first federally subsidized system of health insurance for the poor." FHIP, the Family Health Insurance Program, joined FAP in the acronymic jargon of the capital. (The "notch" brought about by passing the point of eligibility for Medicaid payments was the most difficult of all. FHIP responded to it.)

This time, the Administration did indeed have a respectable package of welfare reform to accompany its guaranteed income, but the Finance Committee postponed the resumption of hearings. I began to sense that, given the fury against the President and the expectation of his defeat in 1972, the initiative for FAP was being lost, and would not be regained for a very long while, if ever. On July 1st, in a speech in Washington, I stated that if FAP was not enacted in the Ninety-first Congress it would not be enacted in the nineteen-seventies. I was seeking to raise alarm, but I happened also to believe what I said.

When, in late July, hearings finally did resume, Long opened with a statement that "in significant respects the new plan is a worse bill—and a more costly bill—than the measure which passed the House." Harris declared himself "appalled" by the "regressive" changes, referring to provisions that cut back the amounts of total income that could be had by combining earnings with welfare payments under the provision of the 1967 amendments. The bill was caught between left and right. The hearings settled into an extended, routinized pattern of griping, enlivened only by an occasional witness

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such as Carl B. Stokes, the Democratic Mayor of Cleveland, representing the United States Conference of Mayors, who put aside his prepared text and asked, in effect, what in the hell was going on. Here, he said, was a program that Democrats had dreamed of for years but had not dared propose. Now a Republican President had proposed it. What were the Democrats waiting for?

They were waiting for FAP and this particular President to go away. Even so, the Administration's hope persisted, based primarily on the tradition, presumed to be intact, that "the Senate votes." The size of the House of Representatives has forced fairly rigid restraints on its procedures. It is not only common for committees there to bottle up bills and not let them go to the floor but more or less necessary for committees to have that kind of final say. In the Senate, however, it is assumed that all major issues come to the floor and are decided by the whole body. In perfect good faith, Mansfield asserted with increasing frequency, in public and in private, that since the President had declared FAP to be his No. 1 domestic priority, he was entitled to a vote on it by the whole Senate. If a vote were to be taken, FAP would pass, for, as well as such matters can be known, there was a clear majority of the whole Senate in favor of the bill. The Democratic leaders in the Senate all appeared to favor the bill, including Edward M. Kennedy, whose position was public.

As the summer of 1970 ended and the Cambodian storm receded, the President became increasingly active on behalf of the bill. Early in September, Long and other members of the Finance Committee were invited to the Western White House, at San Clemente, and there the President went over the process, doubts and all, by which he had reached his decision, asked if anyone present could think of anything better to do, and ended by saying:

> We might be at one of those historic points in history where a great step forward is going to happen because a few men have had the boldness and the stamina to do so. If we go on as we have been, there will be a general national revulsion [to welfare]. I am for Family Assistance because while (a) it is a possible disaster, (b) A.F.D.C. is a certain disaster. . . . The future . . . lies with the men in this room.

The President then turned to Long and asked, "Russell, is there a chance?" Long had also consistently taken the position that whatever his views might be, a bill of some kind would come out of his committee. He told the Presi-

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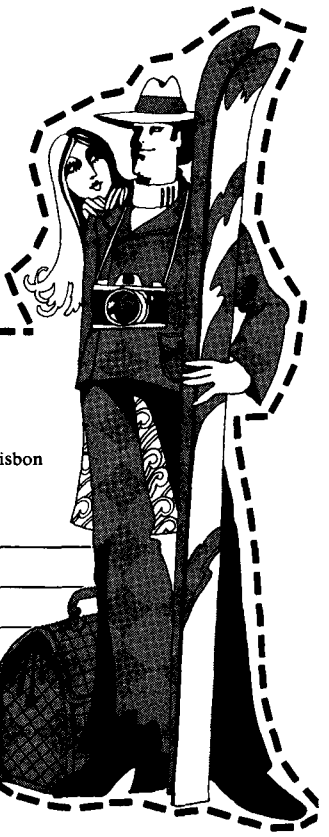

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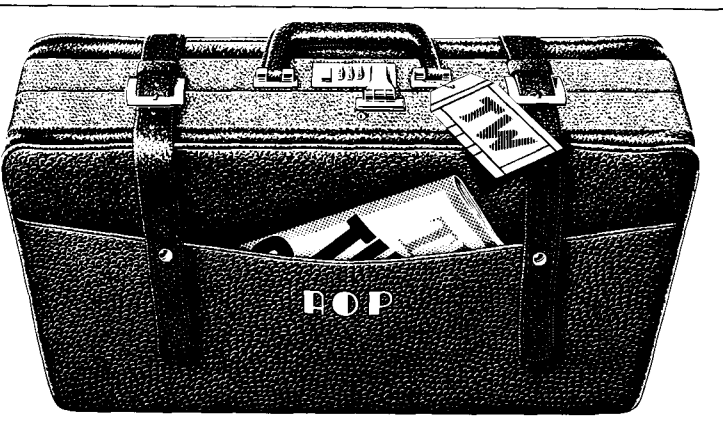

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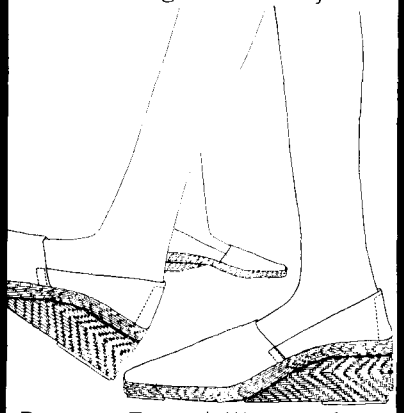

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dent that the problem was not cost but "paying people not to work." There was, he said, "a rising objection to people who lie about all day making love and producing illegitimate babies." Wallace F. Bennett, of Utah, the second-ranking Republican on the committee, who was a devout Mormon, had emerged as a possible Republican sponsor for the legislation; he explained that he would "have to go back to Salt Lake and say this is a job-producing program." Changes to meet such objections were possible, and by no means simply for cosmetic purposes. The Administration was willing to work out a "compromise" bill with Ribicoff, who spoke rather in the President's tone. "As I get older," he said, "I become less certain of anything." But surely FAP was worth trying. He was a liberal, Bennett a conservative, Long a populist. "There are enough of us," Ribicoff told the President, "to write a good bill."

There were enough senators but not enough time, especially as the main opponents of FAP came to see that time was now their most powerful ally. Even so, once the Ribicoff compromise was announced, activity grew to a point of great intensity. Old supporters held firm—notably the National Association of Manufacturers (Bennett was a past president) and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. New forces, such as Common Cause, joined the effort. Mitchell Ginsberg and Wilbur Cohen scurried about Capitol Hill seeking support, while groups that had thought themselves in a position to bargain for more suddenly saw everything slipping away and somewhat frantically began trying to make amends. Some—among them the Board of Social Ministry of the Lutheran Church in America—had been fairly clear-sighted about the business all along and now became insistent and specific. The Lutherans' eleventh *Welfare Reform Legislation Bulletin* proposed a detailed and urgent lobbying effort:

If your Senator is Fred Harris or Eugene McCarthy, ask them not to sacrifice welfare reform but to vote for the Administration's bill if legislation they plan to introduce fails to win approval in the committee.

If your Senator is Republican, remind him of the President's oft-expressed desire for this legislation and of the party support it received in the House.

If your Senator is a Democrat, remind him that Democrats are a majority on the Finance Committee and that his party will likely get the blame if Welfare Reform is killed in Committee.

But the bill was dead, simply because too many people, from opposite

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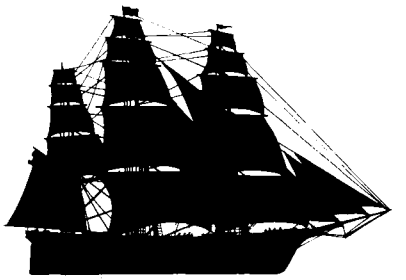

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points of view, wanted it dead. It fell to the liberals to do the final deed. The congressional elections that November were nasty enough, and by most reckonings the President lost. FAP was lost, too. Congress reassembled after the elections with a vast amount of work still to be disposed of, including welfare reform. Efforts to get a bill reported out from the Finance Committee grew, if anything, more intense. Cabinet officers and their aides roamed the corridors of the Senate Office Building during the first lame-duck session of Congress in twenty years. The Finance Committee had already voted once on FAP, on a motion to accept the House bill rather than draft one of its own. This had failed by fourteen to one, with only Harris approving. Now a second vote approached, on a version incorporating most of Ribicoff's changes, along with various "grandfather" clauses that protected anyone then receiving welfare benefits from any loss under the revised rules. The date of the vote, it became clear, would be November 20th. That morning, the President showed up at the Washington headquarters of the Retail Clerks International Association, A.F.L.-C.I.O., to thank the somewhat puzzled trade unionists for their support of FAP. (They didn't realize they had taken a position.) He needed all the support he could get, and needed to give every evidence of his own support of the bill. The day before, Richardson had supplied him with a vote count of the Finance Committee. There were seventeen members, and we were one vote shy. Richardson counted for the bill two Republicans (Bennett and Jack R. Miller, of Iowa) and six Democrats (Long, Clinton P. Anderson, of New Mexico, Ribicoff, Harris, McCarthy, and Fulbright). There were some "possibles."

On Tuesday, November 17th, Common Cause scheduled a meeting of organizations supporting FAP, joined by Richardson, to plan a unified, mass-lobbying effort in the seventy-two hours to go. Each group was to send one, two, or three representatives, with perhaps a hundred and fifty expected altogether. Dr. George A. Wiley, executive director of the National Welfare Rights Organization, however, insisted on bringing between one hundred and two hundred welfare mothers to expound the N.W.R.O. position. John Gardner, of Common Cause, spoke with others planning the campaign. They agreed that Wiley's only purpose in attending the meeting would be to wreck it, and that if they went ahead without him the

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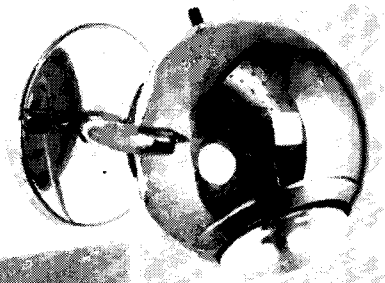

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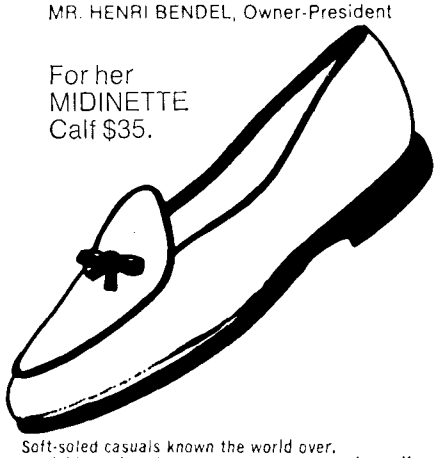

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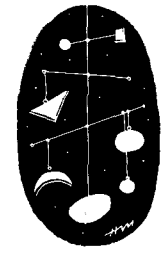
N.W.R.O. would be outside the doors, in front of the television cameras. They decided to cancel the meeting. The N.W.R.O. had not yet run its course, however. Rebuff could still be turned to account, on the still credible theory that it reflected the rightness of the cause rather than the obstinacy of the tactic. Senator McCarthy was approached and he agreed to conduct "people's hearings." These were held on the next two days, November 18th and 19th, in the Senate Office Building. In an atmosphere of intense emotion, the Family Assistance Plan was denounced as all things evil. The columnist Mary McGrory described the scene as one in which "scores of militant welfare mothers bellowed their opposition to being driven out of the house to do underpaid work." For the first time, the full emotion of the welfare movement seemed to have found in congressional precincts a supportive, even encouraging atmosphere. It made a powerful impression: enough—such is the evidence—to switch the vote of Harris, and with that the vote of the majority of liberal Democrats on the Finance Committee, against FAP.



On the morning of November 20th, a front-page report in the *Times* by Warren Weaver, Jr., was headed "*President Losing Welfare Support*, Senator Harris Is Turning Against Proposal—Other Liberals May Join Him." In an interview, Harris said he thought the bill should be killed "and we should start all over."

When the vote was taken, FAP was defeated, ten to six. Harris voted against, casting McCarthy's and Gore's proxies. Anderson voted against—owing, it was generally held, to Harris's influence. Byrd and Talmadge were against, and four Republicans joined them in opposition. Three Democrats and three Republicans voted for FAP: Ribicoff, Fulbright, and Long (who voted when the measure was clearly lost), and Bennett, Len B. Jordan, of Idaho, and Miller. Vance Hartke, of Indiana, did not vote. Wiley declared himself "very pleased," and endorsed Harris's view that the upcoming Ninety-second Congress would turn out a really good bill.

And so it was over. FAP was defeated on a Friday. The following Tuesday, November 24th, the Finance Committee gave anyone who cared to learn it a lesson in what "regressive" legislation could be like. As if to exorcise the fantasy of the President's incredible plan to put twenty-four million persons "on welfare," the committee set to work cutting down welfare eligibility under the existing A.F.D.C. system. In the face of clear Supreme Court rulings that such regulations were un-Constitutional, the committee tried to restore the right of the states to impose the "man in the house" rule, denying welfare to a female family head known to be living with a male, and imposed a one-year residency requirement. This was done by voice vote. (Most of the liberal members were not present, and Ribicoff was reportedly the only opposition.) The *Washington Post* story was headed "Panel Move on Welfare Jolts Liberals."

The President stayed with his bill. Perhaps he had no choice. On December 13th, he gave, having himself written it, a strong speech to the decennial White House Conference on Children—speaking of his own childhood, describing "the stigmatizing by separation of the welfare children *as* welfare children," and pleading for Congress to act. Mary McGrory, as inveterate an antagonist as any the President had in the press corps, wrote that it was a "magnificent, emotional appeal." If only, she implied, it had come sooner: "Bureaucratic and parliamentary failures would have meant little if the President's true mind had been known. . . . The speech was splendid—and too late."

Not really. So long as there was time, the implacable position of the President's opponents on the left was that he was not really for the bill. His support could be acknowledged only when the bill was dead.

FIRST time tragedy, second time farce—so goes Marx's adage, and so went the second round on welfare reform, in the Ninety-second Congress. In his 1971 State of the Union Message, the President again called for the enactment of FAP, which he again described as his No. 1 domestic priority. To be sure, he also talked about it in terms of work incentives and "the work ethic," which certainly deprived the bill of much of its symbolic value as a gesture toward the poor, and provided grounds for those who desired to assert that he wasn't really for the bill. Welfare was now a much more public issue than it had ever been. In part, this was because of the debate over FAP, but in part, also, it reflected the enormous growth in the welfare rolls, which the Administration had foreseen, and which had been one of the

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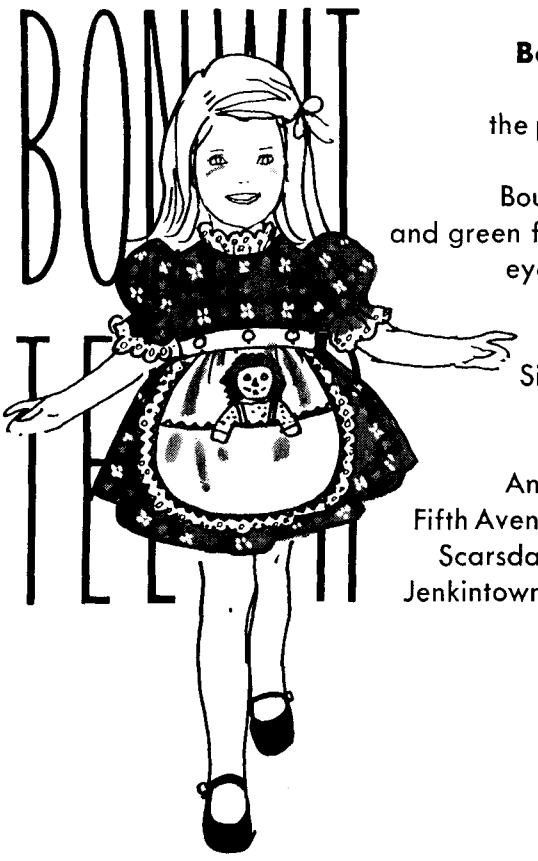
grounds for proposing a guaranteed income in the first instance. In June, 1971, the House passed the bill once again, and once again it was up to the Senate.

By this time, although no one knew it, the whole issue had again been lost. At a news conference in Washington on December 23, 1971, George McGovern, campaigning for the Democratic Presidential nomination, set forth his second alternative to the Nixon plan. It was not dissimilar to his proposal of two years earlier, but was still more costly. In a confused version of a pure negative income tax, he proposed that everyone be paid $1,000 per year, and that it be taxed back at rates appropriate to the individual's family income. No great heed was paid to this until McGovern moved ahead in the primary races. His moment of truth came on May 28th in a televised debate with Hubert H. Humphrey before the California primary. Humphrey accused McGovern of advocating a "far-out welfare program." He asked McGovern what it would cost. McGovern said he did not know. Humphrey said it would cost between $72 billion and $210 billion. Next he charged that McGovern wanted to put another hundred million people on welfare. Richard N. Goodwin, who served briefly as a McGovern speechwriter, later pronounced that this was the "turning point" of the McGovern campaign, and it turned down: a "self-inflicted wound" from which McGovern's candidacy never recovered. Mervin Field, the California polltaker, agreed. Right away the Republicans were on the attack. The plan, they said, could not be made to seem sensible. Herbert Stein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, put it at its mildest: "The plan at this level amounts to shuffling around about $210 billion for the sake of giving something like $5 billion or $10 billion to the poor people." Democratic defenses were less than convincing. Tom Wicker wrote, in the *Times*, "George McGovern's plan for a $1,000 income grant per American citizen suffers from sloppy arithmetic, grandiose goals, and overstatement, but it nevertheless takes aim at the right target—the gross maldistribution of income and wealth. . . ." Edward N. Costikyan wrote, in a letter to the *Times*, that the only hope for McGovern was for the Democratic platform to save him from his folly. But the platform drafters were in no position to do this. They were able to avoid endorsing the N.W.R.O.'s demand for a $6,500 guaranteed income, but only at the



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price of denouncing FAP and implicitly siding with McGovern's approach. Mitchell Ginsberg later stated, on C.B.S. television, "I assumed as soon as McGovern was nominated there was really no chance of a bill."

In part, it was simply that the time had come for sloppy thinking to have its consequences. McGovern gained nothing with his $1,000; immediately after the convention, Wiley denounced him for "double-crossing the poor" in not embracing a $6,500 annual income, even though he had introduced in the Senate the latest N.W.R.O. bill, setting that figure. And he lost much. The campaign had hardly started before he was hedging, then backtracking, then forsaking and rejecting his proposal altogether. In a television address on August 5th, he said that, after all, "President Nixon has himself proposed an annual guaranteed income" and "we do not disagree on that principle." What then was so notable about his own position? On August 29th, he journeyed to Wall Street, where, in an address to the New York Society of Security Analysts, he formally withdrew his $1,000 negative-tax plan in favor of guaranteed jobs and better payments for A.F.D.C. families. An editorial in the Washington *Post* stated:

> Senator McGovern's new proposal would perpetuate all that is most fundamentally wrong with the current categorical aid system. It would offer no income floor to the working poor; and it would maintain a disincentive to work for those now on welfare by permitting them to keep very little of what they earned.

No matter. In the perverse dynamic of this issue, McGovern's campaign now became anti-welfare. He accused Nixon, variously, of having added six million or eight million persons to the rolls, and said that Nixon had raised welfare to a record high. In a television address on October 20th, he said, "It is true that in my search for a way out of the welfare mess I once discussed a plan, a plan by some of the nation's leading economists, for a $1,000 grant to every citizen. . . . But it is also true that I have rejected this idea, just as Mr. Nixon advocated and then rejected a similar guaranteed-income plan."

The idea that Nixon had abandoned FAP was now doctrine. Actually, in mid-August the Republican campaign director, Clark MacGregor, said, "A perfect legislative vehicle awaits Mr. McGovern. Return home to the Senate. President Nixon's welfare-reform bill has twice passed the House of Representatives. It has languished for more

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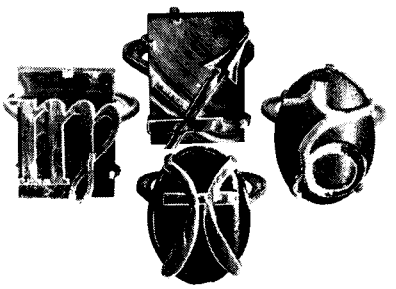

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than a year in the U.S. Senate. Let Senator McGovern bring it up for floor debate, and then move to substitute his own scheme."

But the general tenor of Republican television campaigning was at least as anti-welfare as McGovern's. Whereas in McGovern television spots an ordinary-looking citizen described how the welfare bums were "laughing" at everyday people who worked for a living, the Nixon spots had a hardhat describing McGovern's plan to put half the country on welfare. (This referred to the N.W.R.O. plan, which McGovern had by then said he had introduced only as a courtesy. But it was campaign time.)

In late September of 1972, the Senate Finance Committee sent to the floor, as it had in 1970, "a Rube Goldberg bill"—the Washington *Post's* term—cluttered with outlandish (and awesomely expensive) devices for putting welfare recipients to work and generally making life difficult for them. Ribicoff and then Adlai E. Stevenson III, of Illinois, tried to substitute measures that got progressively closer to the President's original proposal. In the end, all they seemed to want was the tiniest symbolic concession to the proposition that they wished to be more generous. But the N.W.R.O. was as strongly opposed as ever, and there was little disposition within the Administration to grant the Democrats any favors. Once again FAP was caught between left and right. If the liberals succeeded in getting a vote on the bill, Long would filibuster; if Long succeeded in getting his bill passed, the House would balk. It was only weeks before a Presidential election, with welfare an issue working to the disadvantage of the Democratic candidate—a disadvantage of his own making, which Republicans were hardly disposed to help him out of. The Cabinet officer perhaps closest to the legislation described the deadlock this way: "It was clear that the liberals were insatiable, and so were the conservatives. In the circumstances, the best thing to do was to hold our ground." The Administration asked for a vote on FAP, which had been overwhelmingly passed by the Democratic House. It never got one. In more than three years of debate, the United States Senate never once managed to vote on the bill that the President of the United States termed his No. 1 domestic priority.

THE British, in the meantime, have moved ahead, in the words of the Heath Government, to a "radical new approach—in which this country is

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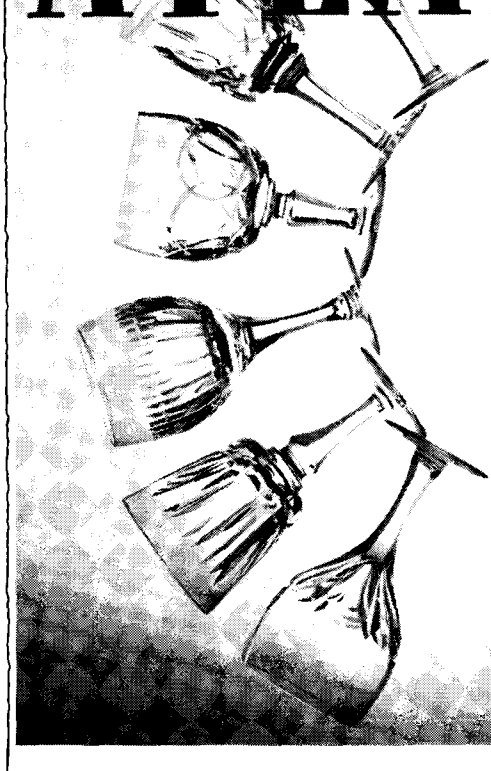

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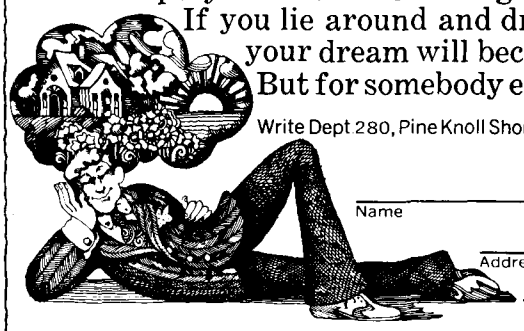

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leading the world . . ." and are now to have a guaranteed income before we do. And yet the American system proved surprisingly responsive. Some things were won. In the end, Congress did "nationalize" aid to the blind, the aged, and the disabled, as originally proposed by the President—an enormous boon to desperately poor persons in many parts of the nation, and a precious principle to balance the general move toward decentralization fostered by the Administration. More important, a kind of indirect guaranteed income for the working poor *did* grow up under Nixon, through the device of greatly increased food assistance. Early in 1969, this had been thought a stopgap measure until a negative income tax could be established. In the meantime, the number of food-stamp recipients grew from 3.2 million in mid-1969 to 12.1 million in late 1972, and continues to grow. Moreover, a few lessons were learned by social activists. The civil-rights movement was still struggling to make its way from protest to politics, and there were private acknowledgments that a profound miscalculation had been made. Bayard Rustin, one of the many who had denied the bill was worth having, said, when it was all over, "If I had known that strategy would kill the bill, I would not have pursued it."

In appraising the death of the bill, one would have to say that a certain kind of hope died with it. Hyman H. Bookbinder, Washington representative of the American Jewish Committee, who had pleaded with his fellow-liberals from the first to make the best of the opportunity before them, was thoroughly disheartened. "We're clobbered from all sides," he told a reporter. "You're a fink if you're for it. You're a fink if you're against it. So why not be a fink for doing nothing?" Bookbinder had concluded that the legislation was finished in the course of a day's meetings in Washington last June. That morning, an informal coalition supporting the Ribicoff version of FAP met to lay plans for the summer. A prominent McGovern ally on hand was asked if the Senator's support could be counted on. The answer was no. "McGovern can't back Ribicoff, or any legislation that could be interpreted as a version of the Nixon proposal" was the reply. "This would lose him his big issue of welfare." In the afternoon, Bookbinder met with an H.E.W. official to beseech greater Administration support for a compromise. "Hopeless" was the professional assessment of the H.E.W. man. "With McGovern in the race, welfare is the big issue going for the President." One need not ad-

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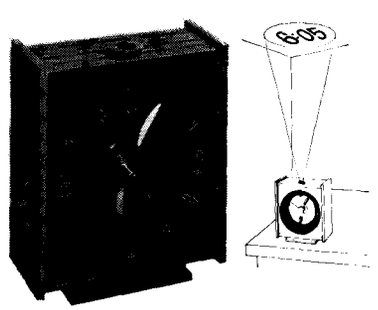

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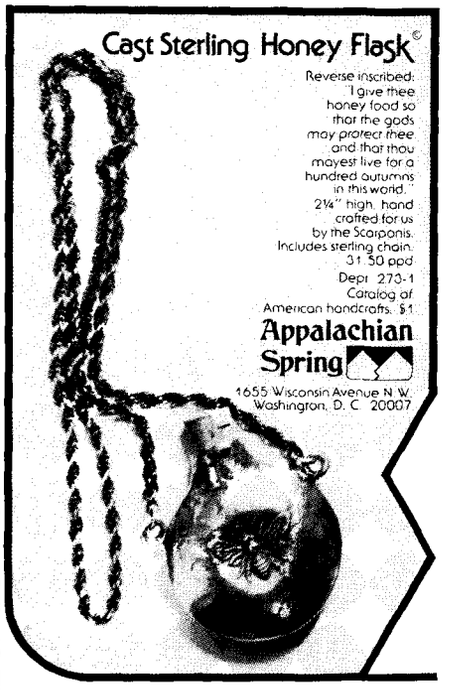
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mire either view to see that the perception of the McGovern supporters was hopelessly wrong and the position of the Bookbinders impossible.

The last of a distinguished three-year series of editorials in the Washington *Post* concluded that never had so much been sold out for so little. And yet Shana Alexander, writing in *Newsweek*, was not at all disheartened. "The victory over FAP was historic in the annals of the poor," she wrote, "because for the first time, through extensive lobbying, the poor spoke with their own voice instead of relying on reformers, liberals, or social theorists to speak for them." But this was journalism more appropriate to the nineteen-sixties than to the present. The N.W.R.O. was destroyed by its opposition to FAP. It was as if the labor movement in the nineteen-thirties had not overcome its reservations and fears—genuine enough—about unemployment insurance and a minimum wage and had successfully blocked their enactment, losing a moment that would not come again for a generation. In December, Wiley quit as head of the N.W.R.O., hoping to found a new movement that would weld the interests of groups such as welfare recipients and the working poor. "I don't pretend that I know how to do it," he told an interviewer. "But we did not know how to do it in welfare rights, either." At about that time, David Brinkley, of N.B.C. News, returned from a post-election tour of the country and reported, first of all, deep public irritation at welfare. Mitchell Ginsberg agreed; across the land he saw "bitter hatred of the welfare recipients," and he judged that "welfare reform is at a dead end." It probably is, at least for now, although as the Ninety-third Congress opened Senator Mansfield spoke of beginning again, and the Administration was at work on a new proposal. To establish income by right required greater competence and more political courage than the American political system was quite able to summon. But it almost did. And it might yet. —DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN

(This is the last part of a three-part article.)

•

But where Nilsson is stentorian, her younger counterpart . . . is blandishing. Moreover, Lindholm is pretty. When Siegfried cuts her breastplate off as she lies motionless on magic mountain and draws back exclaiming "That is no main!," you know exactly what he means. —*Chicago Tribune.*

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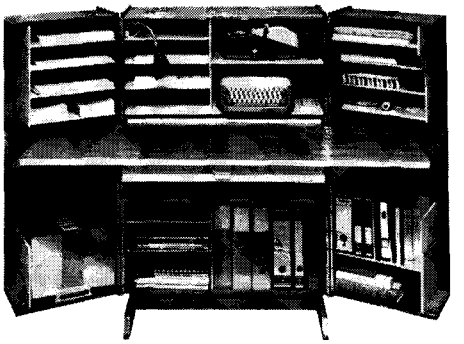

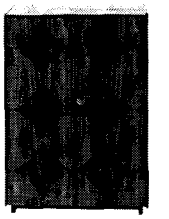

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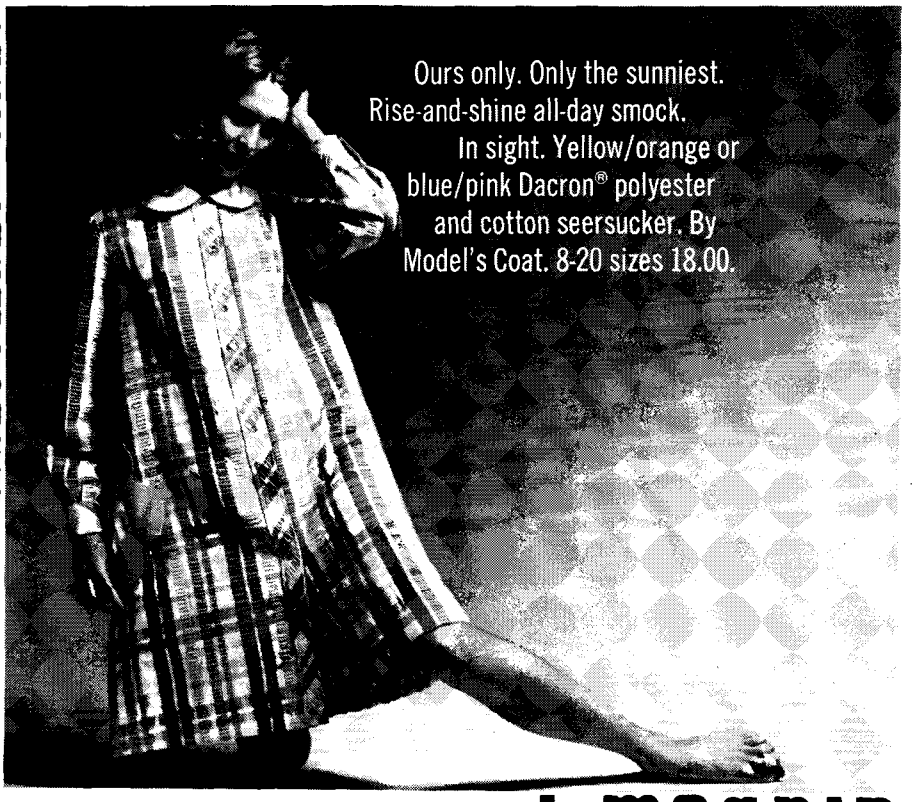
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MUSICAL EVENTS

O Ces Voix d'Enfants . . .

WHAT'S in a name? A good deal, I think, when it comes to the popular acceptance of a new piece of music. George Crumb is a good namer. "Vox Balaenae" is an uncharacteristically formal title for his enchanting piece of sea music based on the song of the humpback whale. "Echoes of Time and the River" and "Black Angels" (rather than, simply, String Quartet) are more typically attractive titles; "Ancient Voices of Children" is a winner. So is the piece. It was composed in the summer of 1970, and first performed in October that year, in the Library of Congress. Arthur Weisberg's Contemporary Chamber Ensemble brought it to New York. Boulez billed it in his first series of Prospective Encounters. In 1971 it won a UNESCO prize in Paris. A Nonesuch recording gave it wide currency, and at least three ballets, perhaps more, have been danced to it: Milko Sparemblek's, in Lisbon, soon to be taken up by the Dance Theatre of Harlem; Vassili Sulich's, in Las Vegas; and, most recently, John Butler's "According to Eve," done by the Alvin Ailey company in New York last November. In London this season, the work figured in a Sinfonietta program, along with Weill's "Der Jasager" and Stefan Wolpe's Chamber Concerto. And last week it figured in a Philharmonic program, along with Telemann, Stravinsky, and Richard Strauss. "Ancient Voices of Children," in fact, seems to be the latest in the series of vanguard works that have caught the public's fancy. Others have been Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire," Boulez' "Le Marteau sans Maître," and Karlheinz Stockhausen's "Gesang der Jünglinge." In common, they have had novelty of sound, audacity of technique, kaleidoscopic patterns of timbre, catchy titles, and sufficient extra-musical elements to stimulate a listener's imagination and assist his "hearing."

It might be suggested that, given his ingredients, Crumb simply couldn't go wrong. "Ancient Voices," like several of his other works, is based on Lorca, and thus the music has a starting point in some of the most direct, prime imagery that any creator can call to his assistance. He sets five poems, or sections of poems, breaking the sequence with two brief dances. The work lasts about twenty-seven minutes. Onstage, there is a mezzo-soprano; offstage, a boy treble answers the woman in the clear, touching tones of innocence. An ensemble of seven players is involved: oboe, piano, mandolin, harp, and three percussionists. "*¿De dónde vienes, amor, mi niño?*" asks the woman. "*De la cresta del duro frío*" comes back a childish cry from the distance. "*¿Qué necesitas, amor, mi niño?*" "*La tibia tela de tu vestido.*" How can it fail to be moving? Would it be possible to set the couplet "*Todas las tardes en Granada,/todas las tardes se muere un niño*" in a way that was not affecting? And when it is noted that after that couplet (which is chanted to a soft, tender flamenco pattern, rising from a chord of C-sharp softly thrummed from marimbas, hummed by the percussionists, and gently blown, by one of the players, on a mouth organ) a toy piano steals in with "Bist du bei mir," from the Anna Magdalena Bach Notebook, or that during the final song the oboist, moving farther and farther into the distance, gently muses on that plangent cry which punctuates the "Abschied" of Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," while the boy walks onstage and joins his voice to the woman's—well, of course, any tough, suspicious old critic thinks that he is being got at, and worked over emotionally by a battery of tearjerking devices such as Puccini himself might envy.

But I've lived with the "Ancient Voices" for some time now. At first encounter, I was bowled over, like just about everyone else. Further encounters dispelled all incipient suspicion and steadily increased my admiration for what seems to me one of the most delicate, poetic, and beautiful compositions of our day. Crumb's use of the collage ingredients is scrupulous and principled. I'm not, I confess, a great score-reader beyond the line of duty; unlike Verdi, I don't keep a row of scores, along

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with the volumes of poetry, beside my bed. But the score of "Ancient Voices" (which is only seven and a half pages long—though they are large pages, sixteen by twenty inches) has become a favorite piece of reading. It is easily read, since there is never a great deal happening at any one time, and is a pleasure to the eye as well as a delight to the inner ear. But only a performance of the work can reveal the subtleties of its sound with precision, since Crumb has just about the most adventurous command of small, delicate shades of timbre of any composer around. I know of no other who has invented so many fascinating new things for singers and instrumentalists to do, or has used the older, familiar inventions (such as a voice singing into the undamped piano strings to provide an aeolian-harp halo of resonance) with such exquisite finesse.

At the Philharmonic concert, I sat, for the first time, in the topmost terrace of the hall (and there, for the first time, enjoyed decent acoustics). The work came over perfectly, memorably. Jan DeGaetani, the singer to whom it is dedicated, is a simply astounding performer. Basically, she has a beautifully clear, secure, even tone. She can be limpid and cool, or passionate and wild. She can project a pianissimo murmur that is perfectly audible, and cry a high C, *tutta forza*, without a trace of edge or impurity. In addition, she has a flexibility of tongue, lips, and mouth and a control of breath that enable her to achieve a virtuosity of vocal sounds unheard since the late Elsie Houston made those famous records of Brazilian folk songs. The treble was David Ulin, poised and true. The Philharmonic players, under Boulez, were sensitive. The program book ignored the composer's direction that both Spanish texts and English translations should be printed; a sheet with the latter only was provided.

The concert began with that oft played, oft recorded Telemann A-Minor Suite for flute and strings, with Julius Baker as flutist. Boulez is an oddly dull conductor of eighteenth-century music. Can it have something to do with the fact that he never uses his hands to mold an expressive line? Instead, they only demarcate a rhythm or define a dynamic level. Then the Crumb, and after the interval Stravinsky's "Ragtime," for eleven instrumentalists, and his "Reynard," for nineteen and vocal quartet. Neither Stravinsky made much effect in so large an auditorium. The Forum Theatre is probably the place for "Reynard." Finally,

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the symphony orchestra appeared for Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." The piece was given a hectic, highly colored, but humorless performance—hectic in point of instrumental balance (not of rhythm, which was carefully controlled), and too loud both at the start and in the epilogue. It was short on charm but had plenty of energy. —ANDREW PORTER

CONCERT RECORDS

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TWO versions of Wagner's complete "Ring" merit consideration. One of them is a historic item, conducted by the great Wilhelm Furtwängler with the Rome Symphony Orchestra of R.A.I. in a broadcast performance in 1953, with Ferdinand Franz (Wotan), Elisabeth Grümmer (Freia), Ruth Siewert (Erda), Wolfgang Windgassen (Loge and Siegmund), Gustav Neidlinger (Alberich), Julius Patzak (Mime), Alfred Poell (Gunther), Josef Greindl (Fafner), Gottlob Frick (Hunding), Sena Jurinac (Woglinde), Ludwig Suthaus (Siegfried), Martha Mödl (Brünnhilde), Hilde Konetzni (Sieglinde), Rita Streich (the Forest Bird), and others (four albums, involving four sides of "Das Rheingold," ten of "Die Walküre," ten of "Siegfried," and ten of "Götterdämmerung," issued by Seraphim as IC-6076 through 6079, mono). The recording, made from the tapes of the broadcast, has been improved by the technicians of E.M.I. in London. The sound is not good, but it is the only Furtwängler "Ring" we have, and the genius of the great Maestro shines through the fog, even though his orchestra is not of top quality. The singers are generally splendid. Mr. Suthaus is a fine Siegfried; Miss Mödl is a little uneven at times, but she rallies wonderfully for the Immolation Scene; the giants are excellently done; Miss Konetzni is at least adequate. The recording is notable not only for Mr. Suthaus's Siegfried but for the breadth and magic of Furtwängler's conception. This is a collector's item—a monument in operatic history, though it will not please anyone primarily interested in the fidelity of recorded sound. As a bonus, a disc containing a commentary on the "Ring" and an explanation of most of the motifs is included.

The other "Ring" is another four-album set (six sides of "Das Rheingold," ten of "Die Walküre," ten of "Siegfried," and twelve of "Götterdämmerung"), with Hans Swarovsky conducting the Süddeutsche Philhar-

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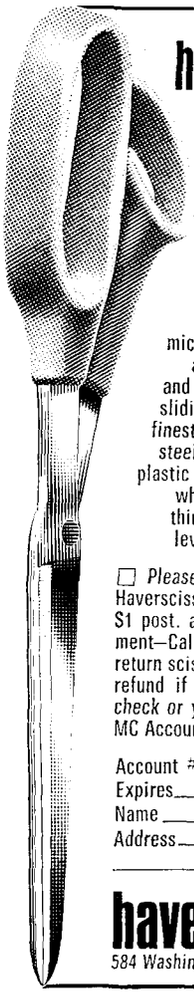

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monie and a cast of singers that includes Rolf Polke (Wotan), Heidemaria Ferch (Freia), Rolf Kühne (Alberich), Ruth Hesse (Fricka and Waltraute), Otto von Rohr (Fasolt, Hunding, and Hagen), Ursula Böse (Erda), Herold Kraus (Mime), Gerald McKee (Siegmund and Siegfried), Nadezda Kniplova (Brünnhilde), Ditha Sommer (Sieglinde), Bella Jasper (the Forest Bird), and Rudolf Knoll (Gunther). The set is Westminster Gold WGSO 8175 through 8178. This is a fully electronic recording, with excellent sound, but it lacks the breadth and warmth of the Furtwängler set. For one thing, Swarovsky does not make a big climax of the Immolation Scene, and his orchestra is often too subdued. In spite of these flaws, the recording is a generally worthwhile one. McKee's voice has the glint of the true heldentenor as well as great authority, and sufficient power for recording. In view of this, one can forgive a couple of flat passages and a few other awkward moments. Kniplova is no Birgit Nilsson; her voice wobbles here and there, and is sometimes a bit shrill, though she makes a brave attempt to cope with what is probably the most strenuous role in opera. Sommer sings with considerable dramatic fire. Kühne, von Rohr, and Knoll are excellent. Polke is quite satisfying, even if he strains a bit at some high notes. Hesse suffers from an occasional vibrato but otherwise sings well. Kraus is a memorable Mime—not the usual old-maid figure but a nasty and frightening enough one to justify his murder at the hands of Siegfried. Altogether, this is an interesting "Ring," with moments of great beauty. But it is not a "Ring" to compete with the stunning one by Georg Solti, the Vienna Philharmonic, and a superior cast, which is still in print (London Ring S). A warning: check the discs in the set. Mine arrived with two sides 5 and no side 4. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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[*Memorandum to the faculty, Social Sciences Division, Northern Virginia Community College*]

SUBJECT: Inclement Weather Policy

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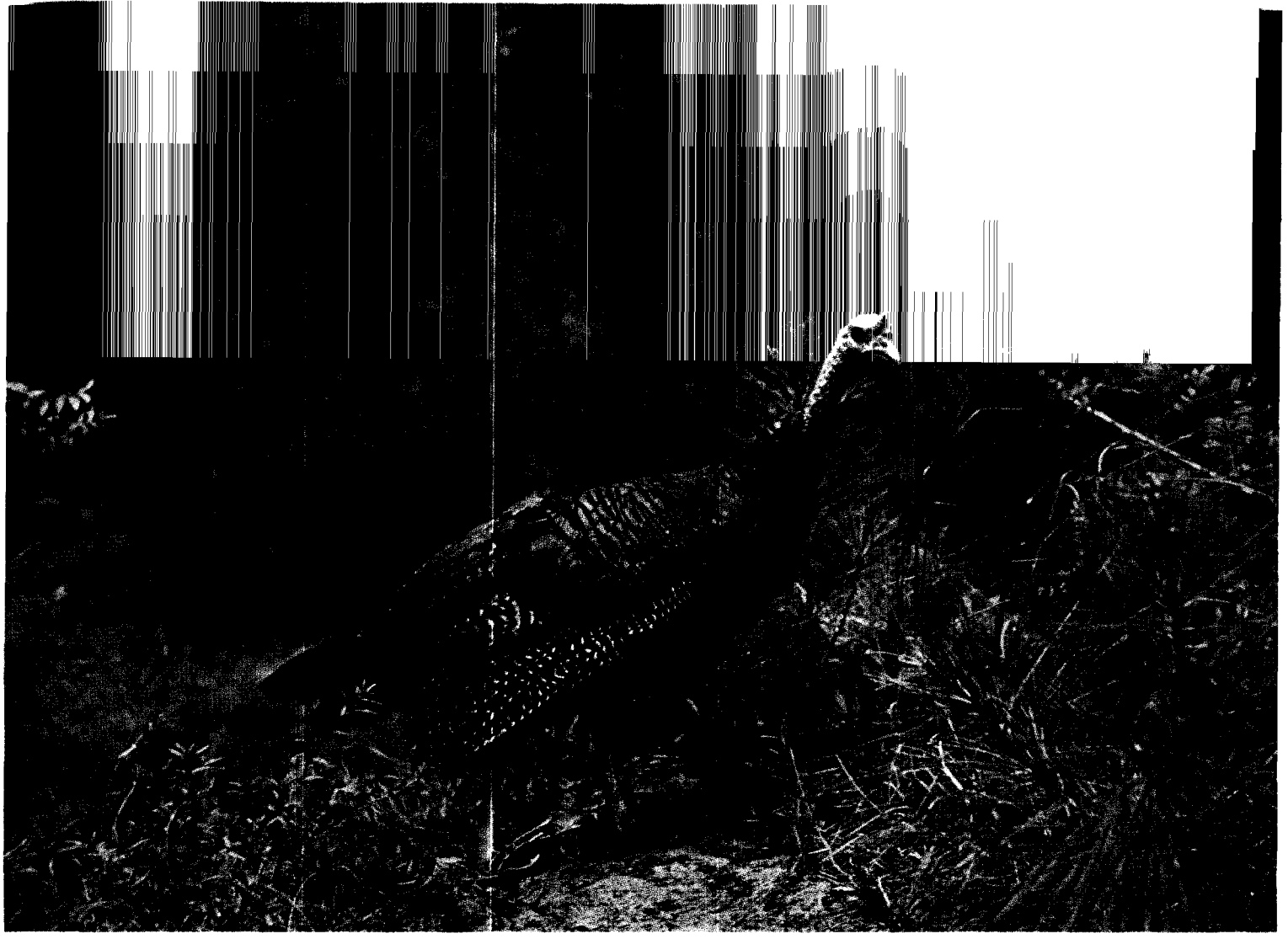

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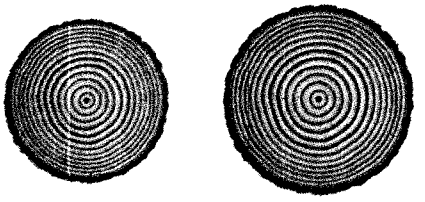

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BOOKS

Gamesmen

SERIOUS readers of Yasunari Kawabata's "The Master of Go" (Knopf) will need help. They might start with Z. Volpicelli's article on Wei-Ch'i (another name for Go) in Volume XXVI of the *Journal of the China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society* for 1894, and then proceed to Arthur Smith's "The Game of Go," first published in 1908 but reissued in Vermont in 1956. They will want to look at Lester and Elizabeth Morris's "The Game of Go" (New York, 1951) and the 1952 Oxford edition of Harold James Ruthven Murray's "History of Board-Games Other Than Chess." While reading Kawabata's novel, they will want to keep at their elbow Edward Lasker's "Go and Go-Moku," a clearly written and diagrammed primer, in its second, revised edition (1960). None of this is to be construed as pedantry—though pedantry will keep the heart warm in a bleak season. It is simply a matter of being able to follow more than the barest outlines of Kawabata's narrative. Beyond its assurance that "the game of Go is simple in its fundamentals and infinitely complex in the execution of them" and that the "counting of points is extremely complicated," Edward Seidensticker's four-page preface is hardly informative. (I have no competence to judge of his actual translation, though it does exude a condign strangeness and ceremonious deportment.)

We learn from our sources that Go is the oldest game of which we have knowledge. It originated in China, where it was called Ki, four thousand years ago. It was introduced into Japan in the middle of the eighth century, but seems to have been played only in the court circles of Kyoto until early in the twelfth century. After that, it spread rapidly as a training in strategy for warriors, an exercise in supreme mental concentration for monks and scholars, and a pastime for the educated. The first Japanese Go schools opened in the seventeenth century, and the current system of ranking professional masters in nine classes of ascending virtuosity dates back to that time. The original Academy of Go, which survived until 1868, produced only nine players of the supreme ninth rank and a further nine of the eighth. Play can last ten hours a day, with only a brief lunch break. The mental strain is such that very few masters are at full strength after the age of forty. The ritual, the technical idiom, the traditions and symbolic references that surround Go seem to crystallize much of Japanese sensibility. But there are adepts in many other lands, and the American Go Association grows.

The game is played on a board of nineteen by nineteen lines, which intersect at three hundred and sixty-one points. One player has a hundred and eighty-one white stones, the other a hundred and eighty-one black. Black begins, and the players, in alternation, place one stone at a time on any unoccupied point of intersection they choose. Once set down, a counter may not be moved. Each player seeks to link up his stones so as to surround as many *vacant* intersections as possible. Hostile men trapped inside a surrounded territory become captives. The game ends when neither player can place a stone so that it increases either the number of spaces he controls or the number of his captives. Scores are arrived at by counting the number of vacant places surrounded and then subtracting the number of stones captured. To offset the manifest advantage of moving first, Black usually must, in master games, score at least five points more than White if he is to be regarded as the winner. The strategies of Go are immensely complicated by the fact that in the course of play there are places that, *though vacant*, can be occupied only under certain special and intricate conditions. In a type of configuration called Ko, a player cannot recapture a vulnerable enemy stone immediately but must first make a move on another part of the board. To be at all safe, a group of counters must be placed to form at least two separate open spaces. These are called Me, and they signify the "eyes of an army." When the board is all but covered with warring pieces, even great masters may have to rely on an almost tactile intuition to know where they will stand in the closing reckoning. Feats of memory that enable an expert to reconstruct a complete game or an entire series of complex positions are vertiginous but not unusual.

How does Go compare with chess? There are acrimonious voices on both sides of the argument. The mobility of chessmen and their differential value and modes of operation obviously make for a fabric quite unlike the uniform tensions of Go. In certain respects,

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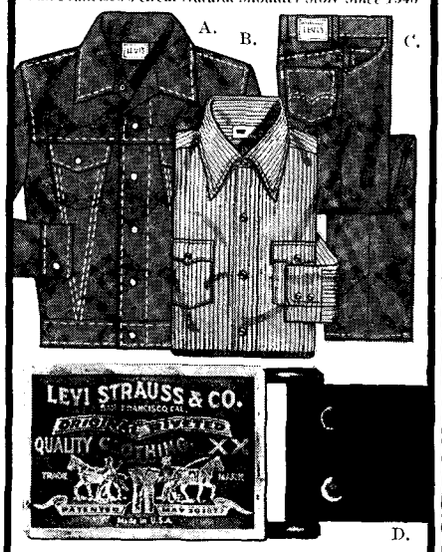

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however, Go seems more fluid, more open to essential surprise. Edward Lasker was a brilliant chess master, and his comments on the two games therefore have a particular edge: "I know of no other game in which extreme simplicity of rules is coupled with such wealth of combinations. . . . I really believe that Go is destined to take the place of Chess as the leading intellectual game of the Occident, just as it has reigned supreme in the Orient for some four thousand years." The contrast between the two games, and the differing images and cultural symbols associated with them, play a large part in Kawabata's novel. Matters are not made easier by the fact that when his characters play chess it is Shōgi, the ancient Indian version, and Korean Shōgi, which is again different, that are meant.

But if we set aside the layers of exotic knowledge and personal feeling that separate the Western reader from the world of professional Go, Kawabata's story falls into a readily recognizable rubric. It is the archetypal saga of a great but old champion being defeated by a less talented but more resilient and hungrier challenger. Hemingway's winded boxers staring at the nausea of defeat, Algren's poker magician misdealing and losing the giant pot, Nabokov's *Luzhin* fleeing from his supreme chess match in vertigo, the hitherto invincible Master of Go yielding to defeat and death are of a cast. In each instance the spiritual drama is one of ambiguous victory. The challenger must bend every sinew not merely to defeat the champion but to destroy him utterly, to make certain that he will never lumber back into the ring. When Otaké plays Black 237, the Master is doomed. But conquest has a menacing taste. In overthrowing the Man, the hustler out of the hungry nowhere overthrows the incarnation of his own best dreams. From boyhood on he has idolized the Master, studied his form, aped his crouch, or preferred gambit, kept his picture on the wall. In destroying him he empties part of himself. Otaké had resolved to win "even if in the process he must chew the stones to bits." But when the Master surrenders, "at two forty-two on the afternoon of December 4, 1938," after a much-interrupted game in which Black has used up an unprecedented thirty-four hours and nineteen minutes, there is no simple jubilation for the challenger. The punch-drunk fighter on the canvas is an image of the new champion as he will be tomorrow or the day after. From some degrading alley and on a borrowed horse, a faster gun is already on the way.

Kawabata weaves various strands around the marathon game, which is based on an actual encounter. The narrator is a journalist with a good knowledge of Go. He is gradually enmeshed not only in the contrasting personalities of the antagonists but in the tangled motives and attitudes of their entourage. The Master's health is failing, and the narrator can barely endure the psychological strain that little by little engulfs both players and spectators. He admires the aggressive, inventive style of the challenger but is mesmerized by the ancient finesse and opaque depths of the Master's art. When the Master commits a fatal error on White's hundred-and-thirtieth move—or "play," as the translator prefers to call it—much more than a particular game is lost. An unbroken tradition of supremacy, of a probing, infinitely subtle ritual free from time pressure, is gone for good. For Honnimbō Shūsai is "the last of the true masters revered in the tradition of Go as a way of life and art. . . . In a day the spirit of which was a mixture of idolatry and iconoclasm, the Master went into his last match as the last survivor among idols of old." Hesse's glass-bead game, understood as the core of intellectual and moral order, is over; the true Magister Ludi will not return. This modulation from old to new, the unresolved torments it brought to Japanese life, was Kawabata's constant theme. He pursued it in "Snow Country" and "Thousand Cranes." He was awarded the Nobel in 1968 and committed suicide in 1972, leaving no word of explanation. Though it was published in 1954, "The Master of Go" may be as good a clue as any. After perfection there is only defeat.

Certain elements in the novel come through: there are storms and landscapes as cool, as luminous, as any in Japanese painting and woodcuts; Otaké's hunger, the malaise he feels in his own skin are unmistakable. But despite the diagrams, the center of meaning will, for those ignorant of Go, stay out of reach, like the ghost drums in a *no* play.

THE eponymous hero of John Berger's "G." (Viking) plays games of a thoroughly Western kind. And here I had best declare my interests. On November 23rd, Miss Elizabeth Bowen, Mr. Cyril Connolly, and I awarded the £5,000 Booker Prize to

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Mr. Berger. This annual award is meant to honor the most distinguished fiction written in the preceding twelve months by a British subject or a citizen of the Commonwealth. Though many fancied names were in the derby, the year was not spectacular. Nevertheless, we felt no doubt of the originality and interest of Berger's entry. The violently hostile response of English critics and bookmen to our choice was predictable ("G." had sold poorly and had received prominent but very uneven notices when it appeared, in June). Not only is it a difficult, in certain regards an off-putting, book but the author is himself an elusive, recalcitrant being. He is an independent Marxist, some shades to the doctrinal left, one supposes, of the Prague reformers. He insulted the donors of the prize and gave half to the British Black Panthers. He is an enormously persuasive art critic who has written on Picasso, Cézanne, the Impressionists, and the subversive role of the artist in the Soviet Union. Mr. Berger is a fervid supporter of women's liberation and makes charismatic, highly studied appearances on television. Though English in his manner and pragmatic radicalism, he finds the climate of intellect in England tepid and lives abroad. In Joycean style, "G." is signed "Geneva. Paris. Bonnieux." This is itself a characteristic move: John Berger is an erudite English eccentric aiming at innocence, as did William Morris and Hilaire Belloc. And although he has published a number of novels before "G.," he is at odds with the whole business of fiction.

This is what gives the book its fascination and its weaknesses. "G." is deliberate collage: it is quilted of bits of straight narrative, of philosophical maxims, of shreds of verse, of historical reporting. The author intrudes perpetually *in propria persona*, addressing himself, his characters, or his readers at varying levels of exasperated intimacy. The book is ornamented, if that is the right word, with rudimentary line drawings of sexual organs, the point being that language—literary language especially—is either helpless or mendacious before the infantile yet marvellously complex immediacies of the erotic. "Applied to the central moment of sex, all written nouns denote their objects in such a way that they reject the meaning of the experience to which they are meant to apply. . . . At the center of sexual experience, the object—because it is exclusively desired—is transformed and becomes universal. Nothing is left exterior to it, and thus it becomes nameless." The author makes his rough drawing and bids the reader

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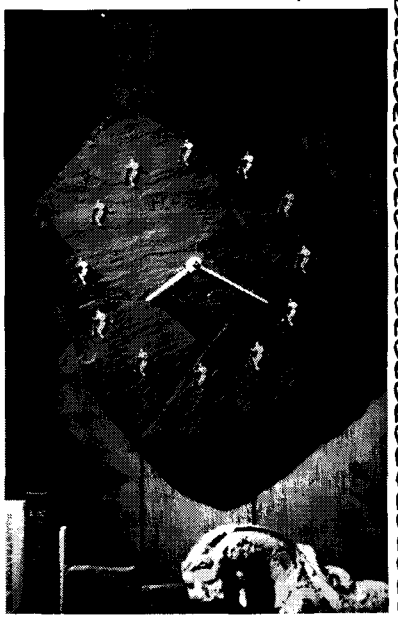

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"choose a woman's name and write it here." Throughout "G.," paragraphs are spaced so as to invite the reader's active, perhaps injurious riposte: we are meant to doodle and scribble in the margins. Berger conceives of the act of reading as intensely collaborative: the book is a tentative, dialectic moment or process, a coming into being in which writer and public are conspiratorially but also contradictorily enmeshed.

At the same time, however, "G." is a highly literary—indeed, precious—affair, with plainly recognizable roots in the tradition of modernist fiction. It directs us to Italo Svevo's "Confessions of Zeno" and Robert Musil's "Man Without Qualities." Like both these novels, it sets an essentially passive, permeable hero at points of intersection of historical, social, and psychological crisis. The central presence in the story is prismatic: the light, the great currents of energy pass through but are bent or decomposed in transit. Berger—and this is very rare in English fiction—is immersed in the ambience of Continental Europe. French and Italian are allowed to penetrate his stylish but almost intentionally "off-center" uses of English. The texture and setting of the narrative are hybrid. G. is the son of a Livornese merchant and his Anglo-American mistress; the circumstances of his brief life involve London, Paris, Milan, and Trieste. Like Joyce, Mr. Berger sees Trieste as the crystallized but perennially unstable locus of European multiplicity. Here Westerner meets Slav and the acquisitive, reasoning North mingles uncomfortably with the antique, more covert longings of the Mediterranean. The formal pivot of the novel—the first flight over the Alps, in 1910, by the aviator Chavez—is a convenient emblem of cerebral, nervous, and sexual peregrination. His plane passes through the tunnels of wind and ice that have defeated every previous attempt, but in the instant of victory one of the wings folds and the craft plunges, engine first, into the earth. All traverses—between cultures, between languages, between men and women—are at risk.

Especially these last, for the problem of sexual truth, of distance within ultimate intimacy, dominates the history of human consciousness. G. is a cipher for Don Juan, nameless because universal. He is born in either 1886 or 1887 (the chronology of the book is intentionally oblique); he makes love with a servant in a hotel in Domodossola as Chavez's plane rides the murderous winds; he is slain by Italian patriots in Trieste on the day Italy declares war against the Austro-Hungarian Empire, in May of 1915. He is seduced when he is a boy and becomes in turn a seducer. Like Don Juan, he is attacked by husbands and turns up disturbingly at fancy-dress balls. His advantage is primordial: "She has not said to herself that she loves him. He has convinced her of only one thing. Unlike any other man she has ever encountered, he has convinced her that his desire for her—her alone—is absolute, that it is her existence which has created this desire. Formerly she has been aware of men wanting to choose her to satisfy desires already rooted in them, her and not another, because among the women available she has approximated the closest to what they need. Whereas he appears to have no needs." The notion is complicated but basic to Berger's purpose. Observe the duality of "her alone." It is aloneness that draws G.: "With her clothes she discarded the men he hates. Her unclothed body is the proof of her solitariness. And it is her solitariness—her solitariness alone—that he recognizes and desires." Absolute desire has no autonomy or preconceptions: it honors its object by its abrupt totality. Hence the necessary infidelities of Don Juan, the ever-renewed, wholly occasional blaze of his obsession. Mr. Berger did not invent the paradox that men honor women most truly when the sexual impulse is, in a sense, most impersonal. "G." can be understood as an imaginative gloss on Kierkegaard's reading of Mozart's Don Giovanni in "Either/Or." Kierkegaard concluded that language, being segmented and isolating, could not convey the wholeness of eros; only music could do so. Berger's "novel" is a challenge to this exclusion.

It succeeds only partially. There are local brilliancies: civil insurrection in Milan, an enigmatic episode of initiation to evil in an English forest, the Alpine flight, G.'s perfunctory death. "They struck him on the back of his head. He fainted. The taste of milk is the cloud of unknowing." The descriptions of sexual encounter generate, in their voluntary awkwardness and self-depreciation, a rare tenderness. But the levels of statement are uneven and sometimes garrulous. When Berger scolds himself or his reader, when he professes to be unable to accord sense and speech, he sometimes lets candor and pretension pass for control or responsible form.

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This is, Henry James would have pronounced, "a loose and baggy monster of a book." But nonetheless beguiling and emotionally charged. Current fiction all too often respects neither itself nor its readers. Mr. Berger writes for adults. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LEO & THEODORE, by Donald Newlove (Saturday Review Press). A deft, large-spirited book about Siamese twins, Leo and Theodore, who are born in upstate New York in 1929, on the day of the stock-market crash. "Left-handed, his heart on the right, Leo mirrors Teddy, who is right-handed (and left-hearted)." Written in a chiselled, telegrammatic style that is sometimes a challenge but is always worth the effort (except, perhaps, toward the end, where things bog down a bit), this extremely funny and appealing book follows the boys from their happy, self-involved, small-town childhood to their sad and somewhat seedy young manhood. Leo marries, has a child, and divorces. Teddy consoles him. Teddy's bohemian girl friend leaves him. Leo sympathizes. They both become alcoholics and dream, hazily, of becoming jazz musicians. Mostly, though, they just loaf around, playing Stan and Ollie, Alphonse and Gaston, Holmes and Watson, and, often, Jekyll and Hyde. The dialogue is superb; one has the impression (as one did in Mr. Newlove's earlier, also fine "The Painter Gabriel") that the author derives the keenest enjoyment from observing the charms and quirks of American vernacular.

A BIRD IN THE HAND, by Donald Wetzel (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). The main character of this book, a semi-alcoholic middle-aged bird-watcher, saves himself, but not the reader, from profound ennui by leaving his family for a girl friend of his son's.

GENERAL

THE KENNEDY PROMISE: THE POLITICS OF EXPECTATION, by Henry Fairlie (Doubleday). Mr. Fairlie, an English journalist who lives in the United States, examines the campaigns and the Administration of John F. Kennedy and the campaigns of his brother Robert, and decides that both men (along with the staffs they selected) raised hopes in the American people that no one could fulfill. Mr. Fairlie thinks that

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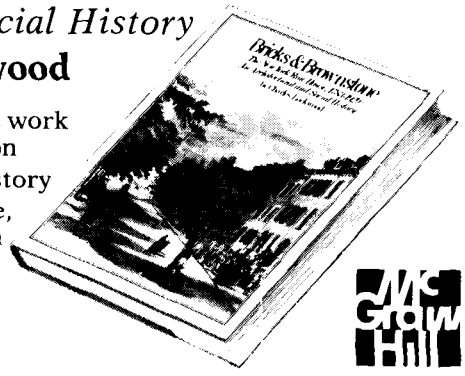

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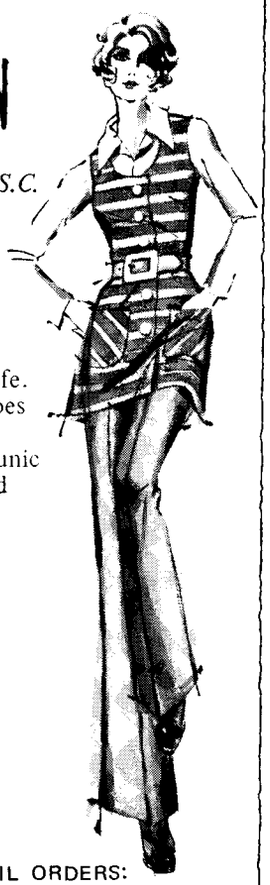

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in foreign and military affairs the Kennedys tended to invent crises or to exaggerate incidents into emergencies so as to be always agog and always acting. Though the author's language is moderate, he seems to be describing adventurers rather than statesmen (or even canny politicians), and he ascribes these men's penchant for risk-taking to their experiences in the Second World War, which some Americans, at least, found exhilarating. Mr. Fairlie notes, as have other critics, that the Kennedys' daring was not applied to domestic difficulties, and he also points out what few other writers seem to have noticed—that the so-called placid Eisenhower years were actually humming with domestic discontent and activism, so that the stultification against which John F. Kennedy campaigned may have been as illusory as was the "missile gap." Mr. Fairlie's tone is sensitive and his prose engaging.

ON DIRECTING, by Harold Clurman (Macmillan). Early in this concise, informal volume, the author asserts that it is not a "how-to" book on the nature of directing. Nonsense! The assertion is one of Mr. Clurman's characteristic devices for distracting people's attention and getting his own way, as he subsequently confesses in a number of cautionary tales about actors, playwrights, producers, and fellow-directors. The book conveys precisely what it feels like to be a director, and it tells the reader in no uncertain terms—Mr. Clurman has never been anything but joyously certain in his life—the best means of approaching a play, of discovering what its fundamental theme may be (Mr. Clurman calls it finding the play's "spine"), and of then seeing to it that everyone concerned in a given production devotes his gifts to the embodiment of that theme. Youthful and debonair as Mr. Clurman is observed to be at every opening night, the fact is that he has been a force in the American theatre for nearly fifty years, and his advice is incomparably well worth taking. Not only would-be directors but everyone else who intends to establish professional connections with the theatre will do well to read this book. It is especially recommended to playwrights; the author, with his usual high-spirited generosity, claims to be respectful of them, but it is plain that he regards them, their talent aside, as childlike beings, whose little toys and rattles he is al-

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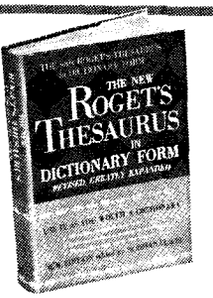

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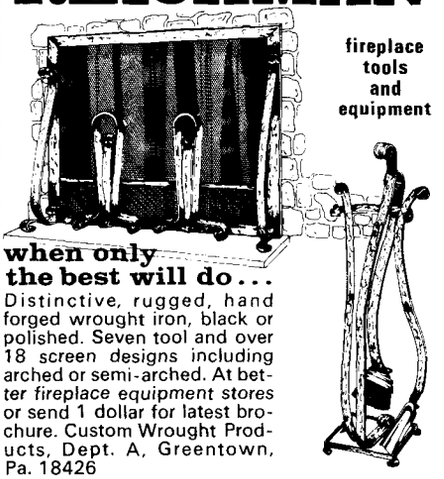

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ways reluctant to take away from them.

FAMILY LETTERS OF ROBERT AND ELINOR FROST, edited by Arnold Grade (State University of New York). Some previously unpublished letters—a hundred and thirty-three by the poet, fifty by his wife—that make one feel like an uninvited guest at some intimate family occasion. Most of the letters are written to the Frosts' eldest daughter, Lesley, and through them we follow the family fortunes from 1914 to 1963. Frost's letters are lordly, affectionate, and full of family gossip and gleeful Yankee stratagems for confounding enemies. Often, they are unpleasantly priggish. Elinor's letters are mostly about matters of the moment—a lost scarf, a child's cold—and demonstrate her unflagging solicitousness toward her difficult husband and their four children. One senses, however, behind the "dear"s and "darling"s that sound like little slaps, and her constant complaints of fatigue and malaise, a profound resentment toward them all. Subjects such as the suicide of their son, the mental illness of one daughter, and the early death of another seem to have been simply too painful for either of them to talk about, and the letters that touch on these tragic events merely suggest family dramas that the reader can only wince and wonder at. The notes ought to unravel some of the mysteries, but they do not.

SIXTIES GOING ON SEVENTIES, by Nora Sayre (Arbor House). These are reporting pieces—shrewd, personal, and readable—collected from diverse sources, principally the *New Statesman*. When Miss Sayre looks at the phenomena of our recent past—race riots and peace marches, progressive schools, Off Off Broadway, student rebellion, gay liberation—she says what each of these felt like. The reader, making his way through her tumultuous memorials, discovers what it all was: a series of efforts to transcend race, class, sex, war, and, in the case of drugs, self—efforts that seem peculiarly (perhaps pathetically, perhaps comically) American.

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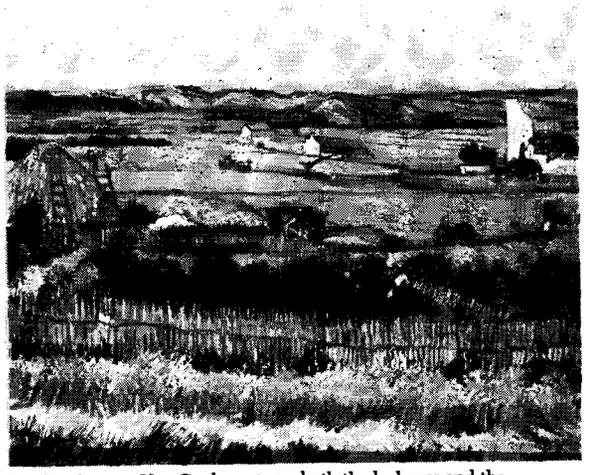

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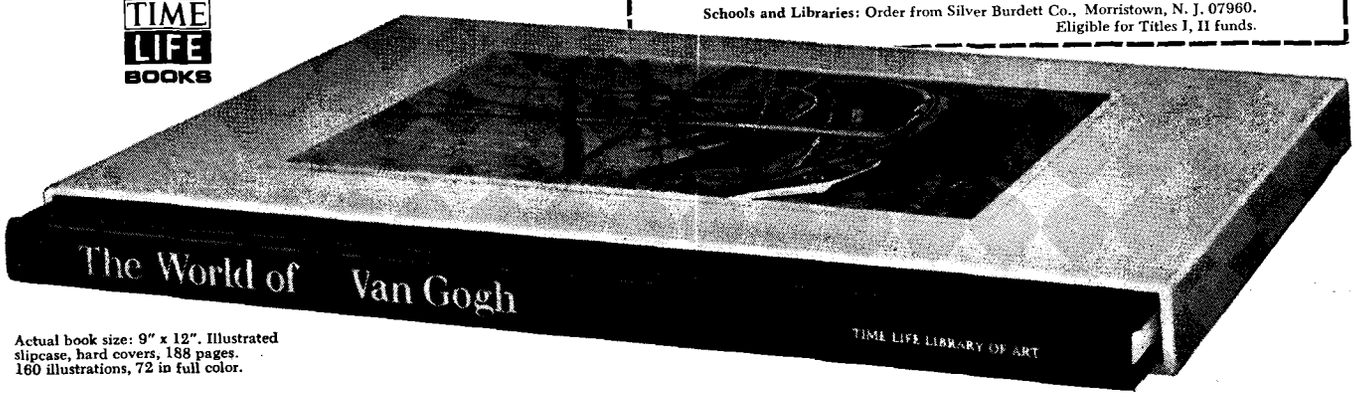

Actual book size: 9" x 12". Illustrated slipcase, hard covers, 188 pages. 160 illustrations, 72 in full color.

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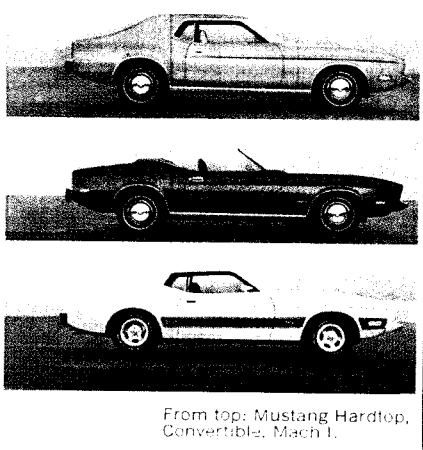
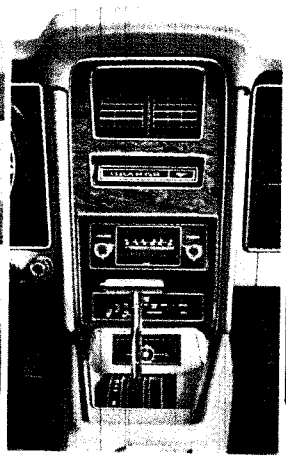
What makes Mustang different is the way it looks, handles, and makes you feel.

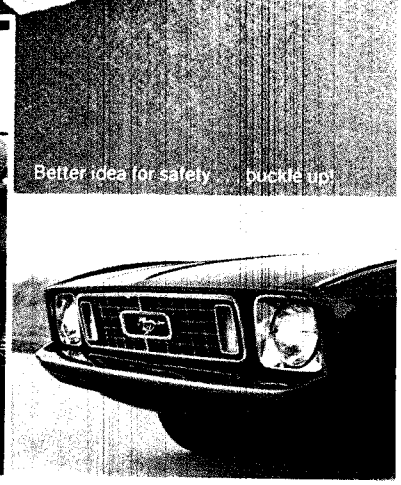
Mustang options, many of which are shown on the Grandé model above, include automatic transmission, air conditioning, AM-FM stereo radio, power front disc brakes, white sidewall tires, steel-belted radial-ply tires, and more.



From top: Mustang Hardtop, Convertible, Mach 1.



This luxury Grandé interior is shown with [illegible] compartment.



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There are at least three reasons why Ford Mustang has been the top-selling car in its class since 1965.

Good looks. Mustang is sporty and sleek. Inside and out. Your choice of five models: Mach I, SportsRoof, Grandé, Hardtop and Convertible.

Good handling. Mustang's low silhouette and compact size make its handling as beautiful as its looks. You get independent front suspension with anti-sway bar, for decisive sporty car handling with a comfortable passenger-car ride.

Great feeling. Driving a Mustang adds up to a statement of personal style. It feels great to you... it looks great to whoever's watching.

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FORD MUSTANG

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